Aug. 24, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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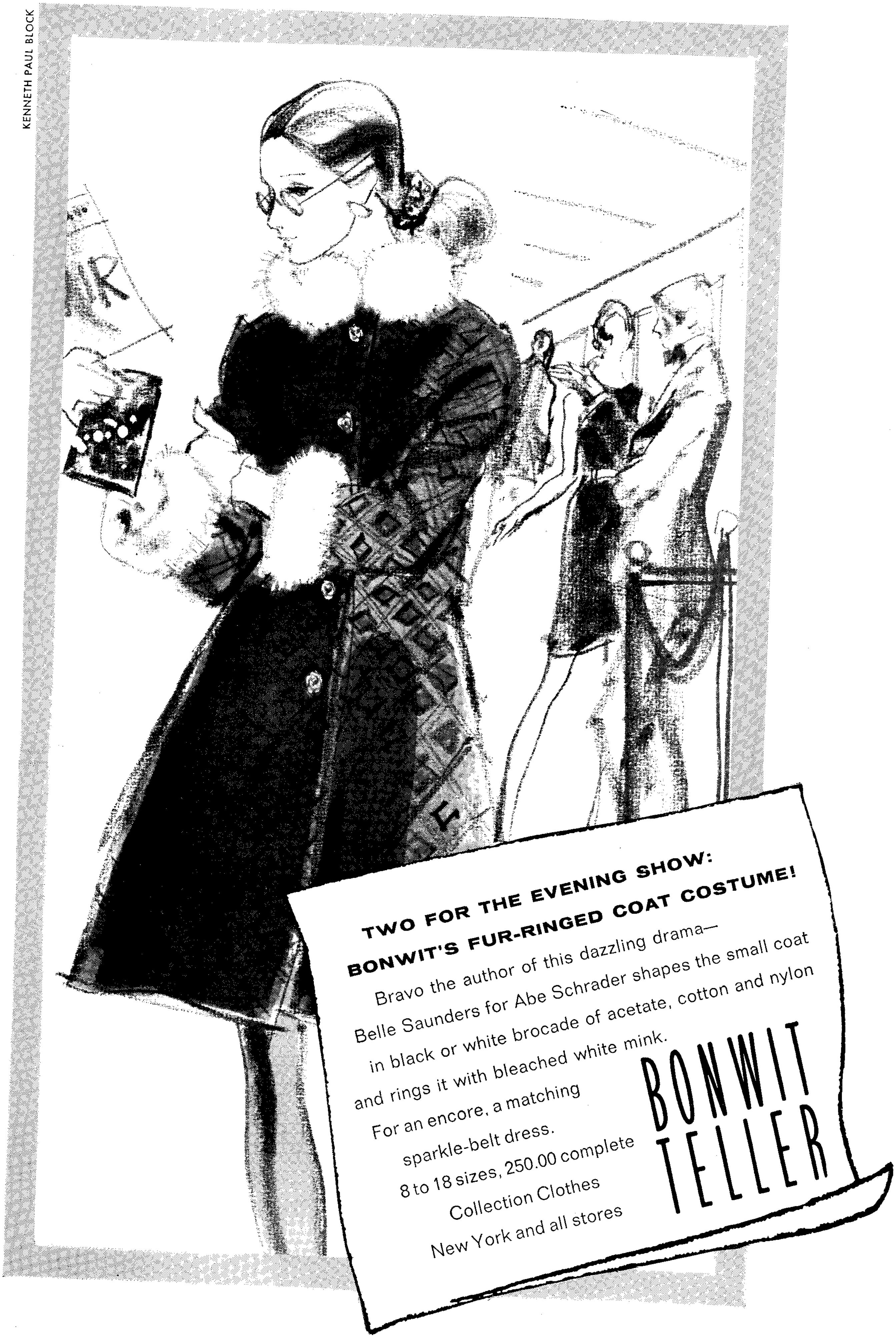

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(*E. and W. mean* East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lovers—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Art Carney plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Final performances of a summer repertory—Peter Weiss's **song of the lusitanian bogey**, translated by Lee Baxandall, through Sunday, Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Richard Wright's adaptation of Louis Sapin's **daddy goodness** from Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 27-Sept. 1. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, and they have a fine, noisy time of it under Mike Nichols' indulgent direction. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's play about the high cost of being untrue to oneself. With Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, David Burns, and Kate Reid. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—A very successful adaptation by Jay Allen of the Muriel Spark novel. A comedy that celebrates the peculiar genius of an Edinburgh schoolteacher in the nineteen-thirties. Zoe Caldwell is superb as Miss Brodie. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **rosencrantz and guildenstern are dead:** A drama by Tom Stoppard having to do with Shakespeare's expendable courtiers. Brian Murray and John Wood are in it. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **scuba duba:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **you know i can't hear you when the water's running:** A quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, with Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

George M!—The superhumanly lively Joel Grey makes this musical about the disgruntled Broadway genius, George M. Cohan, twice as good as its book. The famous Cohan songs turn out to be as mindless and successful as they were some sixty years ago. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Worth attending only if you admire beyond reason the talents of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Time—An idle attempt to turn a successful play into a successful musical. Robert Goulet and David Wayne do their best, and it is a measure of the book and the music that this is not enough. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **west side story**, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Aug. 25, at 3. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**cabaret:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except

	Page
BOOKS	114
THE CURRENT CINEMA	92
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: THIS AND THAT	98
THE RACE TRACK	113

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. Butterfly McQueen has joined the cast. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Patronize your friendly local Yale man. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Janis Paige is now Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Hal Holbrook plays the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Anna Galmarini. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 28, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 15. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **ROMEO AND JULIET,** with Martin Sheen, Susan McArthur, Charlotte Rae, and Joe Bova. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Friday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC,** with Jerome Hines and Kathleen Nolan. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Monday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A good name for a place where the benches have been shoved close together and the strongest drink is jasmine tea. Kensington Market, a rock group, is appearing. Folk singer Jerry Jeff Walker is also on the bill, but only through Monday, Aug. 26. Tuesdays are reserved for what the management calls a hootenanny.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—A dim, downstairs coffeehouse that might make some family a nice bomb shelter. Junior Wells' Blues Band and singer-guitarist Buzz Linhart will be there through Saturday, Aug. 24. The renowned Butterfield Blues Band starts Wednesday, Aug. 28. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sweaters and open collars are O.K. It's a casual jazz corner, with room for dancing. A quintet headed by Ruby Braff and Zoot Sims provides the music. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group consisting of Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—strums and plinks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play from nine till three or four each night.

The Scene, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—The quality of the entertainment sometimes makes it a scene worth making. Buzz Linhart manages to be here as well as at the Café Au Go Go. Hal Waters, an acoustic-guitarist, is also around nightly, and the John Hammond trio plays every night but Monday. Dancing is encouraged, but most people just sit and dig.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dark, and it's over between Avenues B and C, but it's worth walking to. A long wooden bar, some tables, and music by the Pharoah Sanders' quintet. Monday, Aug. 26, will be turned over to singer Stella Marrs. On Tuesday, Aug. 27, the Sanders outfit will be superseded by the Blue Mitchell quintet, which includes Bobby Timmons. Some early performances, before the regular sessions: Saturday, Aug. 24, from five to nine, the Al Shorter quartet. Sunday, Aug. 25, from five to nine, the Substructure, which has five tubas, no less.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Les McCann trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. ...¶ Downstairs, the show includes Carmen McRae, the Eddie Harris quartet, and the Gary Burton quartet. On Tuesday, Aug. 27, they will be relieved by Mort Sahl and Arthur Prysock. Mondays are reserved for special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—All the cats know the Vanguard—it's in the basement. The George Benson quartet is its current occupant. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24, the Bill Evans trio will also be there. After Saturday, Aug. 24, another group will replace the Benson foursome. Monday, Aug. 26, will be allocated to the large, loud Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sundays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—The banjo bag again. On weekends, people line up on the sidewalk, waiting to get in. Once they *get* in, they find a moose head on the wall. On Sundays, they have a grand old time from four-thirty till closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

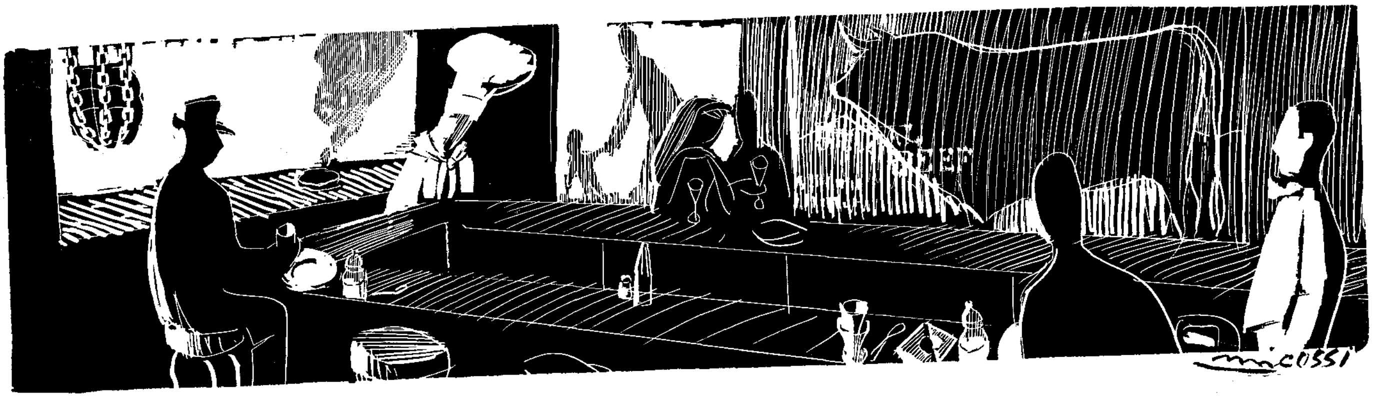
Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Looking-glass people favor this glib, sleekly run palace of pop-chic. It has waiters with spangly neck chains, a small dance floor, and loud recorded rock that alternates with the live sounds of the Epitomé. Dancing from nine till three or four. Some dining. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Joan Sutherland singing "Eleanor Rigby"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A synthetic but persuasive freak-out. Lights flow, flutter, blend, and flash, and big-top-type performers do their thing while the rock-saturated crowd does its own hyperkinetic thing from nine to three or four every night. Sly and the Family Stone are alive and onstage. On Tuesday, Aug. 27, the Paupers will replace them. On Monday, Aug. 26, at eight-thirty, there will be another Electric Ear special. This one will offer Morton Subotnick's "Play Four," a mixed-media piece whose elements will be determined by movements in a game. The piece, and the game, presumably will last all evening. No alcohol. Shazam.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—Dancing from nine to three or four, with reservations recommended on Fridays (when things start at eight) and Saturdays. They have colored lights, some tables, and



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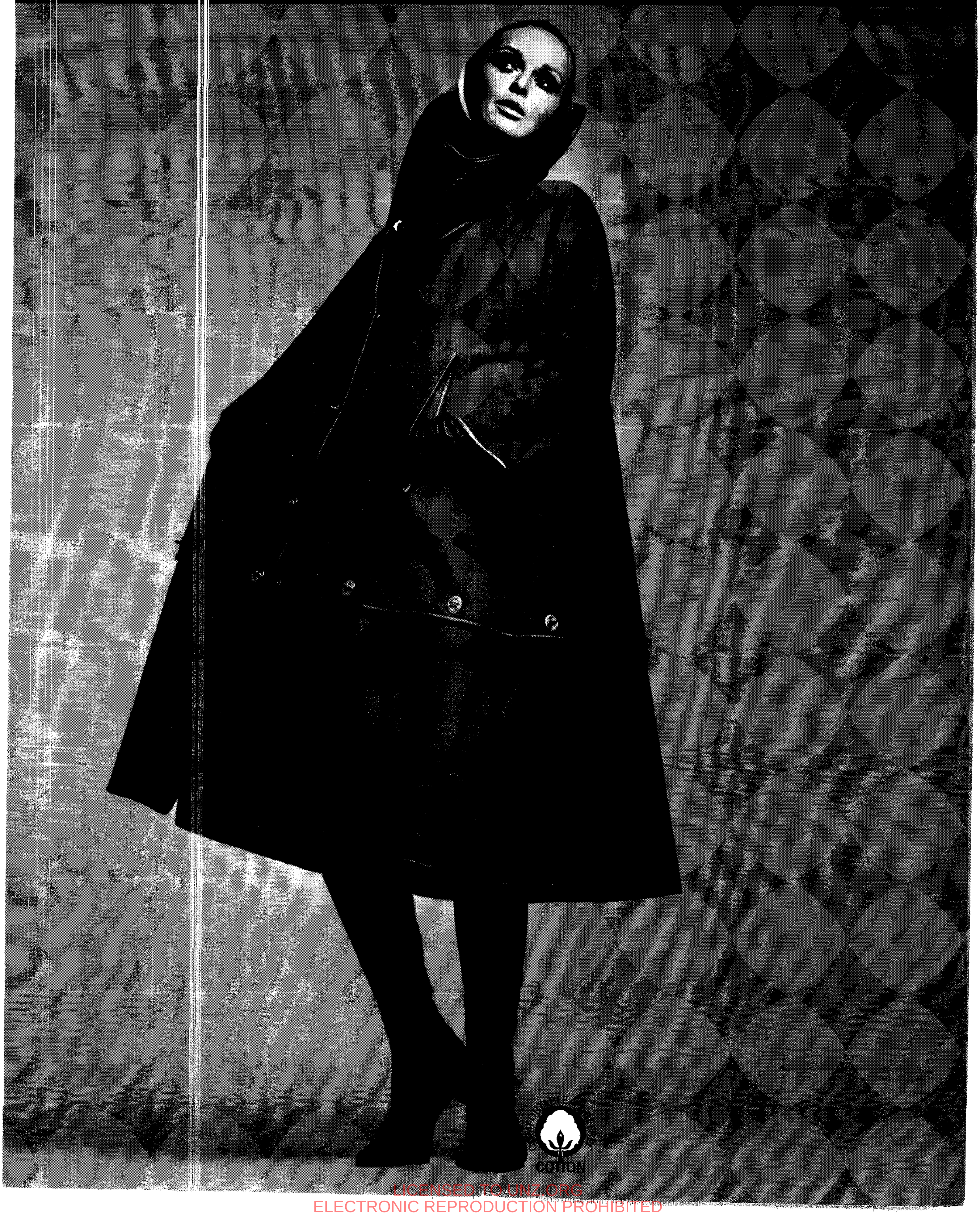

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a bar. The records are mostly strong and fast, the atmosphere is equable. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, but the mood is closer to that of Cambridge, Mass. Neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed on Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A well-groomed dog that seems to be having its day. After Saturday, Aug. 24, though, its heavily guarded doors will be closed for a few weeks. The dancing runs from ten to three or four except on Fridays and Saturdays, when it runs from eight-thirty. Bring money.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. The records—which are mostly juke but may include some Victrola—are played by a disc jockey who interlards them with, uh . . . hip comments. He is interrupted from time to time by singer Ada Cavallo and the Mark Donald trio. On Monday, Aug. 26, the Blue Notes will succeed them. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type records, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, you might like it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live music of the Elephant's Memory. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—you'll find white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): In our mountain greenery, where Mod paints the scenery, and where Phil Wayne's quartet makes amiable music. But the award of Best in Show, and just about Best in Town, must go to Helen O'Connell, who, after all the years in centerfield on the Dorsey glee club, has now become a bearer of sweet and welcome tidings in her own right. Phil Wayne's crew, which reports at seven, shells out dance tunes until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON ROOF,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): The beauty part of it—a part well taken by both the décor and the younger customers. The bands of Joseph Sudy and Quintero play on, play on, from seven-thirty until two, but they take time out every Sunday and Monday. Twice during the soirée, a boy-and-girl dance team (what ever became of *that* trade?) turns itself into a lighter-than-air craft. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Never does one have to come to the aid of the party that, pleasant and picturesque, takes place every night in the Café Pierre to music—Ray Alexander's band Mondays and Tuesdays, Johnny Mince's the other nights—that goes on until well past the theatre. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Dignity is what this mild-mannered restaurant likes to stand on, and the attitude carries over to those who venture on the floor whenever Ernie Warren's resolute band turns on, which it does at intervals between eight and one or two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Bobby Sherwood's band will return, after Wednesday, Aug. 28, to its favorite lounge in Las Vegas, but the slambang Eddy McGinnis crew will defer its return to Peekskill. Next evening, what is still called the Glenn Miller band arrives, headed by Buddy De Franco. The music begins as early as six and stops after midnight, but there isn't any on Sunday evenings. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Dancers who are alumni of the institute of the traumatic arts need not apply; only followers in the footsteps of our forebears may perform on the outsize floor. No fuss, no feathers, and very little food; dance music (Don Alfredo's Latins and some Manhattanites) is the main consideration. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Not really a lawn party, but it *is* out-of-doors, on a terrace *cum* dance floor. The prance tunes run from around seven until half past twelve or later, every night, but not *cum* what may, for on weathery evenings everyone pops indoors. Tuesday and Wednesday nights, when the Park is devoted solely to greensward and cyclists, life is an Impressionist canvas.

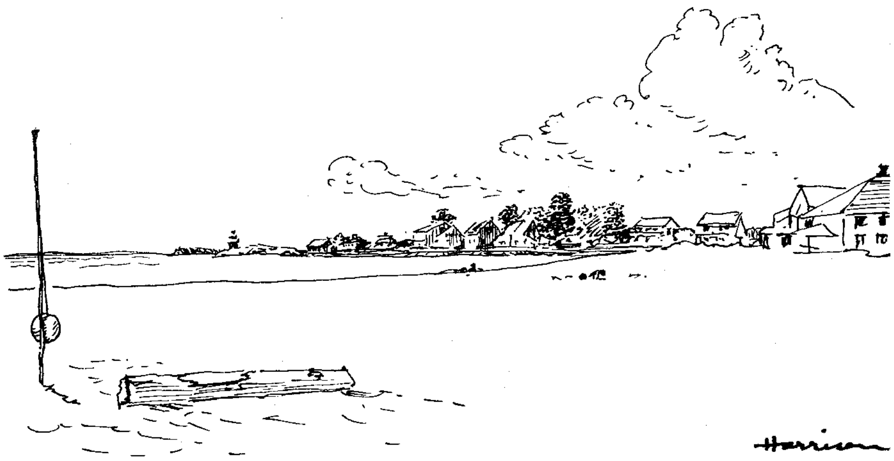
BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, the music of the orchestra run by Lee Evans flows richly and gaily. But Totie Fields, the robust and rambunctious comedienne who functions during dinner and supper, keeps splitting her personality—down-to-earth funny one moment, just plain earthy the next. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A Jolly Good Fellowship has been established by the Spanish government, and anyone who can sit up reasonably late at night is eligible. The administrators are Los Chavales de España, the marching-and-choral club that has been at this sort of thing forever, and the newly come ballet troupe of Miguel Sandoval. The Chavales take Sundays off, but the Sandovals stay put. The dance music for the customers is just about as vigorous and indigenous. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a guitar begins as early as five, and Moorish street cries begin as early as nine-thirty. Both rooms are in service every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, which likes to serve as a hatchery in the summertime, has now hatched Freda Payne and Pat Rolle, who go their separate (and vocal) ways at ten during the week and at nine and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays. The orchestra run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte's serenaders fill the rest of the night with joyous sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violin and piano com-



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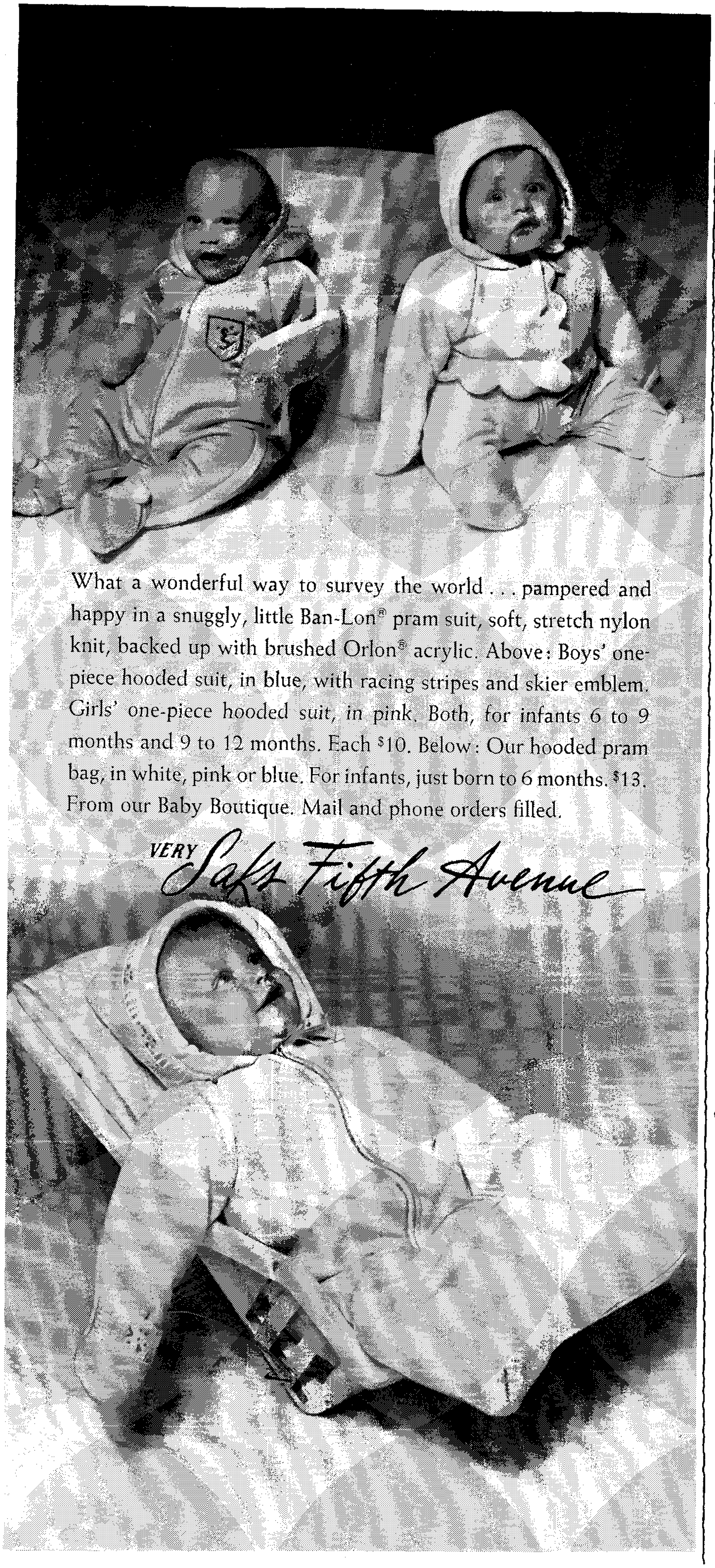
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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mune sentimentally in the Palm Court from four-thirty until six-thirty every evening, and from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, except Fridays and Saturdays; a duplicate set of musicians inhabits the Palm Court between eight and one. The Palmiest nights belong to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of the regal retreat, who plays fiddle Tuesday through Saturday every week. No music there Sunday nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Though Louis Golson Hawkins, prop., and retinue are on sabbatical, his rear guard keeps his town hall going, at least from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, the music (piano) being provided by an old and reliable friend, Lynn Mullinax. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): By, for, and of the young, who are having a good time even when they are too busy to listen to the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Saturday, Aug. 31, or Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, who often dreams he dwells in marble halls, wakes up at eight-thirty to discover that he is *in* one—one in which he can make the best use of his special talent (song and piano) to entertain. He and his trio keep going until two or so. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A real Mediterranean *bouillabaisse*, or a pretty nice kettle of fish—Israelis, Greeks, and Armenians blending voices and instruments around the campfire, exchanging jokes, and eying the permutations and combinations of the lady known as Jasmine, who makes the *danse de ventre* almost a ceremonial occasion. The joker, never too wild, is Avram Grobard, the principal musicians are the oudist George Mgrdichian and the guitarist Tasso Mavris. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Which is nothing of the sort, being a piano bar and restaurant compartmented off into cubbyholes by a million beaded-glass curtains. The sound is Jacques Kayal, on piano from six until two every night but Sunday. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): If one must go into our Casbah, it is a far better thing to venture here while Charles De Forest does his sad, sad songs about the sad, sad lives that *la vieillesse dorée* leads in this town. He stays home Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Instant Replay" is the only night-life revue in town, which may be its raison d'être, for its moments of brightness and cheer are offset by certain moments of bleakness. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The moat has every modern convenience, including running water, and the banqueting hall has fiddle and pianoforte on, on into the night. There is piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) every night but Sunday, and there is fiddle (come fly with me, my pet) by Norbert Faconi, the perennial gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A pomp-and-circumstance sector of an eternal city where itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): If the nineteenth century really looked like this, we should perhaps return to our forefathers at once and, of course, stay for dinner. There is piano from six to midnight in the bar, except on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A decorators' fantasy that goes well enough with the guitar, all Iberian in content, of Rogelio Reguera, who just about

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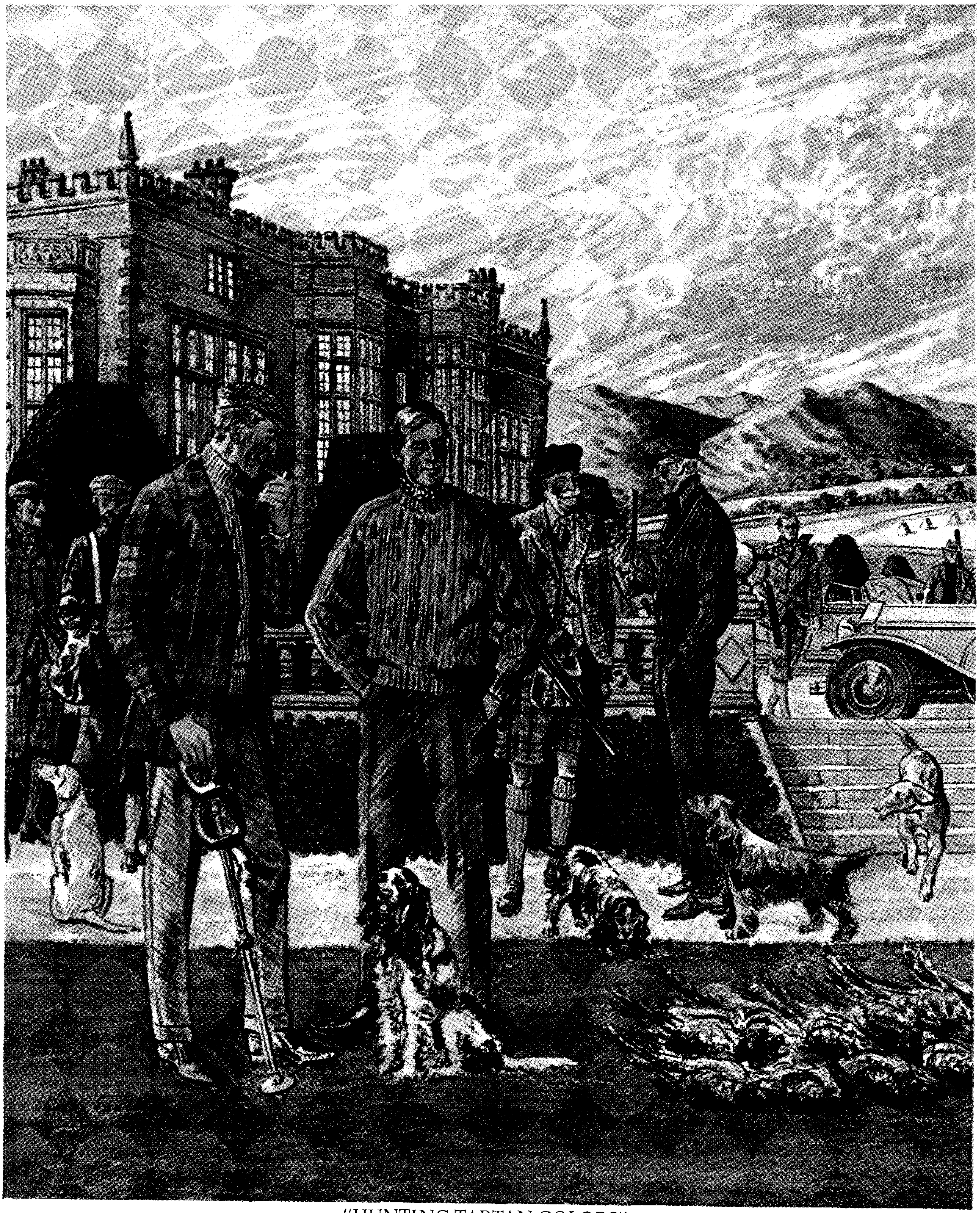

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

amounts to being a classicist. He sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, an original thinker, is at his well-informed piano, amid a great deal of décor, from five-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PEACOCK ALLEY**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The midsummer breeze is the piano of Muriel Roberts, who is distinctly not a correspondence-school graduate. She is on duty from cocktails through an early dinner, and she takes her Saturdays and Sundays off.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN GREETINGS GALLERY**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St., in the Pan Am Building: An exhibition of prints created in workshops of twenty American colleges; through Friday, Aug. 23. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, such as Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Zoltan Sepeshy, William Thon, Robert Vickrey, and Doris Rosenthal; through Friday, Aug. 30.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka are several of the artists represented in a showing of oils and watercolors; through Sept. 27. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Approximately two hundred late-nineteenth-century and twentieth-century European and American paintings and sculptures, many never shown publicly before, from New York City and Long Island private collections; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of late-period paintings and drawings by John D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory portraiture, mostly of women; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Five major paintings (by Kandinsky, Picasso, Gris, Marc, and Rouault) borrowed by the Museum; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

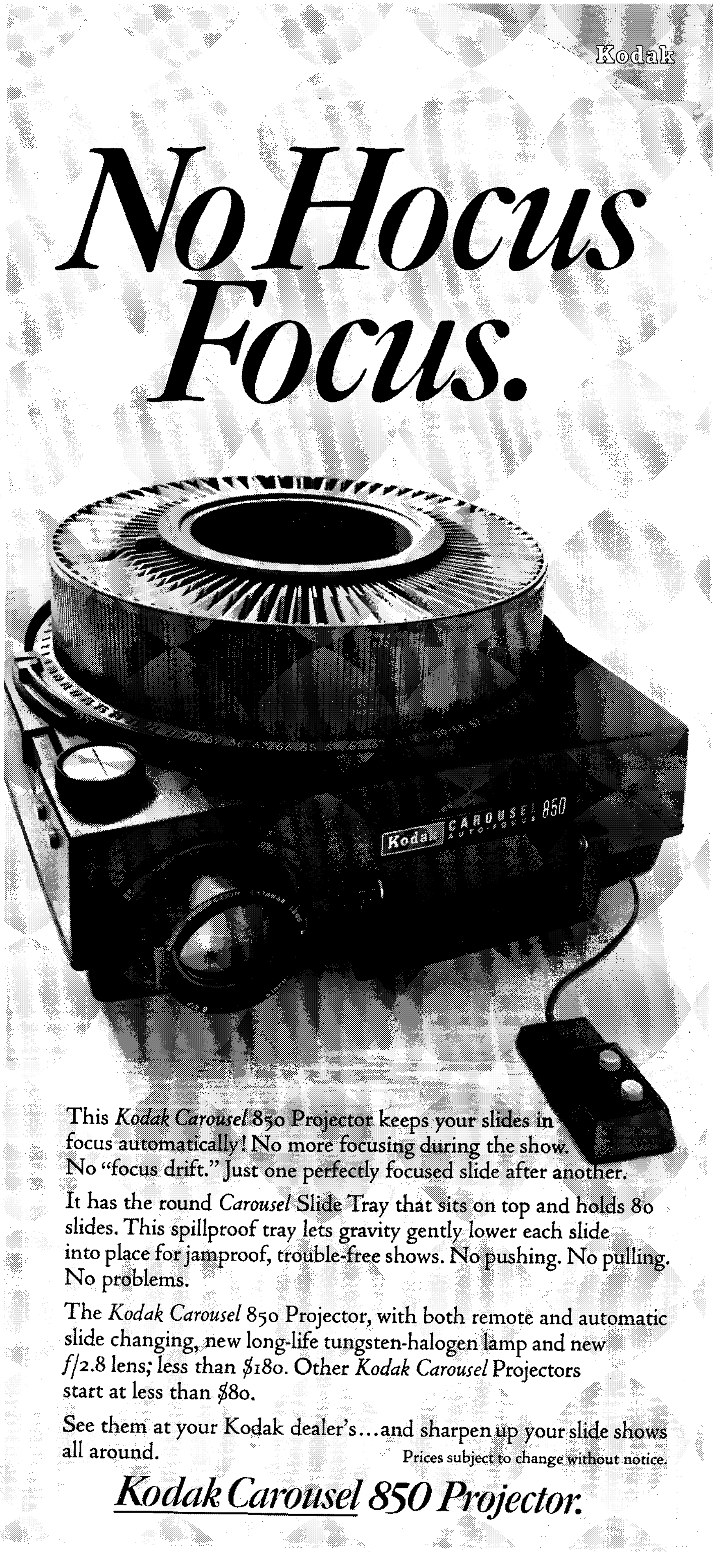
SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An exhibit on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by sixty-three painters and sculptors under forty years of age (ranging from Anuszkiewicz to Zox) acquired in recent years by the Museum; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Sunday, Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as



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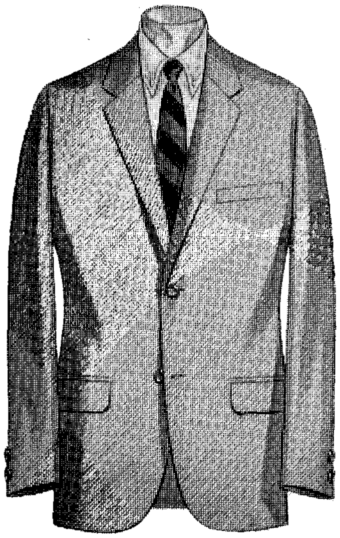

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Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; *through Sept. 2.* (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A selection of craft objects that straddle *the line between craft and fine art; through* Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mozart-Haydn Festival—*Final performances* of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs—Thursday, Aug. 22: The Galimir Quartet, with Walter Klien, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 23-24: Alexander Schneider conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Jascha Silberstein, cello. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 26: Peter Maag conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Klien and Roger Voisin, trumpet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 27: John Nelson directing the Mozart Festival Chorus, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 28: Peter Maag conducting the orchestra, with Jörg Demus, piano, and Elly Ameling, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 29: The Galimir Quartet, with Miss Ameling and Mr. Demus. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31: Lukas Foss conducting the orchestra and acting as piano soloist, with Benita Valente, soprano; Mary Burgess, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Kolk, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jazz in the Garden—Final concerts of the season—Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: **RICHIE HAVENS.** . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8:30: **CLARK TERRY'S QUINTET.** (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS

Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Friday, Aug. 23, at 8 and 10:30: Judy Collins and Dave Van Ronk. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8 and 10:30: Herbie Mann and Cal Tjader. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 23, at 7: A recital by Hanne-Lore Kuhse, soprano, and Charles Wilson, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 9: Aaron Copland conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Wagner program, with Miss Kuhse; Jess Thomas, tenor; and David Ward, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing an all-Brahms program, with the Berkshire Chorus and the Tanglewood Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the orchestra in an all-Gershwin program, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Benny Goodman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 25, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Viennese music, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Saratoga Springs.)

Waterloo Village Music Festival—Henry Lewis conducting the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra in the final performances of the season. Saturday, Aug. 24, at 8:30: With Philippe Entremont, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8:30: With Marilyn Horne, soprano. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, Aug. 24: Eleanor d'Antuono and Ivan Nagy, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Sahomi Tachibana. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 29-31: The Jacob's Pillow Dancers and the Afro

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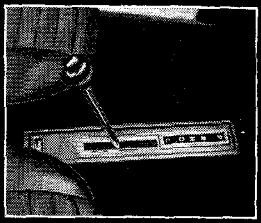

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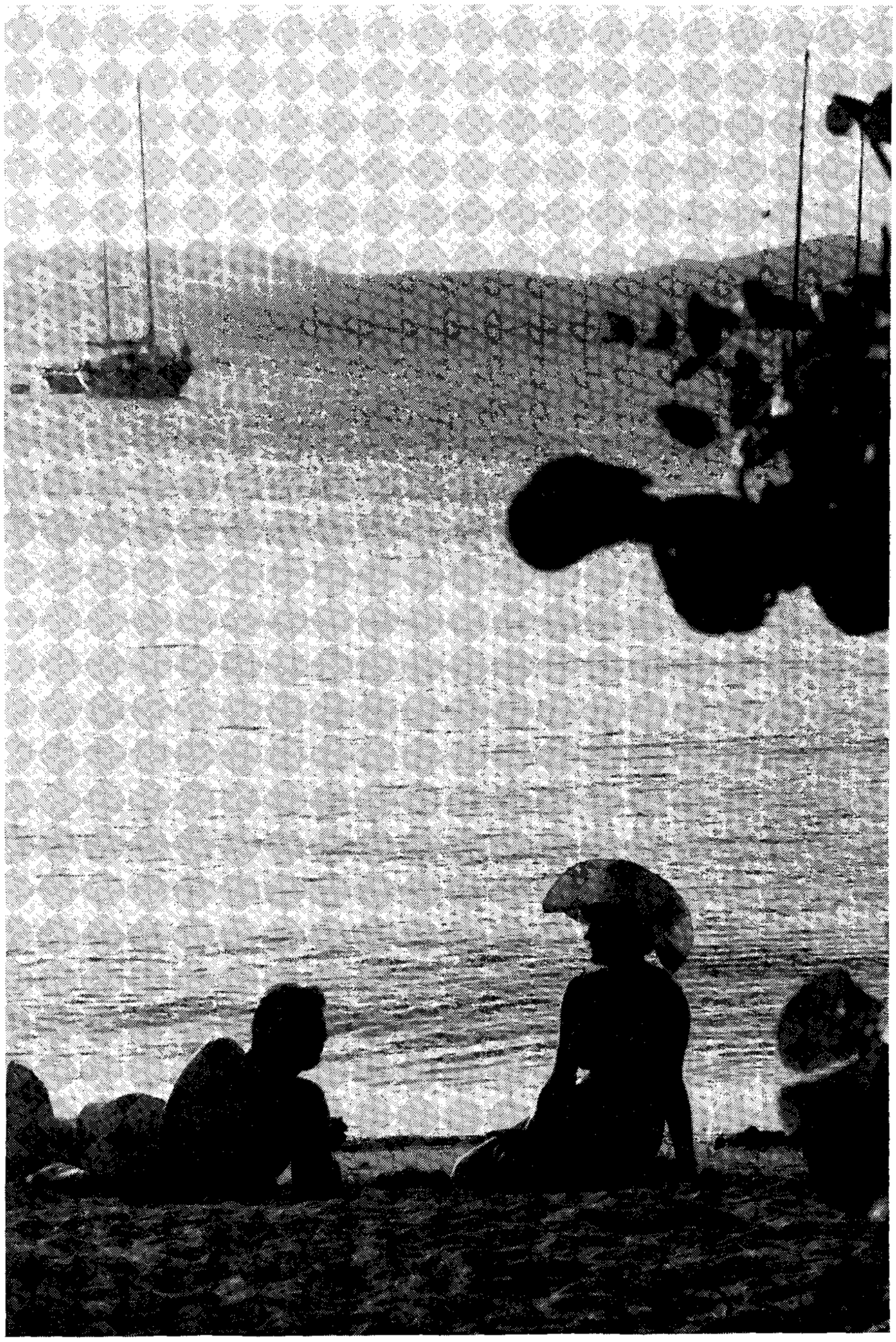

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SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Aug. 23, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 24-25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Monday, Aug. 26, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 5:05 (twi-night doubleheader), and Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at 8:05.

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **SARATOGA**: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 26, through Saturday, Sept. 14. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Monday, Aug. 26, and the Gazelle Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 31. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (*Buses to the track leave the terminal at* 201 W. 41st St. *between* 10 *and* 11:30.)

SOCCER—Generals vs. Oakland. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, Aug. 23, at 8.)

TENNIS—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.) . . . ¶ United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Thursday, Aug. 29, through Sunday, Sept. 8. Weekdays at noon; Sundays at 1. For information about tickets, call 594-6600.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Aug. 25.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION—Opens at the International Amphitheatre, in Chicago, Monday evening, Aug. 26, when the keynote address will be delivered by Senator Daniel K. Inouye, of Hawaii.

WALKING TOURS—"Brooklyn Bridge and City Hall," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Aug. 25. Meets at Our Lady of Victory Church, corner of William and Pine Streets, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Aug. 22 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Ninotchka" (1939), with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Alice Adams" (1935), with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 11:30: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 3 and 5:30: "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), with Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Marked Woman" (1937), with Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Stage Door" (1937), with Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Helen Keller in Her Story" (1955). (*A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum,* 11 W. 53rd, *after* 11 *on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.*)

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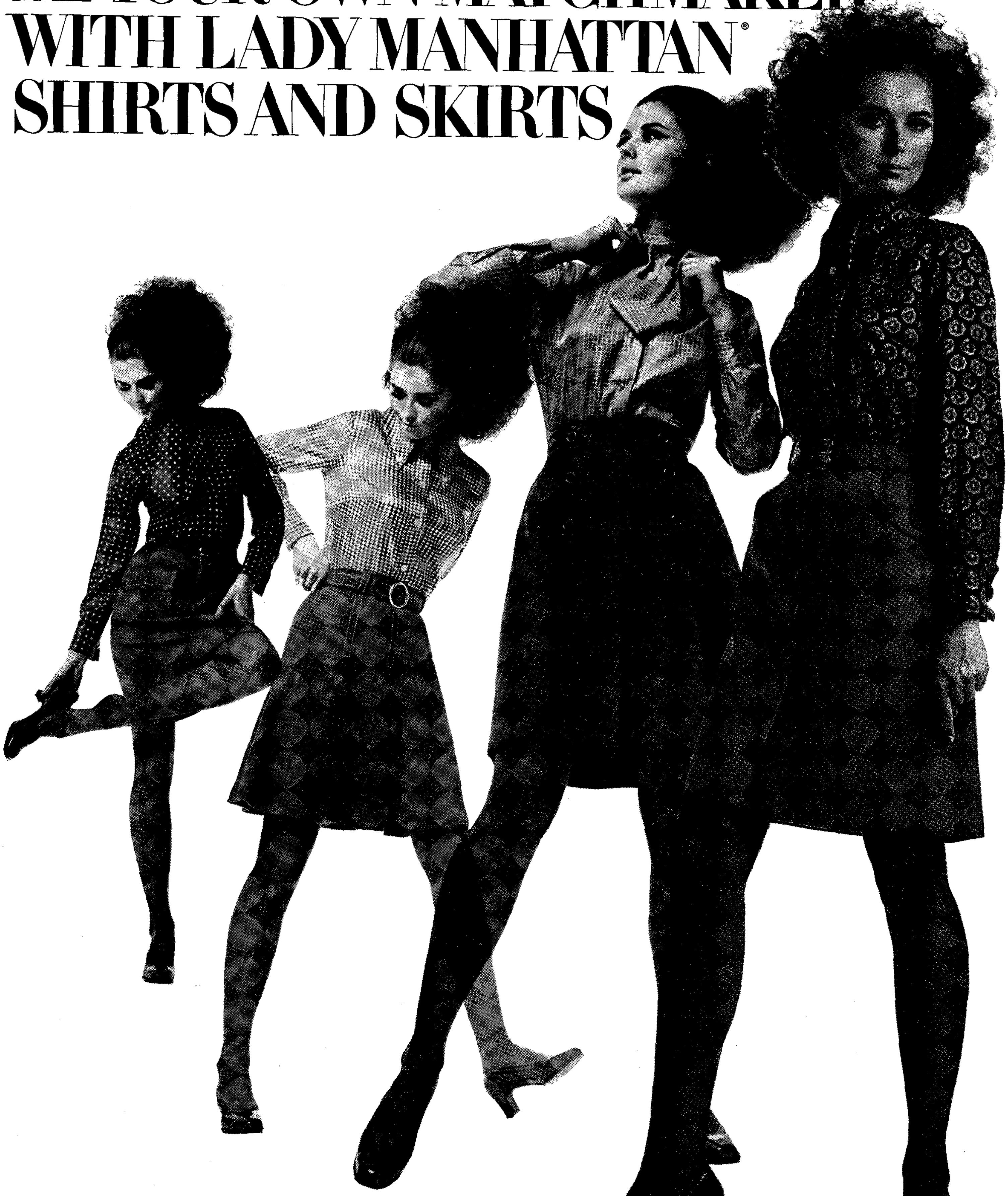

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

Belle de Jour—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Bride Wore Black—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the *racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom* shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

La Chinoise—Jean-Luc Godard takes a playful but ultimately despairing look at the Red Guard thinking of a group of French boys and girls. An evocative, poetic comedy satire. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; *through Aug. 28.*)

Elvira Madigan—A sad, sweet tale of young lovers crossed not by the stars but by their own earthbound helplessness. A movie of exceptional beauty, written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 27.)

The Graduate—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hour of the Wolf—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 27.)

Hugs and Kisses—A Swedish film by Jonas Cornell that is a little like "Les Jeux de l'Amour," but more droll, and sometimes more saddened. About an insurgent, silent writer who peculiarly bores into the lives of anyone he lives with, in spite of his apparent self-effacement. It is a funny and engaging picture. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Hunger—Per Oscarsson as a starving writer in the Oslo of 1890, in an eloquent film by Henning Carlsen that comes, without a trace of a bookish source, from Knut Hamsun's famous novel. One of the rare works of cinema that really seems to be the subjective expression of an intellect. The film is made with lucidity, a despairing funniness, and true command. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Odd Couple—A film version by Gene Saks of Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about two men struggling through alimony. Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Petulia—Richard Lester's giant stride forward, in a story about two people—wonderfully played by Julie Christie and George C. Scott—in San Francisco. The story concerns modern ways of hiding pain and injury. Lester's technique, which is jangly and terse, exactly expresses the subject and becomes eloquent about his own tacit perception of modern pain. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through the afternoon of Aug. 25.)

The Producers—Mel Brooks wrote and directed this farce about the worst Broadway show ever put on and how it became a hit; the success of the movie is a parallel phenomenon. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn have their good moments. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 90th, AC 2-1200.)

Rosemary's Baby—The first Gothic tale about obstetrics. Mia Farrow, acting with wan beauty, gets devilishly pregnant in the Dakota on Central Park West. Ruth Gordon is a joy leading a witches' coven with nosy chattiness and behaving a bit like Lucifer's retired nursemaid. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Stranger—Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina in an ambitious, if finally unsuccessful, rendering by Luchino Visconti of the Camus novel. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 27.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus, four-part movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer, not an actress (Ludmila Savelyeva), is brilliantly cast to play Natasha, and Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

Zita—A young girl, beautifully played by Joanna Shimkus, who was the secretary in "Boom!," tries to cheat the time scale and spin out the night of her loved aunt's death. A very interesting movie made by Robert Enrico, sometimes a bit dreamy, but keen-eyed and true about the girl's behavior. The same director made "Incident at Owl Creek Bridge," a fine short from Ambrose Bierce's harrowing story. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 25-26.)

L'Avventura (1961)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. In Italian. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 22.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—Directed by René Clair, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 27.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—Directed by René Clair, with Michel Simon. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 27.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. With Simone Signoret. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 23-24.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 28.)

Don't Look Back (1967)—Bob Dylan on a concert tour of England, recorded by Donn Pennebaker's camera. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 28.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 22.)

Freud (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Funeral in Berlin (1966)—A melodrama about British and Russian Intelligence agents, starring Michael Caine. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 27.)

The Gold of Naples (1957)—Four episodes in the lives of some residents of southern Italy. Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Silvana Mangano. Directed by Mr. De Sica. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Gone With the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand in a sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 28.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 24.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 23-25.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 28.)

A Lesson in Love (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 24.)

Muriel (1963)—Directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 23.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 23-25.)

Open City (1945)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; Aug. 24-27.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th, JU 2-3877; Aug. 23.)

This Strange Passion (1955)—A Mexican variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Aug. 28.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya. In German. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 23-24. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 28.)

The Tiger Makes Out (1967)—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson as a pair of eager, aging misfits. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Aug. 28.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th, YU 2-0115; through Aug. 23.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Aug. 26-27.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Variety Lights (1950)—Federico Fellini's first film, made in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 23.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Aug. 28.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—Life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Aug. 25-26.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE PRODUCERS.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
ULYSSES, revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 27: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish); and "Live for Life" (in French), Yves Montand, Candice Bergen.
From Aug. 28: **THE TIGER MAKES OUT**, revival; and "The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

POCKET CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Aug. 23: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and "The Oklahoma Kid," revival, James Cagney.
Aug. 24-27: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival; and "Kid Galahad," revival, Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson.
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 27: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 28: "The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 25: "The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.
From Aug. 26: "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff; and "Dracula," revival, Bela Lugosi.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Aug. 27: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.
From Aug. 28: "Obsession" (in Swedish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZITA (in French).

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
HUNGER (in Swedish).

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through the afternoon of Aug. 25: **PETULIA.**
From Aug. 25, at 8: "Rachel, Rachel," Joanne Woodward. (Opening night by invitation only.)

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Girl with Three Camels," a Czechoslovakian film.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Czech Style," a Czech film.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HUGS AND KISSES (in Swedish).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"How Sweet It Is!," James Garner, Debbie Reynolds.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Aug. 22: "Isabel," Genevieve Bujold.
From Aug. 23: **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE ODD COUPLE.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Legend of Lylah Clare," Kim Novak.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 22: **FAHRENHEIT 451**, revival; and "To Be a Crook" (in French), revival.
Aug. 23-25: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** and **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (both in Italian and both revivals).
Aug. 26-27: **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; and "On the Bowery," revival, a semi-documentary film.
From Aug. 28: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival; and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 27: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and **FUNERAL IN BERLIN**, revival.
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 27: "Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).
From Aug. 28: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Aug. 22: "Crime and Punishment" (in French), revival, Harry Baur.
Aug. 23-24: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival; and **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival.
Aug. 25-26: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 27: **BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT** and **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** (both in French and both revivals).
From Aug. 28: **THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED** and **THIS STRANGE PASSION** (both in Spanish and both revivals).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"How Sweet It Is!," James Garner, Debbie Reynolds.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Revolution," Today Malone.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE ODD COUPLE.

LYCEUM, 149 W. 45th. (JU 2-3877; evening performances only.)
Aug. 22: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 23: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival.
Aug. 24: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?," Doris Day, Robert Morse.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE BRIDE WORE BLACK (in French).

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 25: "Lost Sex" (in Japanese).
From Aug. 26: "The Killing Game" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Aug. 24: "The Violent Four" (in Italian).
From Aug. 25: "Paris in the Month of August" (in French), Charles Aznavour.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9180)
Through Aug. 28: **LA CHINOISE** (in French); and **DON'T LOOK BACK**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 27: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson.
From Aug. 28: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French), revival; and **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German), revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 22: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).
Aug. 23: **VARIETY LIGHTS** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian and both revivals).
Aug. 24: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** and **A LESSON IN LOVE** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Aug. 25: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada; and "Yanco," revival, a Mexican film.
Aug. 26: **FREUD**, revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
Aug. 27: **MURIEL** (in French), revival; and "Mademoiselle," revival, Jeanne Moreau.
Aug. 28: **THE GOLD OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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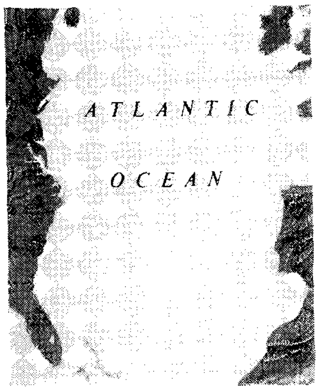

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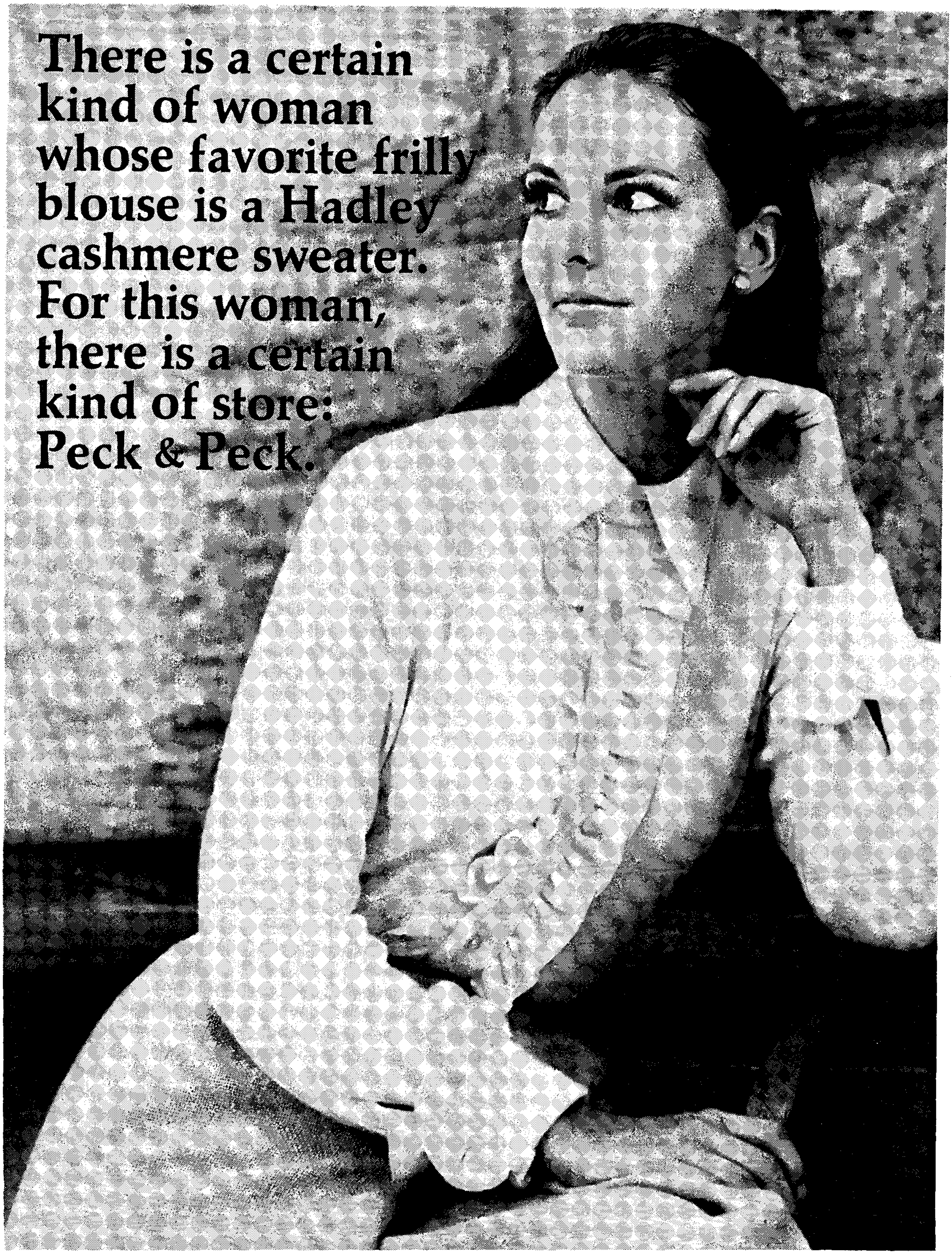
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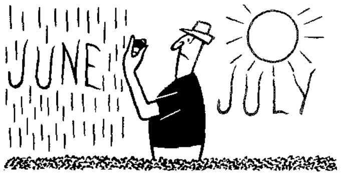
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOT even the truck gardeners, with their impressive application of scientific expertise to what once seemed the simple business of just making things grow, are always able to deal with the effects of such a weather parlay as that in which the excessive rains of June were followed by the surprise return to drought in July and early August. For most of the gardeners we know (they are all amateurs), this has been the year of the small tomato. Some of them were taking this kind of yield as a reflection on their own plants or soil or degree of fertilization (perhaps not enough to counter the leaching of the early rains) until they happened to notice that markets supplied by commercial growers were also featuring a product of a three-inch instead of the customary five-inch maximum diameter. Too much more rain than sun in June and too much sun without rain in July failed to complement each other or average each other out; the two good stimulants to growth, applied in large but alternate doses, had a stunting influence. And although the professionals, who do everything scientifically, are able to counter drought by irrigation, they have as yet no sun machines to run up and down their rows steaming off excess rain and thus altering patterns of growth set into their plants by too frequent sluicings, such as the June rains gave them. Some of our friends have reported, in addition to small tomatoes, sad rows of stunted corn, with nubbin ears. None of them have been able to report any crop that has done unusually well under the special hydrological conditions of this summer. Still, one of the laws of nature is that there is no combination of weather, however extreme or odd, that does not favor some particular growth or bloom, and if those people who try to supply their own tables have reported no surprise bonus to compensate for their stunted corn and dwarfed tomatoes, there has been better news just outside the neat borders of domestication. The tall-growing, small-flowered white daisy called fleabane has created some handsome effects, standing in dense rows at various boundaries between gardens or lawns and the unkempt hinterland.

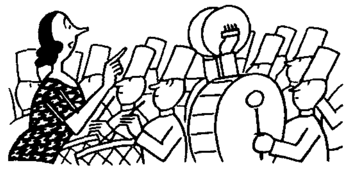


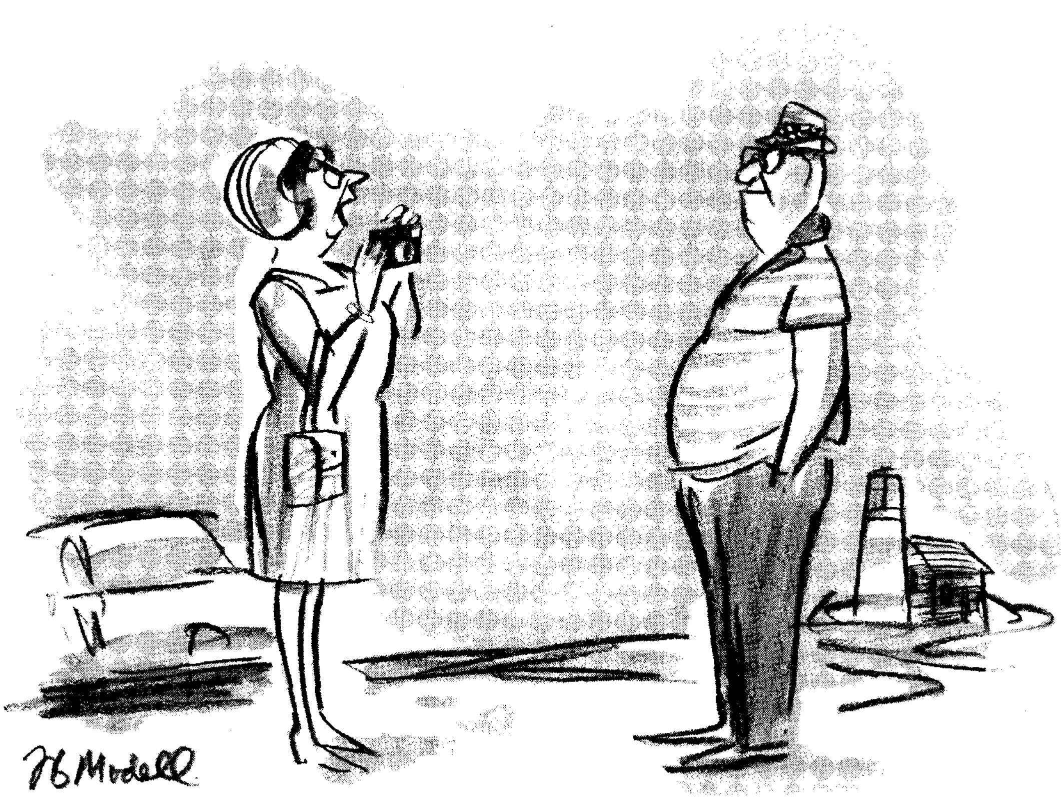
Two Hundred Steps

THE Leggett Vikings, of the Union Settlement, on East 104th Street (they are the most important marching band in East Harlem, and *perhaps* the most important marching band on the East Side), regularly march two hundred steps a minute. Mr. Blake Hobbs, who is closely associated with the Vikings (he's a stout man in his late fifties, with wild gray hair), told us so the other day, as we set out with the band, and also told us that when the tempo is really up, the Vikings march more than two hundred steps a minute. He added that he sees no need for bragging or for raising the steps-per-minute claim to an implausible level. "As it is, we're the most colorful band in New York City," he said.

We first saw the Leggett Vikings and Mr. Hobbs in action several weeks ago, when we stumbled upon a circus they were involved in. The circus took place at the Union Settlement (the Union Settlement is a venerable institution that has been in East Harlem since 1895 and now occupies a tidy brick building put up in 1964), and it was a fine circus indeed. Mr. Hobbs teaches music at the Settlement and elsewhere in East Harlem, and is a local celebrity, especially among those members of the community who are either young or very young, and, thanks to his popularity, there was a large, enthusiastic audience, composed of the young, the very young, and their parents. The circus included acrobats and lions and Mexican-hat dancers (the dancers were all under the age of twelve) and some first-rate comic turns by Mr. Hobbs and his straight man, who was eight years old. But the Leggett Vikings (there are thirty-five of them, ranging in age mostly from five to eight), who began the show by marching impressively in (at two hundred steps a minute, at least) and ended it by marching impressively out, provided, we thought, the élan that made it a success. After the circus was over, we asked Mr. Hobbs to keep us informed of the Vikings' future public appearances, and he told us that they would march and play at a carnival to be held soon at the John S. Roberts Junior High School, on East 120th Street. We were invited to go along.

When we arrived at the Settlement on the day of the carnival, the Vikings, their instruments and uniforms in perfect order, were ready to set off. Mrs. Eulalia Rose, a teacher at the Leggett Day-Care Center (which gave the band its name) and a very efficient manager of the Vikings, was telling them to keep their bandsmen's white gloves on. She said that *some* people had taken their gloves off and lost them, and that was why some people didn't have white gloves. Even without white gloves, the Viking uniform is quite something; it consists of a red tunic with a white cross, white trousers with red stripes, and a red hat. Viking instruments tend to be percussion instruments; in fact, they are





"Do you think you can manage a smile? It's only for a fiftieth of a second."

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evenly divided between drums and cymbals.

As the Vikings headed east on 104th Street toward First Avenue, we fell in step with Mr. Billy Mincy, who is a graduate student of music at City College and plays trumpet in the band, and questioned him about the Vikings. He told us that two other adults play with the group: Mrs. Sally Herring plays baritone horn, and Mr. Hobbs plays another trumpet. "We don't really make a dent, but we do try to stay in front of the drums," Mr. Mincy said. "If you get behind, you're lost."

We noticed that some drumming was starting up, and we asked Mrs. Rose ("Lay off those drums," she would say from time to time, with little effect) which bandsman played the loudest. "Oh, Richard," she replied. "It's definitely Richard." Richard was Richard Rivera, and when we talked with him he said that he thought he did play the loudest of anyone, and that it was because he hit hard, but it was also because he took care of his drum and had Mr. Mincy tighten it for him very often. Steven Thomas, who was marching behind Richard, disagreed, implying that he played louder than Richard. Hector Vargas, who was behind Steven, said that he thought everyone played about the same. As we reached First Avenue, a middle-aged woman came up to Mrs. Rose and, after saying that she admired the band, asked if it couldn't make just a quick march around the East River Houses, across the way. Mrs. Rose said she didn't think there was time, and Richard said they'd once marched all through the East River Houses. "We've played at a lot of places," he added.

At Roberts Junior High School, the playground was crowded. There were roughly made booths housing games of chance, like Dart Throw and Nail Throw, and there was a refreshment stand. The Vikings were not given much space to work in, but they did keep the tempo up, and they went through a number of quite tricky formations while smashing out "El Capitan" and "Our Director." The performance was led, and led impeccably, by Teresa Barbee, a drum majorette, who is seven.

After the Vikings had finished, and received the applause that was their due, we sat and talked with Mr. Hobbs, to find out how the band had become the formidable organization that it is. He told us it had had its beginning one day early this spring. On that day, Mr. Mincy, who had been working regularly at the Day-Care Center, beat out a rhythm on a drum. Unexpectedly, a seven-year-old student beat the rhythm back to him, perfectly, with a pencil. Mr. Mincy thereupon got the idea of forming a band. The idea worked out so well, and the Vikings learned to play so well, that the band has continued through the summer and by now has played all over East Harlem. "When I was a kid, I lived near Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and I played in the Minersville Band," Mr. Hobbs said. "The greatest moment of my life was when I got my uniform on."

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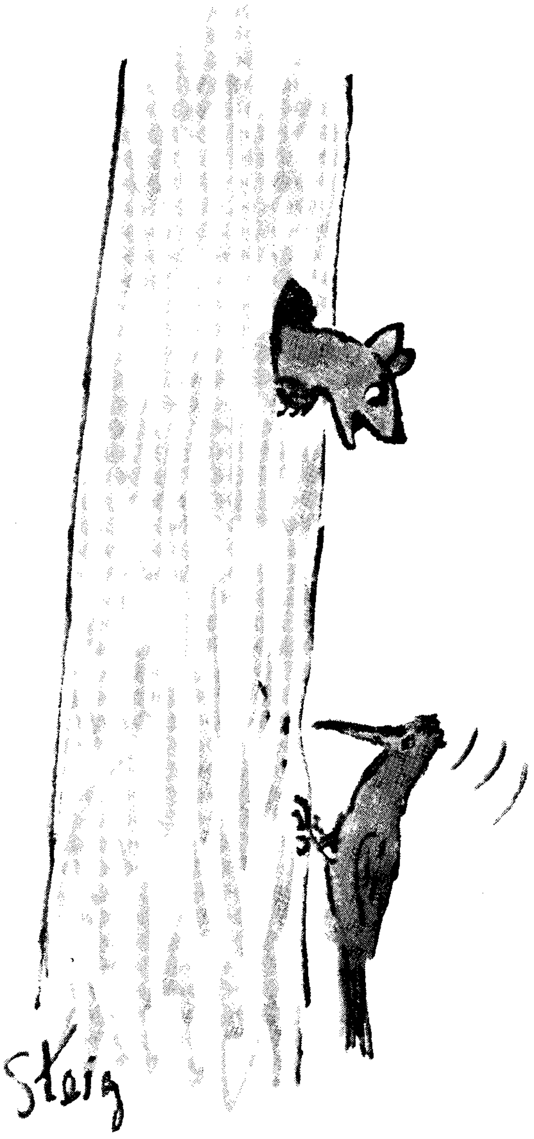
RICKY'S LOUNGE & RESTAURANT, on the Saw Mill River Road, advertises that it serves "Authentic Food."

Paley Park

THERE are places in the city that are inherent to it (the subway, the Museum of Modern Art), and others that could as well be in Akron, Ohio (the Americana Hotel, Lincoln Center). A tiny, shady walled garden on Fifty-third Street, east of Fifth Avenue, called Paley Park, has become, after little more than a year of existence, a part of the essential New York. The place was created by a rich man (William S. Paley) who should have less trouble getting into the Kingdom of Heaven than some of his colleagues; he tore down a building on one of the most valuable sites in the city and, instead of erecting another, planted trees and vines, put in chairs, tables, ashtrays, pots of flowers, a refreshment booth, and a waterfall, and opened the place to the public. At first sight—or hearing—one is hard put to it to figure out what possessed Mr. Paley to add that waterfall. It makes a fearful din as it comes crashing down the wall it occupies, at the far end of the park, at a rate of eighteen hundred gallons a minute, causing people to sit and stare straight ahead of them as if they were deranged or at the theatre. The nineteenth-century poet who wrote of Niagara Falls "My brain/grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze/Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight/Vainly would follow, as forward the verge/Sweeps the wide torrent—waves innumerable/Meet there and madden" has well described the state of mind produced by the waterfall in Paley Park.

The feeling of unrest in the park, which covers only forty-two hundred square feet, is reinforced by the activities of two attendants, who wear gray uniforms and silver badges and put one in mind of the hostess who is always shoving a coaster under your drink, or snatching your ashtray the moment an ash is deposited in it. The attendants scurry about snatching paper cups and plates from the tables, extracting cigarettes from the ashtrays, moving chairs an inch in this direction or that (or, if the chair is occupied, nudging the startled occupants), and admonishing the people sitting on the ledges along the two side walls, which ivy is beginning to scale, not to lean on the ivy. As the visitor looks around this noisy, crowded Dada back yard, he may start laughing. The idea that people should come here of their own free will is hard to credit, and even the people who have done so glance at each other (when they aren't gaping at the water wall) rather disbelievingly. A young man dressed in blue sneakers and extraordinarily short shorts walks down the aisle carrying a pale-green paper cup in one hand and a violin case in the other, and sits down next to a pair of middle-aged ladies in miniskirts, who stop talking about drapes briefly to take him in and move their Schrafft's shopping bags away from his hairy legs. The violinist sips his drink and stares moodily at the waterfall. At the next table, a young man in a blue blazer and a turquoise necktie is eating a hot dog and inattentively reading a paperback entitled "Of Good and Evil." A dejected-looking, fat teen-age girl stands in front of the waterfall as her mother, whose black lace slip is showing, takes her picture. A small child leaping and bounding on a platform directly in front of the waterfall is picked off by an attendant. On one of the ledges along the wall, a man in his fifties with a tanned face and long, greasy gray hair is having a tragic conversation with a younger, red-headed woman, in sunglasses, who has an overnight case at her feet and is dressed in out-of-date clothes. She looks miserable. The man talks to her and pats her hand in a bored way. She nods and says nothing. Is he her lover? Or the father from "La Traviata"? An attendant taps the man on the shoulder and tells him not to lean on the ivy. Suddenly, a shrill wailing sound, like an alarm clock going off, pierces the noise of the park. All eyes turn in the direction of the sound. It *is* an alarm clock going off. A man is holding it as his wife looks on. The man is carrying a Korvette paper bag, from which the clock was evidently just taken, and he looks a little startled but lets the clock go on ringing. After a while, he turns it off and puts it back in the Korvette bag. His wife smiles shyly at the onlookers.

The persistent visitor to Paley Park will find his attitude toward the place undergoing subtle changes. On his seventh or eighth visit, he may begin to almost like the place. He will become accustomed to the clamor and to the zeal of the attendants. On his tenth visit, he may even look up and notice the locust trees, whose soft, vetchlike foliage forms a lovely pattern against the sky. On certain clear days, the park is dappled with sun and takes on the secret, fragrant look of a forest glade, and at night the park is lighted and a great many people go there to sit in the din and stare at the water.



"Shut up!"

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SIGN observed in the window of a dry cleaner's shop on Victoria Street, London:

Miniskirts Cleaned
2d. per inch

McGovern

ON Saturday, August 10th, Senator George S. McGovern, of South Dakota, declared himself to be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. He urged an end to the Vietnam war ("the most disastrous political, moral, diplomatic blunder in our national history"), starting with a halt in both the bombing and the search-and-destroy effort; a foreign policy of "restraint and peace, not one that seeks to make us the world's policeman, its banker, or its judge;" a reduction of the military-industrial complex; "the reconstruction of our cities, and the strengthening of rural America;" an end to the draft, and the creation of a military force of paid volunteers; and "an end to the shameful remnants of racism and poverty that still afflict our country." He paid tribute to the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy, "the most talented and passionate political leader of this generation, [who] would . . . have proved to be one of our truly great Presidents," and he said he would, if his own drive fails, support either Humphrey, who, he said, "has long championed the cause of social justice," or McCarthy, who "with great dignity and nobility [has] given us a new hope for peace in Vietnam," explaining, "A victory for Mr. Nixon is a disturbing prospect for America and the people of the world. There is nothing in his past record to indicate that he is a man either of peace or of compassion." In closing, he called for "a compassionate President, an active President, one wholly devoted to restoration of peace abroad and to the redemption of our own society."

A few days later, Senator McGovern—by now a full-fledged dark horse—came to New York for some public appearances and meetings, and we rode with him one morning out to Brooklyn, where he was to talk with some

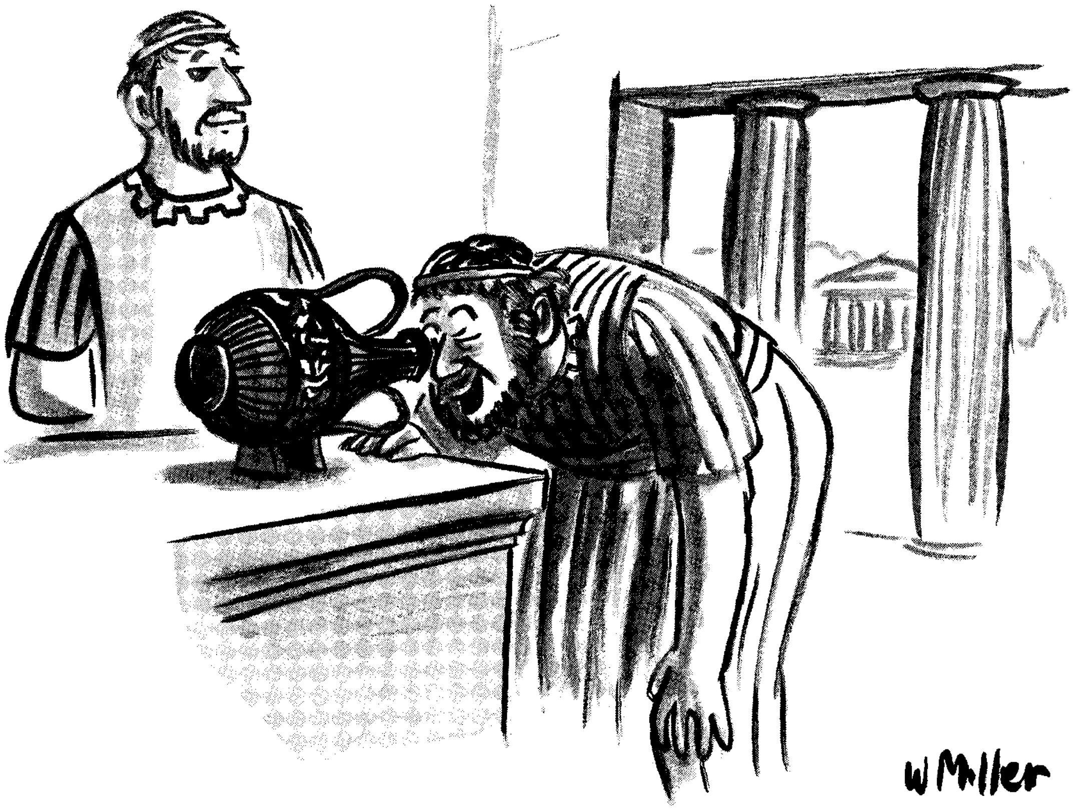
Negro leaders in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area. McGovern is forty-six years old, a tall, solid man with a rectangular face, deep-set eyes, arched black brows, slightly irregular teeth, a strong nose, and black hair—parted on the side, somewhat sparse on top. The son of a Methodist minister, he was a B-24 pilot during the Second World War, then became a history teacher at Dakota Wesleyan University, and was elected to the House of Representatives in 1956. President Kennedy appointed him director of Food for Peace in 1960, and two years later he became the first Democratic senator from South Dakota in twenty-six years. He spoke out against the Vietnam war as early as 1963 ("The failure of our Vietnam policy should be a signal for every one of us to reëxamine the roots of that policy," he said on the Senate floor in September of that year. "The trap we have fallen into there will haunt us in every corner of this revolutionary world"), and has been an anti-war leader ever since. He is a calm, quiet, friendly, open, unselfconscious man. He speaks thoughtfully but without hesitation, in a rather flat Western voice; in his conversation the emphasis comes from his choice of words rather than from his tone of voice. He listens carefully when others speak. He is a plain man, and he projects an air of old-fashioned integrity and decency.

During the ride, we asked him how he hoped to gain national recognition in the short time remaining before the Convention. "People are always interested in seeing the new model," he said, with a smile. "We're seeking maximum free public exposure on television and radio—free because we don't have any money. I'll be using the telephone to call and talk with as many delegates as I can across the country, and I'll be visiting several states. I'm going to make a major speech in a few days to spell out my position on domestic matters." In reference to his long-established and well-known stand on the war, the Senator talked about a visit he had made to Vietnam in 1965. "Our people there were overly optimistic about the military situation and overly optimistic about the popular support," he told us. "They gave me very low figures on estimated civilian casualties. The enormous stream of refugees helped me understand what the struggle was doing to the Vietnamese. One thing distressed me and has stuck in my mind ever since—the civilian hospitals. They were seldom visited by congressmen. I visited several, and they were jammed to overflowing by victims of bombing and artillery—at least two people in each single cot, or even a whole family trying to lie in one. Every foot of corridor was filled—people with legs blown off, faces burned. This was one thing that really got to me." He paused, then said, "I remember a large surgical hospital in Danang. Three doctors and five or six nurses were trying to take care of a patient load that would have tested a large city hospital—and only the most critically wounded were being treated there." The talk turned to Biafra, and he said, "I took the lead on that on the Senate floor. I got sixteen senators to appeal to the President, asking for an airlift, and suggesting that it be arranged through multilateral services, so we would avoid a direct operation but would nevertheless make our food available to the Biafrans. Food assistance is one of the things the Johnson Administration has cut back on; there is less now than we were making available five years ago. It always seemed to me that the one part of our aid program that always worked well—and was most urgent—was food assistance. We're spending two billion dollars on our crop controls—paying farmers not to produce. If we took that money, and added half a billion, we could virtually end most of the acute cases of hunger in the United States and abroad—for little more than we're now paying our farmers not to produce. I think Congress would go along with this—but it's a bit cheaper to go along with our present program. That's ninety-five per cent of the reason we haven't done it."

Of his late decision to enter the Presidential race, he said, "It's been a difficult year to plan. There were several factors I had to assess: whether this might cost me my seat in the Senate (I'm up for reëlection this fall), what the effect on the Convention might be—perhaps to fragment it, which is the last thing I want—and whether it would be, as some people said, an assist to Nixon. All these factors had to be evaluated, plus my own family—what it would do to them. When I made the decision, there was no one around me. I took off for a week and went home to the Black Hills, and made the judgment myself. You have to trust your own judgment. Your friends don't want you to get hurt, so they discourage the idea of your running, and those who aren't your friends tell you how easy it is." He smiled.

After a private meeting in the Bethany Baptist Church in Brooklyn, Senator McGovern went down into the basement of the church for coffee and coffee cake with those who had attended. The atmosphere was amiable ("He understands the dialectical tension," one man was heard to say to another), and McGovern chatted easily and shook some hands ("Pastor, I sure am glad to see you here this morning"). The Senator's travels during the day were very uncampaignlike: no crowds, few handshakes, little recognition, no hoopla. His round was more like that of a member of a school board making some important calls on a Sunday. Driving back to Manhattan, he was asked how he would account for the reservations some Democrats had about Humphrey and McCarthy. "With Humphrey, it's the war," he replied. "With McCarthy, it's a vague, ill-defined feeling—doubt about the strength he would bring to the White House, a question about his vigor and commitment on the domestic side." Later that morning, speaking of the same two men on the Arlene Francis WOR radio program, he said, "It is extraordinarily hard to make a challenge to someone you have a warm personal feeling for. But personal affection has nothing to do with political conviction—and they both understand that." He also said during the program, "We Democrats have a special duty to the American people. We said in 1964, 'We seek no wider war.' It was on that platform of restraint and peace that we won the election. This year, the platform is of crucial importance, and you have a great deal more leverage if you're an active candidate." On dividing the "peace vote," he said, "The big problem . . . is the danger of a first-ballot victory by Humphrey. My entrance makes that less likely." If he should be elected, he said, "I would immediately ask Congress to divert ten billion dollars from the military to the rebuilding of our cities. I'd devote a major share of the budget to new and innovative educational programs . . . greatly expanded job-training programs." He said he would also make an effort to help the poor in the rural areas, where one-third of the nation's poor live.

After a lunch with *Time* and *Life* editors, McGovern went to the R.C.A. Building and talked with a "Tonight" aide about what he and Johnny Carson might discuss that evening on the N.B.C. television show. He talked about



"Amazing, Demetrius! How did you ever manage to get a trireme inside this little amphora?"

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his chances: "If these favorite sons start moving to Humphrey in a bloc on the first ballot, we're out of the ball game. Our chance is about one in ten. But I have a hunch that the Convention is going to see some upsets. There's an uncertainty on the part of the delegates I've seen that makes me think a third candidate could walk off with it."

"Have you got a slogan?" the television man asked.

McGovern laughed. "I haven't got *any*thing," he replied, beaming.

After a midafternoon meeting with Democratic State Chairman John J. Burns at Democratic State Headquarters, in the Hotel Dryden East, Senator McGovern went down to a United Farm Workers picket line in front of a Grand Union store at Bleecker Street and LaGuardia Place. "This Store Sells Scab Grapes," one of the signs read, and McGovern spoke to a small but fervent crowd. "I am here in support of Cesar Chavez," he said, and he endorsed the stand of the California grape pickers. He spoke forcefully and received an ovation. On the way uptown, he was asked about the prevalent demand nowadays for "law and order." He said the slogan was "a phony," and continued, "Without justice, it's a meaningless phrase. You aren't going to solve anything by bringing in more armored cars and high-speed machine guns. We have to get at the causes of inequality and injustice."

At six o'clock, a sixth-floor corridor of N.B.C. near the "Tonight" studio was swirling with performers, agents, talent coördinators, technicians, musicians, a couple of dogs, and a couple of Secret Service men (waiting for McGovern to arrive). Salutations were going off like party poppers; everyone was greeting everyone else, then looking over everyone else's shoulder and around the hall as they shook hands. A person might easily have been stabbed in the ankle by a sharply pointed Italian shoe (with a buckle), all the trousers were cuffless and trim, and there was a forest of sideburns. Into the maelstrom of show biz came George McGovern—a bit shy and tentative, with an attractive, open smile, and wearing a dark-blue South Dakota suit with flapping cuffs. He looked everybody in the eye, gave people a firm handshake, and seemed awfully pleased to be there. The "Tonight" aides led him into a dressing room, and when he emerged a few minutes later he was in makeup. Nine million people, according to an N.B.C. aide, were watching when he presently sat down onstage to talk with Carson, and the studio audience applauded when he gave his views on Vietnam. Upon being asked about the rise in crime in the United States, he avoided any reference to "law and order." He explained quietly that the increase in crime has been in the under-eighteen group, and that there has been a slight decrease in crime in the over-eighteen group. He said much of the blame should be placed on "the tragic conditions in our inner cities . . . those who have lost faith . . . those who cannot get jobs." The challenge, he felt, was: How can we improve the quality of life in our cities?

After the show, Senator McGovern, followed by his car, walked part of the way up Park Avenue toward the new New York Citizens for McGovern Headquarters, a storefront between Eighty-seventh and Eighty-eighth Streets; it was a pleasant evening, and he had expressed a wish earlier in the day for a chance to walk around. At Seventy-first Street, a young man in a yellow shirt spotted him and ran over. "Senator, I've been working for McCarthy, but I'd certainly be happy if you were successful," he declared. About two hundred people, mostly young, were standing on the sidewalk and out in the street in front of the headquarters. "George Gives a Damn," one of many signs said. McGovern greeted the volunteers who were inside the storefront, and then spoke to the crowd on the sidewalk. A light rain had started, and the drops looked like snow against the glare of the television lights that had been set up. He spoke effectively—simply and clearly, telling the crowd, "I'm totally dedicated to the twin goals to which Robert F. Kennedy gave his energy and devotion . . . determination to do everything I can to bring the war to an end, and, the second goal, the healing of the divisions and the problems here at home. Let's go to Chicago!" There were cheers and a waving of signs, and it began to look and sound like a campaign. People had to be cleared out of the way so that the Senator's car could move off. "Select, Don't Settle," said a sign waving above the crowd in the light rain.

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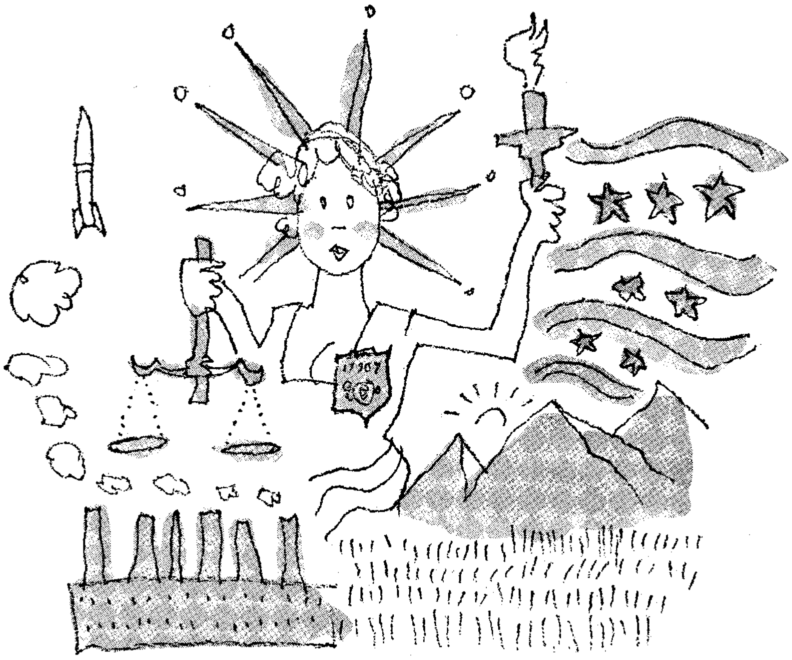
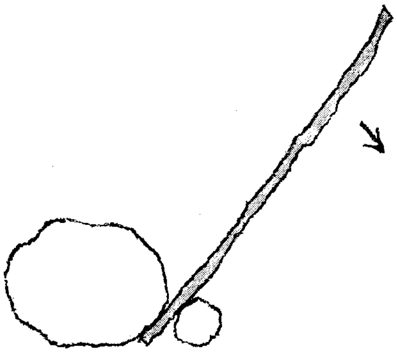
OVERHEARD on the beach at Amagansett the other Saturday afternoon, pair of tan swimming trunks to pink-and-orange bikini: "Square! I'll tell you how square he is. He's in *Who's Who*."

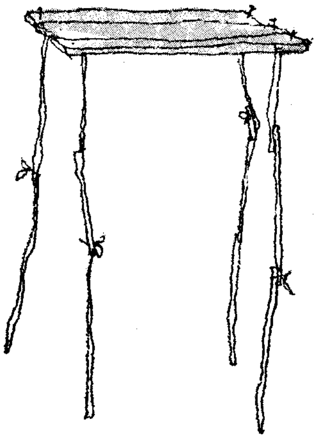
POLITICAL CONVENTION



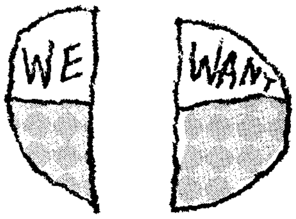
Keynote Address



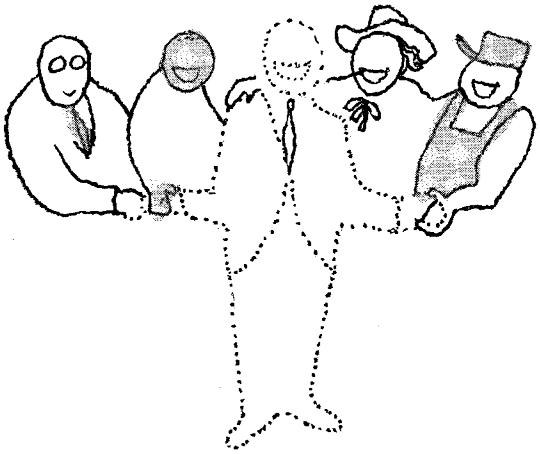
Seconding Speech



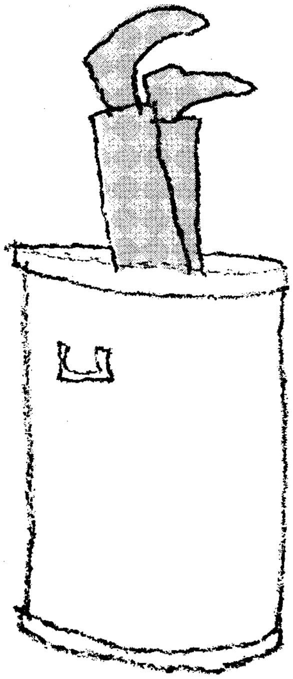
Platform



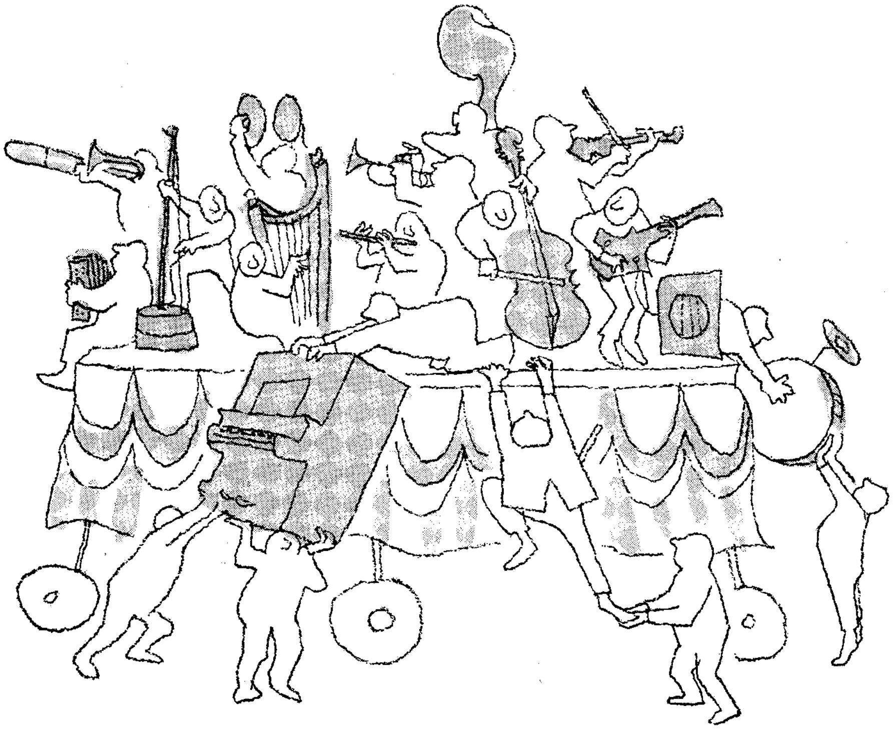
Split Delegation



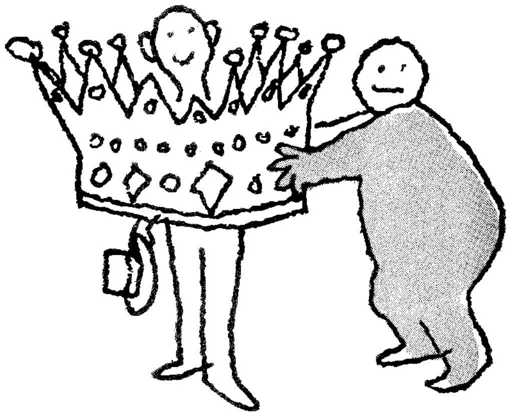
Coalition Candidate



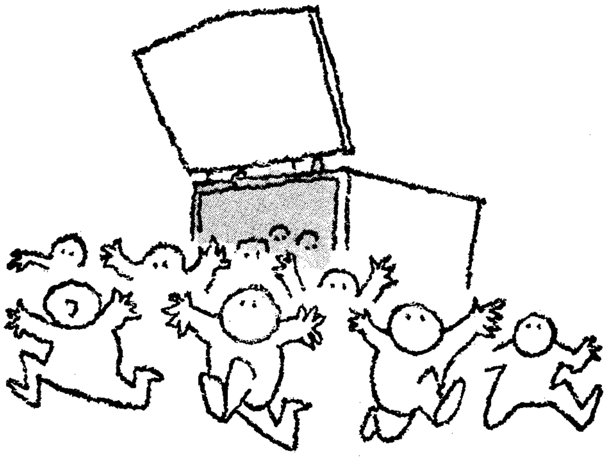
Early Drive Fails



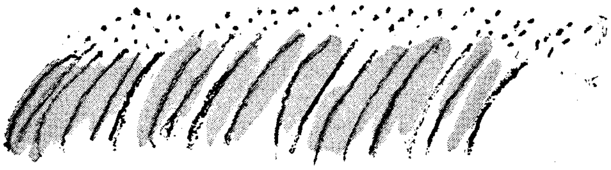
Bandwagon



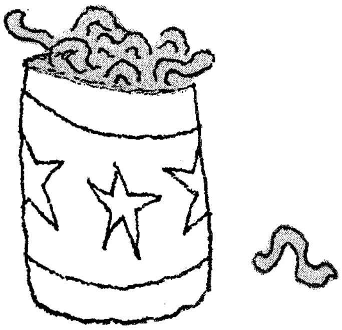
Kingmaker



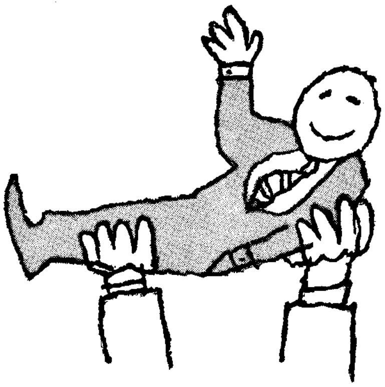
Releasing Delegates



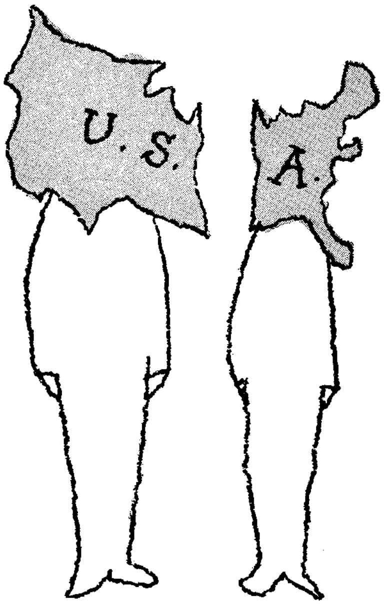
Farm Bloc



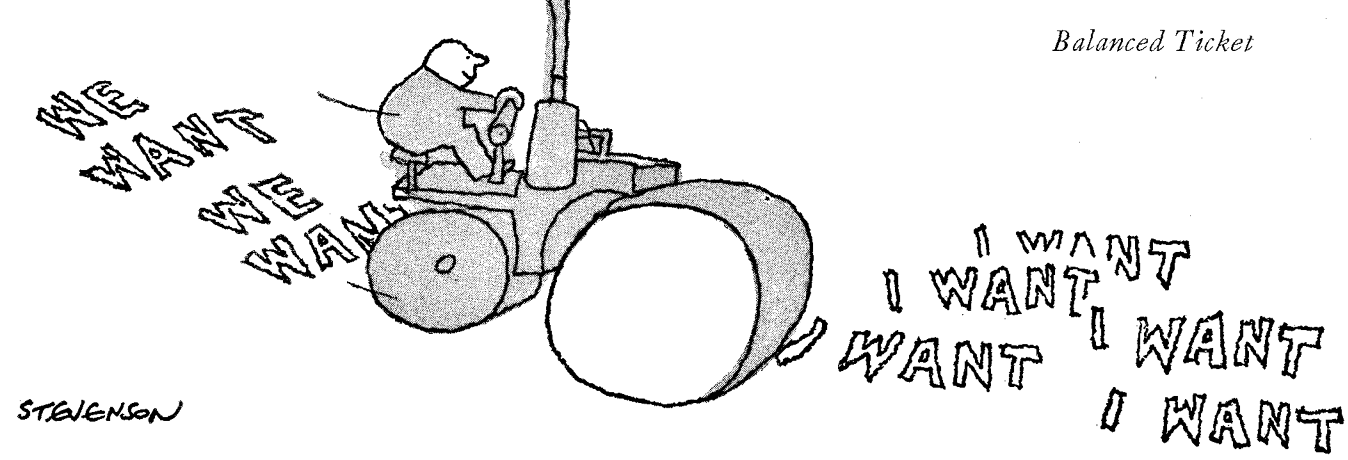
Caucus



Favorite Son



Balanced Ticket


WE WANT
WE WANT
I WANT
I WANT
WANT
I WANT
I WANT

Steamroller

A GREAT GOD'S ANGEL STANDING

Pascal Stakelum, the notorious rural rake, and Father Paul, the aging Catholic curate of Lislap, met the two soldiers from Devon by the bridge over the Camowen River and right beside the lunatic asylum. It was a day of splitting sunshine in the year of the Battle of Dunkirk. Pascal and the priest were going to visit the lunatic asylum—Father Paul to hear confessions, Pascal to bear him company and to sit at a sealed distance while the inmates cudgelled what wits they had and told their sins. The two soldiers, in battle dress and with heavy packs on their backs, were on their way home from Dunkirk—not home to Devon, exactly, but to Sixmilecross, to the house of two sisters they had married in a hurry before they set off for France. It was, as you may have guessed, six miles from our garrison town of Lislap to the crossroads village where the two sisters lived, and it was a very warm day. So every one of the four, two in thick khaki, two in dull black, was glad to stop and stand at ease and look at the smooth gliding of the cool Camowen.

The bridge they rested on was of a brownish gray stone—three full sweeping arches and, to the sides, two tiny niggardly arches. In a blue sky a few white clouds idled before a light wind, and beyond a wood at an upstream bend of the river a two-horse mowing machine ripped and rattled in meadow grass. The stone of the bridge was cut from the same quarry as the stone in the high, long wall that circled the lunatic asylum and went for a good half mile parallel with the right bank of the river.

"In France it was hot," said the first soldier.

"He means the weather was hot," said the second soldier.

The four men, priest and rake and soldiers two, laughed at that—not, Pascal said to me later, much of a laugh; not sincere, no heartiness in it.

"Hot as hell," said the second soldier. "Even the rivers was hot."

"Boiling," said the first soldier. "That canal at Lille was hot as a hot bath."

"Ruddy mixup," said the second soldier. "The Guards, they fired at the Fusiliers, and the Fusiliers, they fired at the Guards. Nobody knew who was what. Ruddy mixup."

They took the cigarettes Pascal offered.

"Boiling hot and thirsty," said the second soldier. "Never knew such thirst."

Father Paul said, "You could have done with some Devon cider."

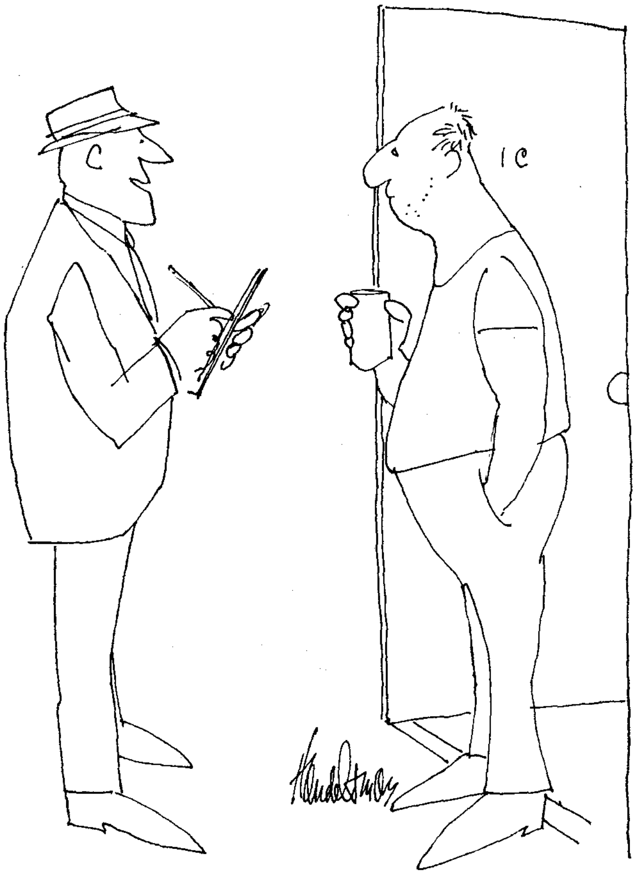
"Zider," said the first soldier. "That were zomething."

"Zomerzet you are," said the second soldier.

They all laughed again. This time it was a real laugh.

The Camowen water, where it widened over gravel to go under the five stone arches, was clear and cool as a mountain-rock spring. Upstream, trout rings came as regularly as the ticks of a clock.

The two soldiers accepted two more cigarettes. They tucked them into the breast pockets of their battle dress. They hitched their packs, shook hands several times, and knelt on the motorless roadway for Father Paul's blessing. They were not themselves R.C.s, they said, but in camp in Aldershot in England they had been matey with an R.C. padre, and they knew the drill. Blessed after battle, they stood up, dusted their knees as carefully as if they'd never heard of mud or blood, and, turning often to wave back, walked on toward the two sisters of Sixmilecross.


"You seem to be a rabble sort of person. Do any of the candidates rouse you?"

"Virginia," Father Paul said, "was the best place I ever saw for cider."

Just to annoy him, Pascal said, "Virginia, County Cavan, Ireland."

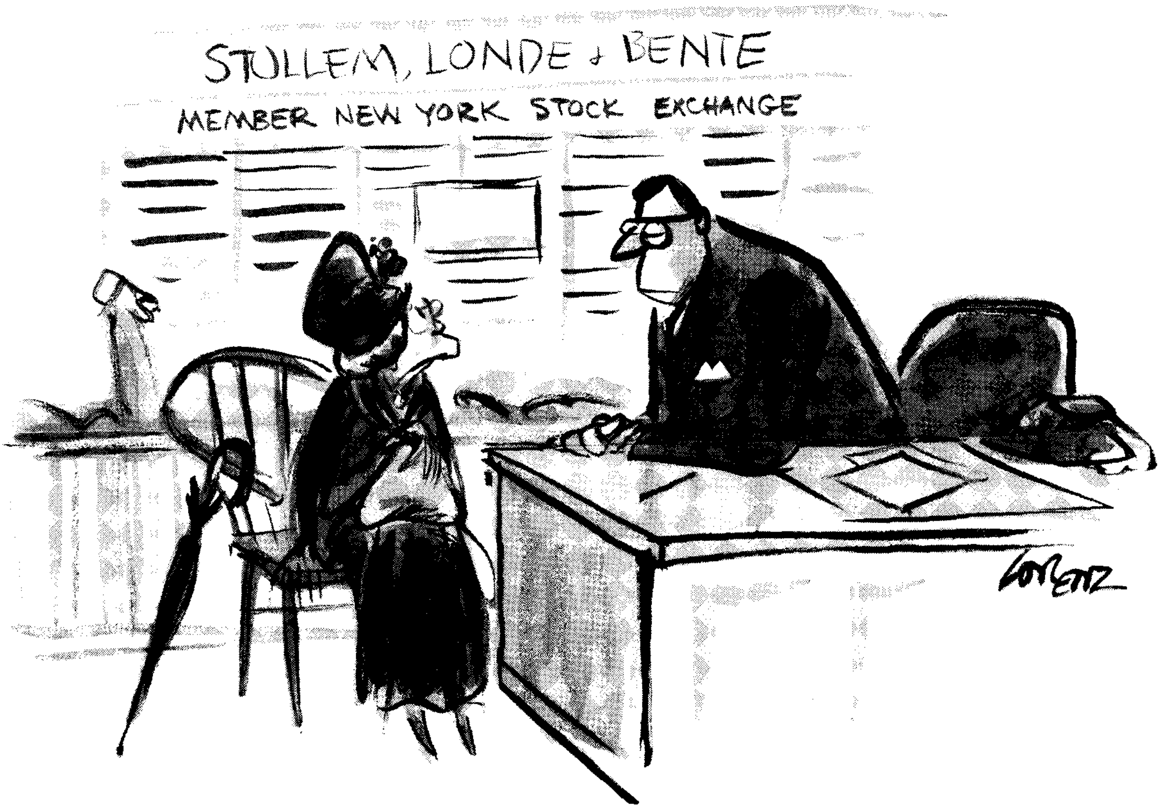
They were walking on together on a narrow footwalk in the shadow of the high asylum wall.

"Virginia, U.S.A.," Paul said. "The Old Dominion. Very well you know what Virginia I mean. They had great apple orchards there, and fine cider presses, around a little town called Fincastle under the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains. That was great country, and pleasant people and fine horses, when I was a young man on the American mission." It was a period out of his lost youth that Paul frequently talked about.

In those days of his strange friendship with Pascal, he was thin and long-faced and stoop-shouldered, with the straining, indignant stoop that is forced on tall people when the years challenge the power to hold the head so high. That day, the sun had sucked a little moisture out of his pale cheeks. He had taken off his heavy black hat to give the light breeze a chance to ruffle and cool his thin gray hair, but the red line the hat rim had made was still to be seen, and, above the red line, a sullen concentration of drops of sweat. He was, though, as Pascal so often said, the remains of a mighty handsome man, and with such dignity, too, and stern faith and such an eloquent way in the pulpit that it was a mystery to all of us what the bishop of the diocese had against him that he had never given him the honor, glory, and profit of a parish of his own.

"In the mood those two boyos are in," Pascal said, "it will take them no time at all walking to the sisters at Sixmilecross."

That was the way Pascal, in accordance with his animal nature, thought, and Sixmilecross was a village in which, as in every other village in our parts, Pascal had had some of the rural adventures that got him his dubious reputation and made us all marvel when we'd see a character like him walking in the company of a priest. In Burma, I once heard an old sweat say, adulterers kill a pig to atone for their crime, so it was only apt and proper that Pascal should be a pork butcher. When he went a-wooing in country places, he'd never walk too far from his rattly old Morris Cowley without bringing with him tire lever or starting handle, for country girls were hell for having truculent brothers and male cousins, and neither brothers nor male cousins had any fancy for Pascal rooting and snorting about on the fringes of the family. That's Pascal for you.


STOLLEM, LONDE & BENTE
MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
LORENZ

"What I have in mind is parlaying my widow's mite into a quick bundle."

• •

But at the moment Paul is speaking. "A man hungers to get home," he said. "The men from Devon won't count the time or the number of paces. Time—what's time? They've come a long walk from the dreadful gates of eternity. Once, I told you, Pascal boy, you were such a rake and run-the-roads you'd have to live to be ninety to expiate here on this earth and so dodge the devil."

Complacently, Pascal said, "The good die young."

"Ninety's a long time," Father Paul said. "But what's time? Here in this part of my parish . . ." They were walking in at the wide gateway. He waved his black broad-brimmed hat in a circle comprehending the whole place, as big almost as the garrison town itself, for all the crazy people of two counties, or those of them that had been detected and diagnosed, were housed there. "This part of my parish," he said. "As much happiness or unhappiness as in any other part of the parish. But one thing that doesn't matter here is time. As far as most of them know, time and eternity are the same thing."

They walked along a serpentine avenue, up sloping lawns to the main door. The stone in the walls of the high buildings was cut from the same quarry as the stone that bridged the river, as the stone in the encircling wall. The stone floor in the long, cool corridor rang under their feet. They followed a porter along that corridor to a wide, bright hospital ward. Unshaven men in gray shirts sat up in bed and looked at them with quick, bright, questioning eyes. The shining, nervous curiosity of the ones who sat up disturbed Pascal. He preferred to look at the others, who lay quietly in bed and stared steadily at points on the ceiling or on the opposite wall, and sometimes mumbled to nobody words that had no meaning. A few men in gray suits moved aimlessly about the floor, or sat to talk with some of the bright, curious men in the beds. Beside the doorway, a keeper in blue uniform dotted with brass buttons sat and smoked and read a newspaper, raised his head and nodded to the priest, then returned to his pipe and his newspaper.

FATHER PAUL moved from bed to bed, his purple stole about his neck. The murmur of his voice, particularly when he was at the Latin, was distinctly audible. His raised hands sawed the air in absolution and blessing. Once in a while, he said something in English in a louder voice, and then the man he was with would laugh, and the priest would laugh, and the man in the next bed, if he was a bright-eyed man, would laugh, and another bright-eyed man several beds away would start laughing and be unable to stop, and a ripple of laughter would run around the room, touching everybody except the staring, mumbling men and the keeper who sat by the door.

Pascal sat beside an empty bed and read a paperbacked book about a doctor in Germany who was—or said he thought he was—two men, and had murdered his wife, who had been a showgirl, by bathing her beautiful body in nitric acid. That sinful, crazy waste of good material swamped Pascal in an absorbing melancholy, so that he didn't for a few moments even notice the thin hand gripping his thigh. There, kneeling at his feet, was a man in gray clothes, misled into thinking Pascal was a priest because Pascal wore, as did the gay young men of that place and period, a black suit, with, though, extremely wide and unclerical trousers. Pascal studied, with recognition, the inmate's gray jacket, the scarce gray hair, the spotted, dirty scalp.

The kneeling man said, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned."

"Get up to hell, Jock Sharkey," Pascal said. "I'm no priest. You're crazy."

He was, he says, crimson in the face with embarrassment. The keeper was peeking over his newspaper, laughing, saying Jock sure was crazy and that, in fact, was why he was where he was. He said, "Fire away, Pascal. It'll keep him quiet. I hear him two or three times a week."

"It wouldn't be right," Pascal said. He had theological scruples—the only kind he could afford. ("Only once in my life," he was to say afterward, "did a man ever ask me to listen to him confessing his sins, and, fair enough, the place should be a lunatic asylum and the man poor Jock Sharkey, that was put away for chasing women. Not that he ever overtook them or did anybody any harm. They walked quick, he walked quick. They walked slow, he walked slow. He was just simply fascinated, the poor gormless bastard, by the sound of their feet, the hobbled trot, the high heels—you know, clickety-click—thigh brushing thigh. Poor Jock.")

"What he'll tell you," said the keeper, "is neither right nor wrong. Who'd anyway be better judge than yourself, Pascal? Even Father Paul doesn't know one-half of what you know. You, now, would know about things Paul never heard tell of."

The man on his knees said, "I suppose you'll put me out of the confession box, Father. I'm a terrible sinner. I wasn't at Mass or meeting since the last mission."

"Why was that?" said Pascal the priest.

"The place I'm working in, they won't let me go to Mass."

"Then it's not your fault," said Pascal. "No sin. Grievous matter, perfect knowledge, full consent." (He did, he said afterward, remember from his school days that impressive fragment of the penny catechism of Christian doctrine.)

"But when I go to confession, Father, I've a bad memory for my sins. Will you curse me, Father, if I forget some of them?"

"By no means, Jock. Just recite what you remember."

The keeper blew smoke rings from thick, laughing lips—an irritating fellow. The head of the kneeling man nodded backward and forward while he mumbled the rhythmical words of some prayer or prayers of his childhood. Now and again the names of saints came clearly out of the confused, unintelligible mumble, like bubbles rising from a marshy bottom to the surface of a slow stream. Then he repeated carefully, like a child reciting, these words from an old rebel song: " 'I cursed three times since last Easter Day. At Masstime once I went to play.' "

The keeper, more offensive as his enjoyment increased, said, "You should sing that, Jock."

"I passed the churchyard one day in haste," Jock said, "and forgot to pray for my mother's rest."

"You're sure of Heaven," said the keeper, "if that's the sum total of your sins. The Reverend Pascal Stakelum himself, or even Father Paul, won't get off so easy."

The penitent looked up at Pascal; he stared long and hard. His thin right hand tightly grasped Pascal's knee. "David Stakelum's son," he said. "I'd know you anywhere on your father. Thank God to see you in the black clothes. Your father was a decent man, and you'll give me the blessing of a decent man's son." He bowed his head and joined his hands.

Behind the newspaper, the keeper was gurgling.

Pascal said afterward that his father wouldn't be too pleased to think that his hell's own special hell-raker of a son bore him such a resemblance that even a crazy man could see it. But if his blessing would help to make Jock content, then Jock was welcome to it. So he cut the sign of the cross over the old crazy, dirty head. He touched with the tips of the fingers of both hands the bald patch on the dome. He held out those fingers to be kissed. The most fervent young priest fresh from the holy oil couldn't have done a better job. Pascal had so often studied the simple style of Father Paul. The keeper was so impressed that he folded the newspaper and sat serious and quiet.

Father Paul walked slowly toward them, along the narrow passage between the two rows of beds. Walking with him came a fat, red-faced, gray-headed inmate. The fat inmate talked solemnly, gestured stiffly with his right hand. The priest listened, or pretended to listen, turning his head sideways, stretching his neck, emphasizing the stoop in his shoulders. He said, "Mr. Simon, you haven't met my young friend, Pascal."

STOP
NO PARKING
NO BATHING
NO FISHING
STOP

The fat man smiled benevolently at Pascal but went on talking to the priest. "As you know, sir, I am not of the Roman Catholic persuasion, yet I have always been intrigued by the theory and practice of auricular confession. The soul of man, being walled around and shut in as it is, demands some outlet for the thoughts and desires that accumulate therein. The child," he said, "runs to its mother with its little tale of sorrow. Friend seeks out friend. In silence and secrecy, souls are interchanged." It was exactly, Pascal says, as if the sentences had been written on the air in the loops and lines of copperplate. You could not only hear but see the man's talk. "A Wesleyan I was born, sir, and so remain. But always have I envied you Roman Catholics the benefits of the confessional, the ease that open confession brings to the soul. What is the Latin phrase, sir?"

Paul said, "*Ad quietam conscientiam.*"

"*Ad quietam conscientiam,*" Simon repeated. "There is peace in every single syllable. There is much wisdom in your creed, sir. Wesley knew that. You have observed the spiritual similarity between Wesley and Ignatius of Loyola."

The keeper said, "Simon, Dr. Murdy's looking for you. Where in hell were you?"

"He asks me where I have been, sir. Where in hell."

Father Paul said, "He means no harm, Simon. Just his manner of speaking."

Simon was still smiling. From elbow

BLUE HILL, MAINE

Each one of us should have, as Rome, his seven
hills. All day long, by gravity bedevilled,
tapping our steps, we do not see in heaven
the guardian tresses that, come night, dishevelled,
sweep our sleep, or pain. At age eleven,
never having seen a hill, in dead-levelled
Lake Erie I drowned—saw, at least, the legendary flashback of my life, till, unbevelled
from the teeth of death by fishers near a seine,
I breathed at Blue Hill on the coast of Maine.
That eminence in the contour of its cape
against the sun still sits—a pope of hills
before whose foot an almost landlocked bay
tugs at its carpet as it ebbs and fills.

—Hawley Truax

• •

to bent wrist and dangling hand, his right arm was up like a question mark. He said to Father Paul, "Surveillance, sir, is a stupid thing. It can accomplish nothing, discover nothing. If I were to tell this fellow where I had been, how could he understand? On this earth I have been, and beyond this earth." He shook hands with the priest, but not with Pascal or the keeper or Jock Sharkey. He walked with dignity past the keeper and back down the ward.

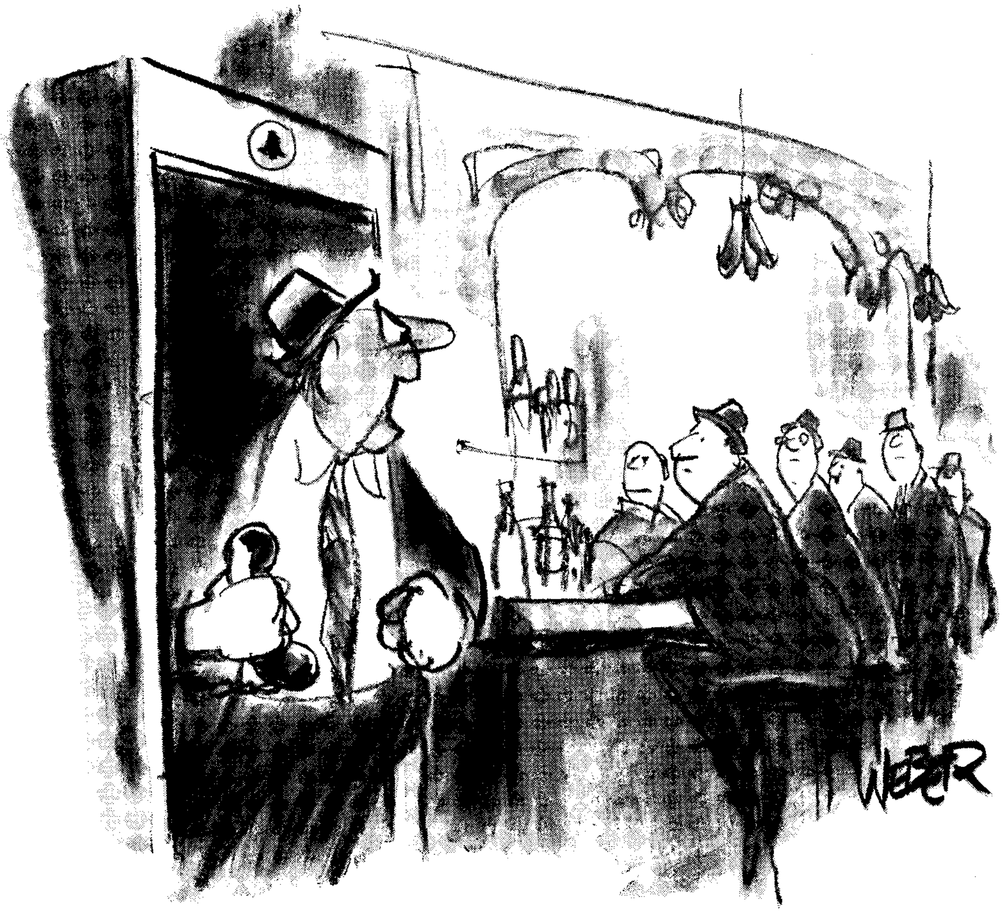
"There goes a travelled man," Pascal said.

Father Paul was folding his purple stole. He said, "There are times when religion can be a straitjacket."

"It's not Simon's time yet for the straitjacket," the keeper said. "When the fit takes him, he'll brain the nearest neighbor with the first handy weapon."

At the far end of the ward where Simon had paused for a moment, there was a sudden noise and a scuffling. The keeper said, "Too much learning is the devil." He thumped off down the passage between the beds.

"Now for the ladies," Father Paul said. "You'll be at home there, Pascal. They say all over the town that no man living has an easier way with the ladies."



"Let's hear it, everybody—one cheer for the damn Telephone Company!"

• •

IS it true that, as the poet said, you never knew a holy man but had a wicked man for his comrade and heart's darling? Was it part of Paul's plan to pick Pascal as his escort and so to make an honest boy out of him, or, at least, to cut in on the time that he would otherwise spend rummaging and ruining the girls of town and country? The thing about Pascal was that, away from the companionship of Paul, he thought of nothing but women, when, of course, he wasn't butchering pork, and perhaps he thought of women even then. Like many another who is that way afflicted, he wasn't big, violent, handsome, red-faced, or blustering. No, he went about his business in a quiet way. His hair was sparse, of a nondescript color, flatly combed and showing specks of dandruff. He wore horn-rimmed spectacles. He was one of those white-faced, whey-faced fellows who would, softly and secretly and saying nothing about it to their best friends, take advantage of their own grandmothers. The women were mad about him. They must have been.

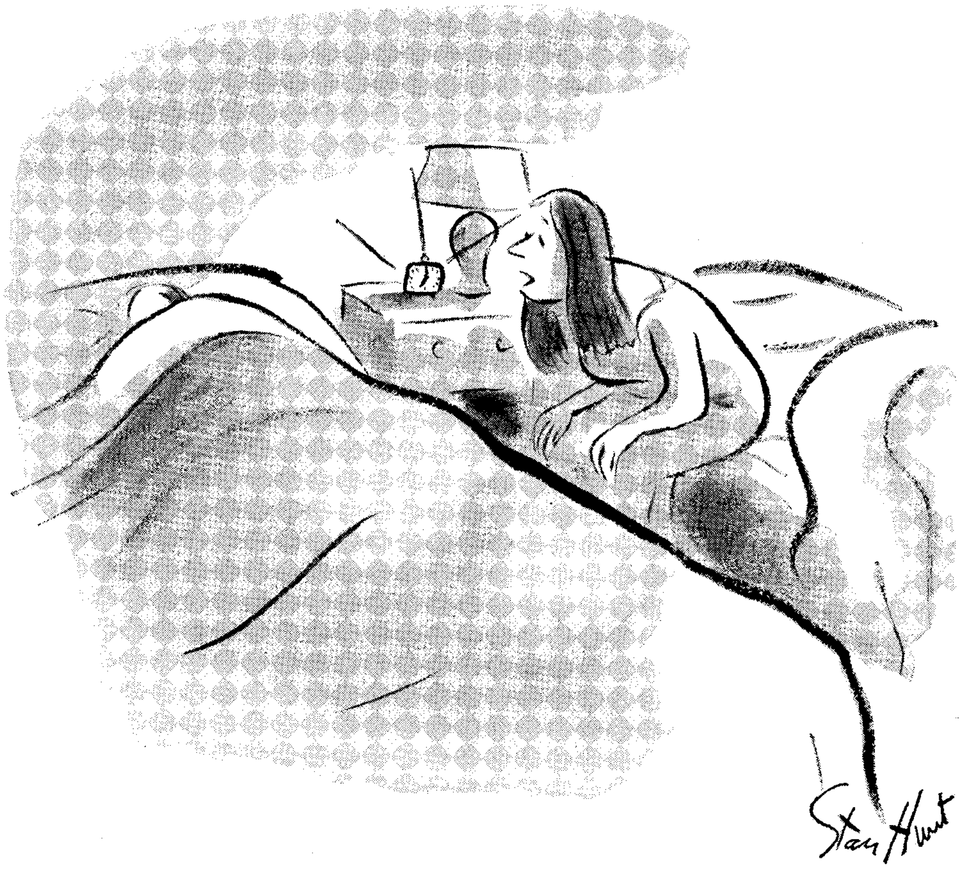
On the day of Paul's funeral, he said to me, "A decent man, and I liked him. But, my God, he had a deplorable set against the women or anybody that fancied the women. Except myself," he said. "For some reason or other, he put up with me. That day at the female ward—at the geriatrics, you call 'em—I cheated him right under his nose, God forgive me. And may Paul himself forgive me, since he knows it all now."

Pascal stood at the threshold of this female ward while Father Paul, purple stole again around his neck, moved, listening and forgiving with God's forgiveness, from bed to bed. Pascal wasn't much of a theologian, yet, looking at the females in that female ward, he reckoned that it was God, not the females, who needed forgiveness. They were all old females, very old females, and as such didn't interest Pascal. But besides being old, they were also mad and misshapen, some babbling like raucous birds, some silently slavering. He was just a little afraid of those caricatures of women. This was the first time he had ever been afraid of women, and afraid to admit to himself that these creatures were made in exactly the same way as women he had known. He was young. Outside, the sun was shining, the Camowen sparkling under the sun, the meadow grass falling like green silk to make beds for country lovers. But here all flesh was grass and favor was deceitful and beauty was vain. It was bad enough looking at the men—to think what the mind could do to the body. But it was hell upon earth looking at the women.

He stepped, shuddering, back into the corridor and collided with a tall nurse. He smelled freshly ironed, starched linen and disinfectant—a provoking smell. A quick flurried glance showed him a strong, handsome face, rather boyish, brick-red hair bursting out over the forehead, where the nurse's veil had failed to restrain it. He apologized. He was still rattled by his vision in the ward. Contrary to his opportunist instinct, he was even about to step out of the way.

But the nurse didn't pass. She said, "It is you, Pascal Stakelum, isn't it? Did they lock you up at last? A hundred thousand welcomes."

He had to do some rapid thinking before he remembered. She didn't try to help. She stood, feet apart and solidly planted, and grinned at him, too boyish for a young woman but still fetching. She was, if anything, taller than he was. Her brother, then he remembered, had



"The bell tolls for thee, Harry."

• •

gone to school with us—a big fellow as dark as she was red, very clever but capricious, making a mockery of things that he alone, perhaps, of all of us could understand, and, in the end, throwing the whole thing up and running away and joining the Royal Air Force. So the first thing Pascal said to show that he knew who she was was to ask about the brother, and when would he be coming home.

She said, "He won't be coming home."

"Why for not?"

She said he had been killed at Dunkirk.

That was a bit of a blow in the face, but at least, he told himself, clean death in battle was not madness, deformity, decay, and the moment gave Pascal the chance to sympathize, to get closer to her. He held her hands. He said he was sorry. He said he had always liked her brother. He had, too.

She said, "It's war. He would always do things his own way." She seemed proud of her brother, or just proud of having a brother dead at Dunkirk.

"This is no place to talk," Pascal said. "And I'm with Father Paul. Meet me this evening at the Crevenagh Bridge." That was the old humpy seventeenth-century bridge on the way to a leafy network of lovers' lanes and deep, secret bushy ditches.

"Not this evening," she said. "I'm on duty. But tomorrow."

"Eight o'clock on the dot," said Pascal.

She walked away from him and toward Father Paul. He looked after her, no longer seeing the rest of the ward. She was a tall, strong girl, stepping with decision and a great swing. Jock Sharkey would have followed her to the moon.

Father Paul, the shriving done, was again folding his stole. He joked with a group of old ladies. He told one of them that on his next visit he would bring her a skipping rope. He told another he would bring her a powder puff. He distributed handfuls of caramels to the whole crew. They cackled with merriment. They loved him. That was one bond between Pascal and himself. The women loved them both.

"But if he meant to preach to me that time," Pascal said to us, "by bringing me to that chamber of horrors, I had the laugh on him."

IN the sunshine on the lawn outside, the superintending doctor stood with his wife and his dogs, three Irish setters—one male, two female. The doctor and his wife stood, that is, and the setters ran round and round in erratic widening circles. The doctor was a handsome, cheery fellow, even if he was bald. He wore bright-yellow handmade shoes, Harris-tweed trousers, and a high-necked Aran sweater. The wife was small and dainty and crisp as a nut, and a new wife; and the two of them, not to speak of the three setters, were as happy as children. They talked—the doctor, the woman, Paul, and Pascal—about the war, and about those two smart-stepping Devon men who were by now approaching Sixmilecross and the two sisters, and rest after battle, and port after stormy seas. Then Father Paul wished the doctor and his wife many happy days, and he and Pascal stepped off toward the town. At the gateway, they met a group of thirty or forty uniformed inmates returning, under supervision, from a country walk. One of them was gnawing a raw turnip, with which, ceasing to gnaw, he took aim at Pascal and let fly. Pascal fielded the missile expertly—in his school days he had been a sound midfield man—and restored it to the inmate, who was still chewing and looking quite amazed at his own deed. All this to the great amusement of the whole party, inmates and three keepers. But, oddly enough, Paul didn't join in the merriment. He stood, silent and abstracted, on the grass at the side of the driveway. He looked at the sky. His lips moved as though he were praying, or talking to himself.

Pascal gave away what cigarettes he had left to the hiking party, and he and the priest walked on, Paul very silent, over the Camowen. When they were halfway to the town, Paul said, "Some men can't live long without a woman."

Pascal said nothing. He remembered that there was a story that Paul had once beaten a loving couple out of the hedge with a blackthorn stick. He remembered that Paul came from a stern, mountainy part of the country where there had been a priest in every generation in every family for three hundred years. He thought of the red nurse and the hedge ahead of her. So he said nothing.

"That new wife of his was American," Paul said. "Did you notice?"

"She dressed American," Pascal said. "But she had no accent."

"She comes from a part of the States and from a class in society where they don't much have an accent," Paul said. "At least not what you in your ignorance would call an American accent."

Pascal said, "The Old Dominion."

"You're learning fast," Paul said.

The town was before them.

"Three wives he had," Paul said.

"One dead. Irish. One divorced. English. And now a brand-new one from Virginia. Some men can't go without."

Pascal made no comment. He contented himself with envying the bald doctor his international experience.

"Most men," said Paul, "aren't happy unless they're tangled up with a woman. The impure touch. But the French are the worst. Their blood boiling with wine. From childhood. How could they keep pure?"

Pascal hadn't the remotest idea. So he made no comment.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread," Paul said. He was a great man always to quote the more moralizing portions of Robert Burns.

Pascal heard him out:

"You seize the flower, its bloom is
  shed.
Or like the snow falls in the river—
  a moment white, then melts
  forever.
Or like the borealis race, that flit
  ere you can point their place.
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
  evanishing amid the storm."

Father Paul said, "Burns well knew what he was talking about. Those, Pascal, are the words of wisdom gained through sad and sordid experience."

Pascal agreed. He was remembering the nurse's dead brother, who had been a genius at poetry. He could write parodies on anything that any poet had ever written.

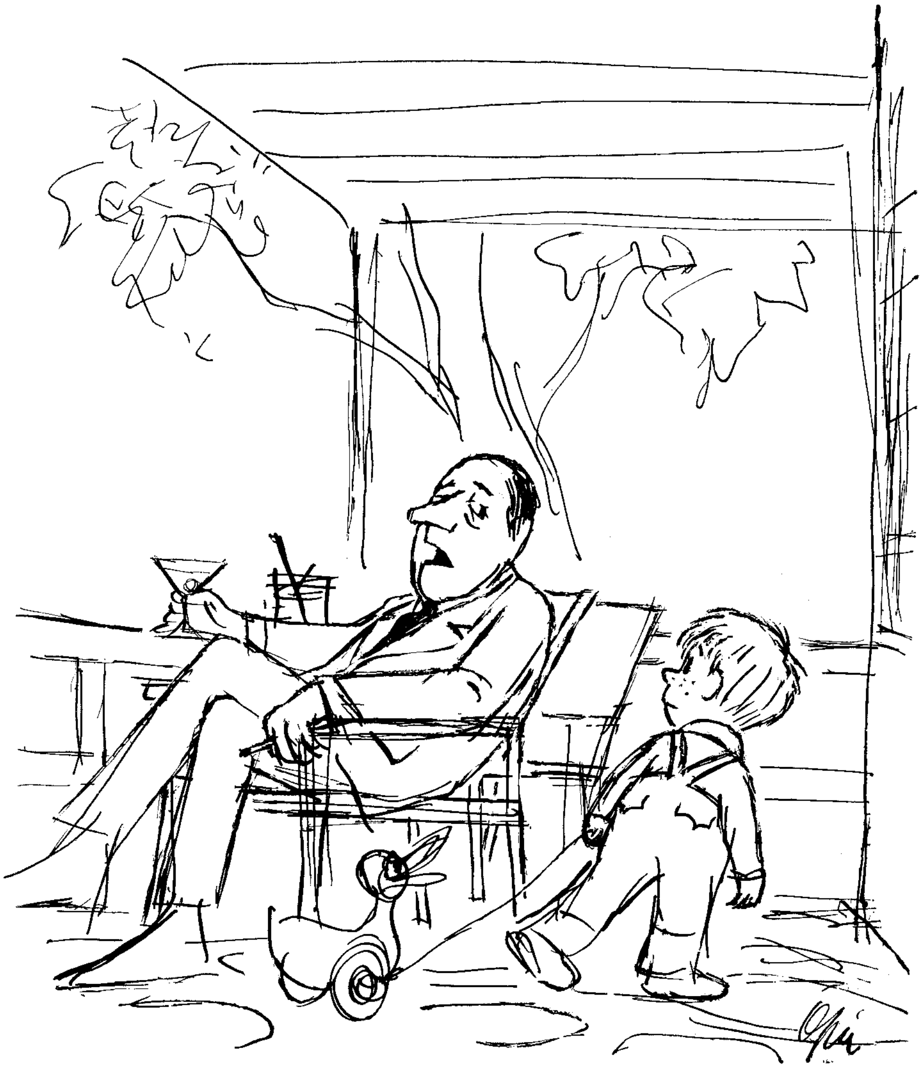
Paul got his parish in the end—the reward of a well-spent life, he said wryly. He died suddenly in it before he was there for six months.

That parish was sixty miles away from Lislap, in sleepy grass-meadow country where the slow River Bann drifts northward out of the great lake. Pascal missed Paul's constant companionship more than he or anybody else would have believed possible, and began to drink more than he had ever done before, and went less with the girls, which puzzled him as much as it did us. It worried him, too; in the public house that we specially favored he asked me one day was he growing old before his time.

"You're better off, Pascal," I said. "What were you ever doing anyway but breaking them in for other men? You never stayed long enough with any one woman to be able in the long run to tell her apart from any other woman."

He was more hurt than I had imagined he would be. But he sadly agreed with me, and said that someday he hoped to find one real true woman with whom he could settle down. "Like with poor Paul that's gone," he said. "Some one woman that a man could remember to the last moment of his life. No, I'm not crazy," he said. "Two days before his death, I was with Paul in his parish, as you know. We went walking this evening after rain, by the banks of a small river in that heavy-grass country. That was the last walk we had together. The boreen we were on went parallel with the riverbank. We met an old man, an old bewhiskered codger, hobbling on a stick. So Paul introduced us and said to Methuselah, 'What now do you think of my young friend from the big garrison town of Lislap?' The old fellow looked me up and looked me down. Real cunning country eyes. Daresay he could see through me as if I was a sheet of thin cellophane. But he lied. He said, 'Your Reverence, he looks to me like a fine clean young man.' "

Pascal brooded. "A fine clean young man," he said. "Then that evening we sat for ages after dinner, before we knelt down to say the holy rosary with those two dry sticks of female cousins that did the housekeeping for him. One quick look at either of them would put you off the women for time and eternity. There's an unnerving silence in the houses that priests live in—the little altar on the landing, you know, where they keep the sacrament for sick calls at night. Imagine, if you can, the likes of me on my bended knees before it, wondering would I ever remember the words when it came my turn to lead the prayers. But I staggered it. Closed my eyes, you might say, and took a run and jump at it, and landed on the other side word-perfect. It would have been embarrassing for Paul if I hadn't been able to remember the words of the Paterandaye in the presence of those two stern cousins. But when the two cousins were off to bed, and good luck to them, we sat and talked until all hours, and out came the bottle of Jameson, and Paul's tongue loosened. It could be that he said more than he meant to say—oh, mostly about Virginia and the Blue Ridge Mountains and the lovely people who always asked the departing stranger to come back again. Cider presses near Fincastle. Apple orchards. Dogwood trees in blos-



"How's your childhood going?"

som. He went on like that for a long time. Then he got up, rooted among his books, came back with this one book covered in a sort of soft brown velvet, with gold lettering and designs on the cover, and, inside, colored pictures and the fanciest printing you ever saw, in red and in black. He said to me, 'Here's a book, Pascal, you might keep as a memory of me when I'm gone.'

"So I laughed at him, making light of his gloomy face, trying to jolly him up, you know. I said, 'Where, now, would you be thinking of going?'

" 'Where all men go sooner or later,' he said.

"That was the end of my laughing. That's no way for a man to talk, even if he has a premonition.

" 'Keep the book as a token,' Paul said to me. 'You were never much for the poetry, I know. But your wife when you find her might be, or perhaps some of your children. You've a long road ahead of you yet, Pascal—all the way to ninety—and poetry can lighten the burden. That book was given to me long ago by the dearest friend I ever had. Until I met yourself,' he said. 'Long ago in a distant country, and the wench is dead.'

"Those were the last words I ever heard Paul speak, excepting the Latin of the Mass next morning, for my bus passed the church-gate before the Mass was rightly over, and I had to run for it. But bloody odd words they were to come from Paul."

"Common enough words," I said. "Anybody could have said them."

"But you didn't see the book," Pascal said. "I'll show it to you."

He did, too, a week later. It was an exquisite little edition—lost on Pascal, I thought with some jealousy, both as to the perfection of the bookmaker's art and as to the text, which was William Morris telling us, there in a public house in Lislap, how Queen Guenevere had defended herself against the lies of Sir Gauwaine and a charge of unchastity. Fondling the book, I was not above thinking how much more suitable than Pascal I would have been as a companion for old Paul. So that I felt more than a little ashamed when Pascal displayed to me with what great care he had read the poem, underlining here and there in red ink to match the rubric of the capitals and the running titles on the tops of the pages.

"It's like a miniature Mass book," he said. "Red and black. Only it was by no means intended for using at the Mass. See here." He read, and pointed with his finger as he read, " 'She threw her wet hair backward from her brow, her hand close to her mouth touching her cheek.'

"Coming from the swimming pool," Pascal said, "when the dogwoods were in blossom. You never knew that Paul was a champion swimmer in his youth. Swimming's like tennis. Brings out the woman in a woman—arms wide, flung out, breasts up. Oh, there were a lot of aspects to Paul. And listen to this: 'Yet felt her cheek burned so, she must a little touch it. Like one lame she walked away from Gauwaine.

" 'And her great eyes began again to fill,' " he read, " 'though still she stood right up.' " That red nurse, he remembered, had had great blue eyes, looking up at him like head lamps seen through mist. "But the queen in this poem," he said, "was a queen and no mistake. And in the summer it says that she grew white with flame, white like the dogwood blossoms, and all for this Launcelot fellow, lucky Launcelot—and such a pansy name. One day, it says, she was half mad with beauty, and went without her ladies all alone in a quiet garden walled round every way, just like the loony bin where I met that nurse. And both their mouths, it says, went wandering in one way and, aching sorely, met among the leaves. Warm, boy, warm. Then there's odd stuff here about a great God's angel standing at the foot of the bed, his wings dyed with colors not known on earth, and asking the guy or girl in the bed—the angel has two cloths, you see, one blue, one red—asking them to guess which cloth is Heaven and which is Hell. The blue one turns out to be Hell. That puzzles me."

It puzzled both of us.

"But you must admit," said Pascal, "that it was a rare book for a young one to be giving a young priest, and writing on it—look here: 'For Paul with a heart's love, by the Peaks of Otter in Virginia, on a day of sunshine never to be forgotten, from Elsie Cameron.' Usually the women give breviaries to the priests, or chalices, or amices, or albs, or black pullovers. She must have been a rare one, Elsie Cameron."

When I said to Pascal that all this about Paul could have been as innocent as a rose, he said he was well aware of it. But that only made it the more mournful for Pascal. Fond memories and memories, and all about something that never happened.

"Any day henceforth," Pascal said, "I'll go on a journey just to see for myself those Blue Ridge Mountains. Were they ever as blue as Paul thought they were? Cider's the same lousy drink the world over. What better could the orchards or women have been in Virginia than in Armagh? You see, he was an imaginative man was old Paul—a touch of the poet—and soft as putty and sentimental away behind that granite, mountainy face. Things hurt him, too. He told me once that one day walking he met that mad Keegan one from Cranny, the one with the seven children and no husband, and tried to talk reason to her, and she used language to him the like of which he had never heard, and he turned away with tears in his eyes. He said he saw all women degraded and the Mother of God sorrowful in Nancy Keegan, who was as bad as she was mad. An odd thought. He should have taken the stick to her, the way I once heard he did to a loving couple he found under the hedge."

But pleasures are like poppies spread, as Paul would say, walking the roads with Pascal *ad quietam conscientiam*, looking at mad Nancy and listening to her oaths, seeing Elsie Cameron under the apple trees under the Blue Mountains in faraway Virginia.

—Benedict Kiely

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THE THEATRE IN CENTRAL PARK

It's an upside-down mulberry tree,
this green globe circle for Shakespeare,
a rose close bowl
open to wind, toward water,
a Palomar shell for stars,

where Lear blesses, Macbeth suffers,
Rosalind surprises love.

A tree bears. . . .

Oh, and we scatter like seeds.

—Mary Phelps

THE FLOWER GULLY

Mama always said stop what you are doing and go see old people. You never can tell when they are holding something over for your day. Well, Miss Sweet on this plantation is about the oldest one left that I can get to just by walking, so as soon as I could then I picked a nice morning and started for the flower gully where she stays.

The white folks built her house there in olden times for her to mind the gully—were afraid of too much washing. It's in a line of deep holes headed for their cemetery and they didn't want to wake up after a big night rain and find their loved ones, slabs and all, down in the Mississippi. She took a lot of pains with it a long long stretch of time, and planted every kind of flower she could get her hands on in it to make it hold its place. It's about the prettiest sight there is when everything's blooming together.

While she was attending to the gully, Miss Sweet did a lot of other things to make herself some change. She used to nurse sick folks off of this place and notice out for whatever it was they needed. I can remember *good* people who stayed back up there with her. But after the wars when there weren't any hands or families left she started something else. She began to take in killing. She would do away with anything you carried her—it didn't matter what—if you gave her a dollar. One dollar, Mama used to say she said, and whatever you had that needed it was just as good as dead. People knew they could get into a lot of bad luck trying to be rid of their own things, and so when too many of the wrong kind of dogs or big numbers of cats stacked up they couldn't keep they would take a visit to the flower gully.

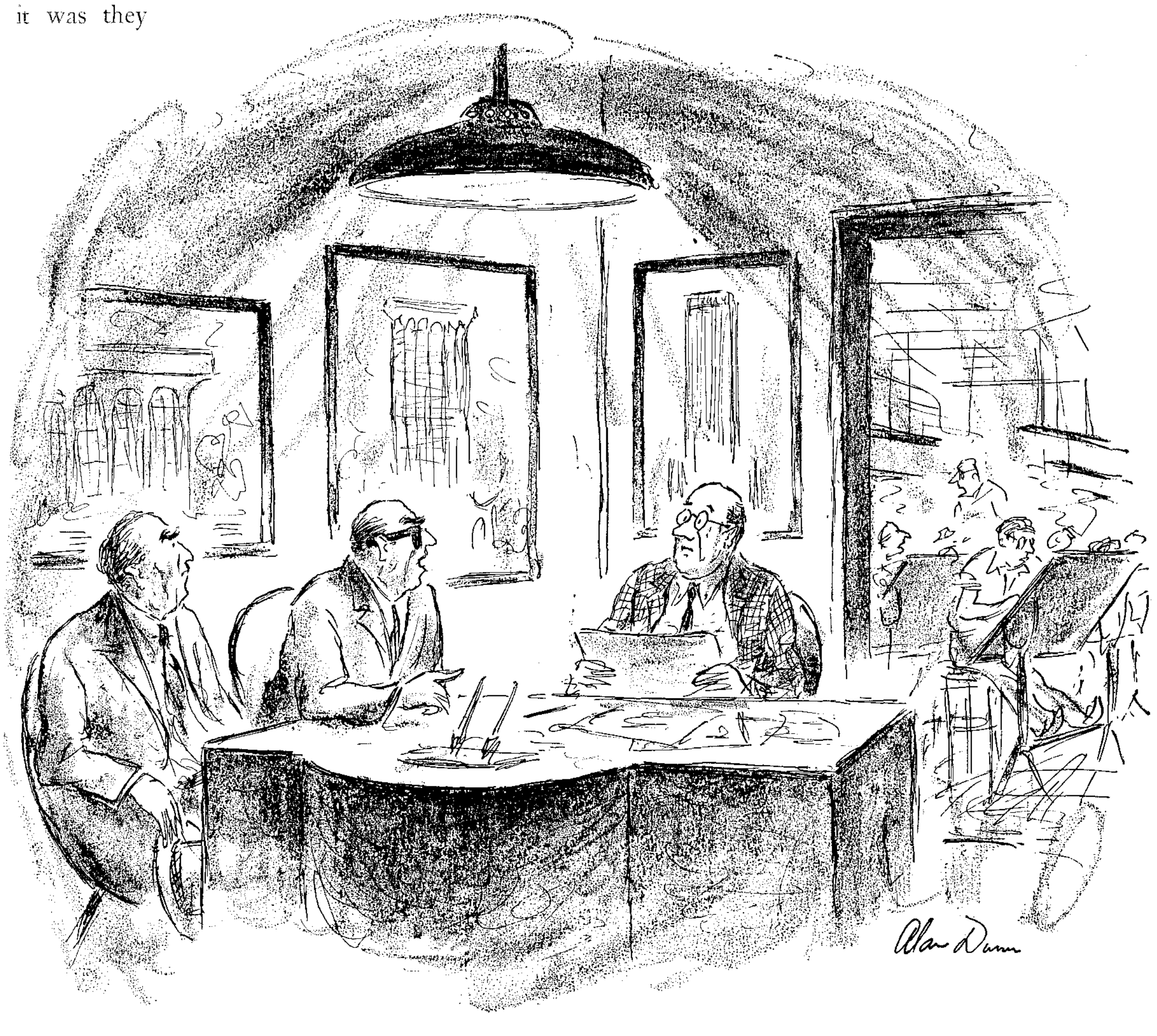
As soon as I got over the ridges and up close by her gallery, I picked up a stick to tap with and let her know I'd come. And directly here she was, so old she was bent over nearly to the floor but still just as rash-eyed as ever. I tried to make my manners, but she wouldn't let me, said come on in and get it over with. She was so powerful-minded that I felt good like a child.

I had forgotten from not seeing it for so long how fixed up her room is. The walls are tacked and pasted over with every sort of picture. I saw mountains, colored leaves, rivers with rocks in them, and kinfolks peering out the spaces in between—most of them graduating it looked like by the way that they were dressed. The reason people send her so many pictures is she will never put anybody in a drawer. If she gets your likeness it goes up and *stays* up on her wall till kingdom come.

She had just now waked up, Miss Sweet said—always took herself a little morning nap with fox-grape wine—and I would have to excuse the way her house looked. They were going to shove it in the gully anyway the minute she was dead. I told her how fine it seemed to me and that I didn't believe they would, but she said not to worry her with *my* ideas, that Mama had business to shut me in the hospital a long time ago to keep me out of trouble. I could go ahead though, as long as I was here, and tell her what I wanted. And when I said I didn't want a thing, only to pay my respects and see how she was feeling, it looked like she got pleased. She began to tell all over again why they had put her back here.

"They had a time to save me in the first place," she started out. "I was smaller than a shoe. They didn't trust *my* people to do anything but let me die, and when they took hold the first thing they did was to set somebody to wagging me on a hot brick day and night so I could circulate. They fed me on a sop they dipped in milk. Then when I flourished they were so proud of themselves they went on and got crazy about me—let me sit to the table, play cards, carry on all the foolishness I wanted. Naturally when I got up to a size to change into a lady it created a lot of puzzlement to them."

She stopped and laughed like she



"Now, don't make it too beautiful. I wouldn't want my successors someday to be confronted with a Landmark problem."

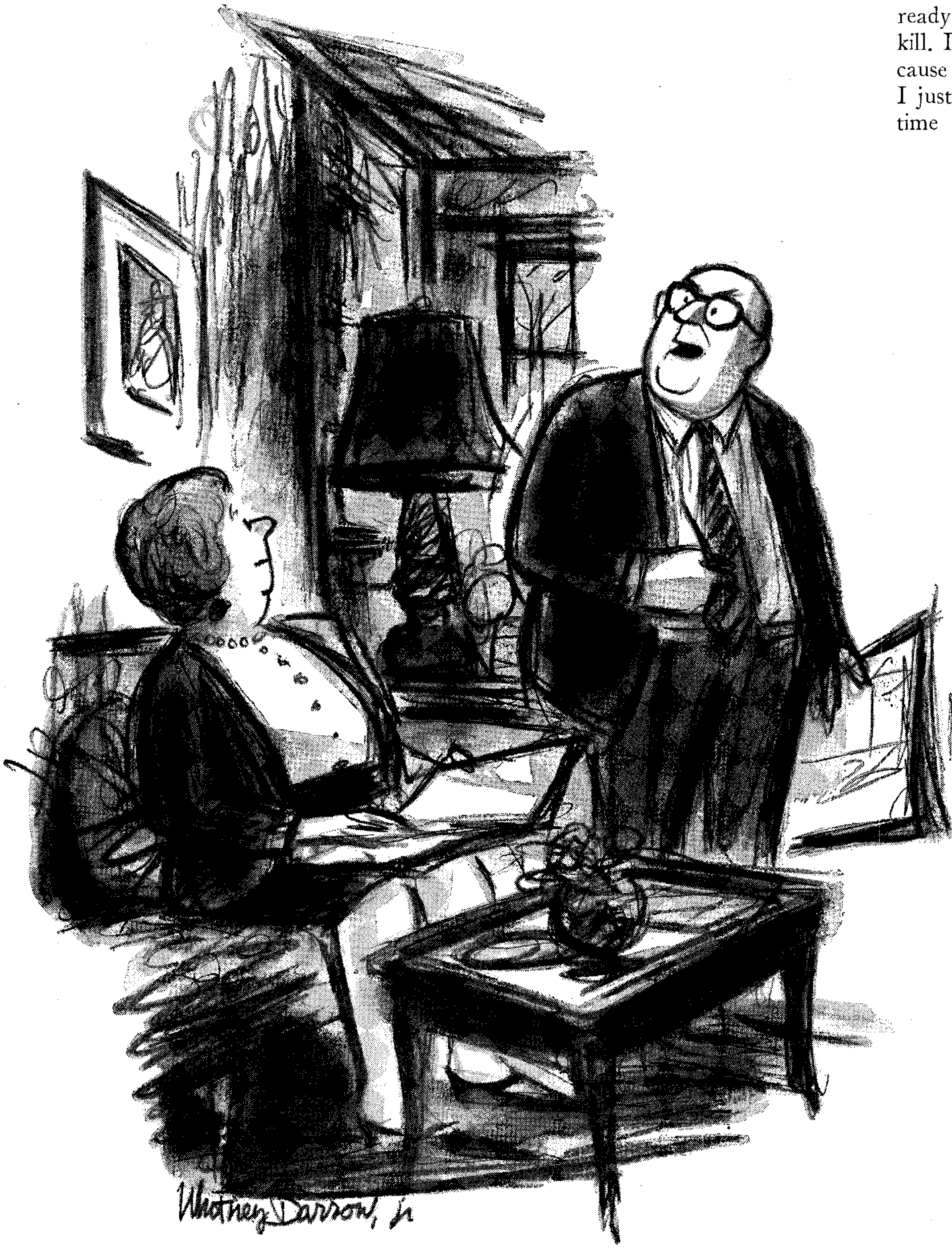
was seeing back the whole way to those days. "They were already worrying right smart over this gully, and they built this house and stood me back here so I could marry or do whatever I wanted to while I was watching it for them." She dipped a little snuff now, put it inside her lip so lightning fast you could hardly see her moving. "Different ones of the hands sat up to me all right," she said, "but I never liked a man except for right then. Didn't want one fooling around in here believing he ought to be eating dinner or putting on clean clothes." So she had just held herself back to her own particular notions and let it go at that. The main thing she did was to right on watch the gully. "And many's the night with it raining and thrashing around I'd have to climb down in there with a coal-oil lamp to see how it was doing. If it was starting to give away I'd be at their door before light to make them send the men with wire." It took her over fifty years to set out enough flowers and bushes in it and pack them down by hand to where it would behave.

She was looking at me close now, and her eyes were bright as coals. Well, with the gully cured and all the wars finished up and no more families left, she didn't have any way to make herself some change. Her family said she could have so much a week for their grandmother having stole her in the first place, but she didn't like the ring of that. "When people start giving an old person money," she said, "they begin to want to quit it, and the onliest way there is to quit is to have that person die." So she told them thanks, she wasn't ready to leave this county yet. It wasn't much she needed anyway, just her snuff and pipe tobacco and the coconut cakes she'd got a mouth for. Putting it all together, it took her about fifty cents a week to keep herself at peace.

"I didn't think about it right then," she told me, "but some people had already brought me a family of cats to kill. It was risky for *them* to do it because they were their lawful cats, and I just went on and held them one at a time in a bucket of water until they didn't move and floated up. Then I threw them out of that window you see yonder and let them land in the deepest part of my gully to help that much with it. A forestation man himself I heard once on the street in King's Town said for holding back the soil you used anything you had. That was the end of those particular cats (excepting what the Almighty may have had in mind), but it started up a lot of thinking. What was I doing killing people's things they didn't want and getting nothing for it? And by then the news was spreading like wildfire that I would."

She got her first official dog, she said, right after that. The man that had him brought him around by the creek road and the dog was full of worms. "Well," she said, "I got out my pistol that the family gave me when they put me back here, to let him taste the idea of it soon being gone, but I told him straight that it would be a dollar. He tried to act up with me—whoever heard of such a price as that—but in the end he paid. And there hasn't hardly a week passed since then that I haven't had some business. There must be a stack of bones down in there now taller than a house."

I hated to hear all of this, and even though I knew I oughtn't I asked her if it didn't hurt her heart to take so



"Frankly, I don't see any point in continuing a discussion of our position in Southeast Asia with someone who went to see 'Mary Poppins' three times."

many lives. Didn't she feel sorrow for the pets?

She didn't get wrathful. It looked like my question pleased her. Preachers had stopped her she didn't know how many times and asked her the same thing. Is that any way to live, never going to worship and instead just steady killing? And she'd answered them like this. They made their something to eat by playing—playing they could outline God. Now they didn't know a thing more about God than she did—just He's up there, that's all. So whenever they took up honest work, she said, let them come back and ask again. Oh she could *do* some talking! And close to a hundred years was backing up her mind.

She was filling her pipe and I looked around her fireplace for a match so I could light it for her.

"As long as you're here," she told me, "and your mama and I were friends, I'll tell you something more. Money isn't the only thing with me." And she went on to say how good her nerve is, that it *has been* about the strongest one inside this county but that every morning is a new one. Until she got down to particulars with something, she didn't know for sure how it was holding up.

WE were nearly to dinner—I could smell her greens getting done—and I told Miss Sweet I guessed I better go. She snapped her head around and acted someway different. Not yet awhile, she said. She had a fellow here she wanted me to meet. And she got up then and opened a door and here came out a black and white dog with traces of brown on it that I had known in King's Town. It was Mr. Evon Bailey's hound.

She had had this job, she said—about meaning the dog itself I was mighty afraid—two or three days already, which didn't matter because Mr. Evon had left it plenty of feed, but she was up against the hoisting of it once she got it murdered. So it *was* it she meant. She started for her bureau then, swaying sideways when she rushed. She would get her rope and pistol and we could have it over while she had me to help.

Well, I had to make her change her mind and let *me* have the dog. I told her I knew it back for years and I needed one my own self and was ready to carry it right on now if it would track behind me. It didn't wag its tail at all to praise my petting, just stood like it was wondering where it was.

Miss Sweet was getting vexed. She didn't owe me any recountal, she said. Mr. Evon had already paid and where would her good name be if he caught it up again and living? Besides, the dog was mindless. It caught a cold and the cold ran on too long and went into a fever and the fever burned its brain out. She handed me the rope to tie it to her bedpost and then commenced to wrestle with the gully window, me trying all the while to help her and her doing quite a bit of fussing and cursing at the dog.

I wouldn't dare leave an old person in such a fix as this. But as soon as I had the window propped I ran to the front and held my ears until the shot was over. Thank our Heavenly Father it didn't cry a time. Must of been mindless like Mr. Evon said.

She was calling me back in now. "Come on here, girl, quick! Pitch it out before too much nastiness gets on my floor." I had to mind her, she's got more age than Mama, and I picked it up and carried it to the window where she said. Then I hated to so bad but I let aloose and it fell straight down through all the butterflies to the bottom of the gully. The wild hydrangea blooms closed across each other and you couldn't see a thing.

Miss Sweet was back now with a little mop water and a rag. While I was getting up the blood, she shut the gully window. "There'll be a few buzzards dropping in there when the sun gets hot," she said, "and that'll be the end." Then she told me to get up and wash my hands, that I could have some dinner.

I didn't want to make her wrathful again or hurt her feelings either, but I was grieving for the dog too much to eat. I told her I had a good little piece to walk and had better start ahead.

That was all right with her, she said. I had already wasted more time on her than anybody for the longest, and helped her out to boot. She would give me some advice, though, before I left her house. All I needed to do was to start to acting mean and people would believe I had good sense.

Well, I wouldn't argufy, just let her kiss me and give me candied orange peel to take. Then I started down the gully edge, the same way I had come, with all the flowers blooming.

—BERRY MORGAN

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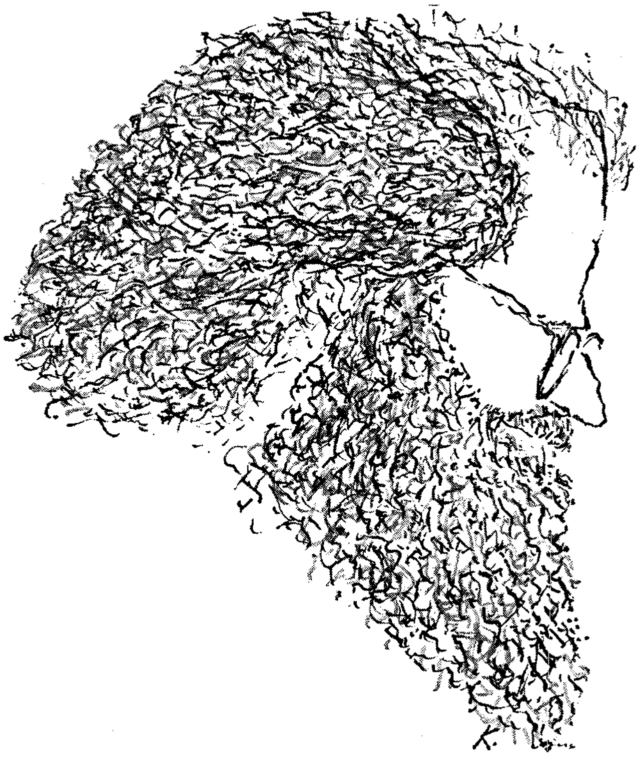
The *Bal des Petits Lits Blancs*, which freely translated means the ball of the little white lights, held each year in a different country, is scheduled Saturday at the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes. But the tickets just aren't selling.—*Doris Lilly in the Post.*

That's because the translation was too free.

PROFILES

PATERFAMILIAS—II

My desire to share, not MONOPOLIZE, the images, because I don't want to be ALONE on Earth.—*From notes for a speech, "To the Angels," by Allen Ginsberg.*



ON a sunny California morning in the middle of that faraway winter term of 1967, word spread through the Berkeley Student Union that Allen Ginsberg was about to hold office hours in the cafeteria upstairs. Ginsberg, who had come to Berkeley for the week as a sort of roving guest professor of poetry and miscellaneous visionary information, had just been spotted at the cafeteria counter, buying a large number of hamburgers, and, as had been reported, at the moment he was in the process of setting up headquarters at a big, round table in the middle of the adjoining patio. Most of the students stopping at the cafeteria between classes for coffee and doughnuts recognized Ginsberg as he raced around from table to table, borrowing chairs. His beard and the long ringlets that encircled his head were a familiar sight on campus. Flower Power had begun there, in the fall of 1965, when he presented a rally of harassed Berkeley peace marchers with a set of suggestions for turning political demonstrations into an "exemplary spectacle . . . OUTSIDE the war psychology," which went, "Masses of flowers—a visual spectacle—especially concentrated in the front lines. Can be used to set up barricades, to present to Hell's Angels, police, politicians, and press & spectators whenever needed or at parade's end. . . ." And by now everyone at Berkeley had heard the saga of Ginsberg and how he brought about a happy Vietnam Day march. Ginsberg had written his Flower Power suggestions after the Oakland police force turned back an earlier peace march, en route to the Oakland Army Terminal, at the border of the two cities, and the local Hell's Angels, who happened to be lurking behind the police barricades, seized the opportunity to attack the students with an alarming assortment of chains, knives, and clubs. The rally at which he read the suggestions, a few weeks later, was understandably gloomy. Some of the students wanted to arm themselves against the Angels, but Ginsberg, rejecting violence in favor of flowers, made it clear that he was determined to love the Angels, if not into outright friendliness, at least into a temporary truce. He knew some of them from parties at the La Honda hideout of his novelist friend Ken Kesey, and he was naturally disappointed when his first appeals, including a rally poem with the memorably accurate lines "BUT NOBODY WANTS TO REJECT THE SOULS OF THE HELL'S ANGELS/ or make them change—/ WE JUST DON'T WANT TO GET BEAT UP," failed to move the motorcycle outlaws, who replied by issuing bulletins to the effect that they would get the students next time. A withdrawal would be unmanly, they confided to Ginsberg after the rally, and it would wreck their publicity. The students, for their part, began to suspect that the Angels had the blessings of the Oakland Citizens Aroused, an extremely right-wing local organization, not to mention most of the Oakland police. Negotiations between the pacifists and the motorcyclists, which had begun after the rally, quickly broke down. Then, with a second peace march less than a week away, Ginsberg arrived at the home of Ralph (Sonny) Barger, the president of the Oakland Angels, armed with his battered text of the "Prajna Paramita Sutra" and attended by Kesey and a band of Kesey's friends called the Merry Pranksters, most of whom were armed with LSD. Barger was unarmed but was quickly joined by his largest, strongest men. The reports of what went on that night have by now taken on the dimensions of a myth, but the participants seem to agree that the meeting ended near dawn with several highly ecstatic Angels chanting the wisdom of the Bodhisattva in Sino-Japanese. A lieutenant of Barger's who was there told a reporter that Ginsberg had been "otherworldly." "For a guy that ain't straight at all, he's the straightest son of a bitch I've ever seen," the Angel apparently said. "Man, you shoulda been there when he told Sonny he loved him. Sonny didn't know *what* the hell to say." On the afternoon before the march, Barger called a press conference and solemnly handed out a short mimeographed release: "Although we have stated our intention to counter-demonstrate at this despicable, un-American activity, we believe that in the interest of public safety and the protection of the good name of Oakland, we would not justify the V.D.C. [Vietnam Day Committee] by our presence . . . because our patriotic concern for what these people are doing to a great nation may provoke us to violent acts. . . ."

In the months following the march, which turned out to be a flowery and indeed exemplary spectacle, Ginsberg made a point of stopping at Berkeley whenever an opportunity occurred. By now, he was absolutely convinced of the good offices of the "Prajna Paramita Sutra," and during a reading he gave at the Student Union the night before he appeared in the cafeteria, he spent the first half hour of his program showing the students how to chant. Some four thousand of them had jammed the auditorium to hear his chanting and his latest poems. "Flower Power" buttons, which had been restocked in quantity by the local button emporiums in honor of his visit, had been in evidence on every second coat or poncho in the auditorium and were again, now, on the patio, and a few "Allen Ginsberg for President" signs, left over from the reading, were propped against the patio walls. Ginsberg, noticing them, grinned. He has a big, toothy smile, which, together with his whiskers and a pair of huge, round horn-rimmed glasses he was wearing, gave him the look of a hairy, happy, somewhat avuncular owl. And Ginsberg had just told the cafeteria cook who fixed his hamburgers that he was particularly happy in his new professorial incarnation. He had worked for half an hour after breakfast polishing his tan hiking shoes, and then he had put on a rumpled and baggy but otherwise impeccable dark-gray suit, which he had bought at Brooks Brothers for testifying at a special Senate Judiciary Subcommittee hearing on LSD. For decoration, he had chosen a dazzling flowered tie out of a bag of presents from the San Francisco Gathering of the Tribes for a Human Be-In, in January; a shell necklace made by the grandmother of a Santo Domingo Pueblo Indian he had met in the Haight-Ashbury; and a Tibetan lead dorja, which, according to lamaic researches, is either a sacred thunderbolt in the shape of a sacred phallus or a sacred phallus in the shape of a sacred thunderbolt. Finally, just before leaving San Francisco, where he was staying, he had stood at the bathroom mirror over a washbasin full of water and carefully plastered down his hair. Then he had driven out to Berkeley in his car, an old Volkswagen camper, with his roommate Peter Orlovsky and a young woman called Maretta. Maretta, a rawboned and timid Tibetan Buddhist of twenty-four, had been travelling with Ginsberg since that fall, when she got back from a spiritual pilgrimage to India. She had first heard about India ten years earlier, from a meditative fellow-passenger on a Greyhound bus from Boston to New York, which happened to get stuck in the snow for several hours near New Rochelle, and at the age of nineteen she had made her way to Asia, hitchhiking through Europe and on across Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan, to pursue her sadhana, or true path. After two years of wandering, on her day off from a job she had taken teaching English to nine-year-old incarnate lamas at a Himalayan summer school, she had been formally converted to what was by now the favorite Buddhism of psychedelic people everywhere. Ginsberg considered Maretta a wise dakini from the sky, and so did Orlovsky, a poet whose own particular sadhana happened to be roaming around with a rag and a bottle of Lysol, cleaning off the universe.

At the moment, Orlovsky was scrubbing the cafeteria counter while he and Maretta were waiting in line for tea. Ginsberg, having collected six bright-blue patio chairs, had just sat down to his professorial duties. Three young men were already at the table, talking about the reading, and a fourth, who had been circling the table hesitantly with an orange in one hand and a paperback Spinoza under the other arm, was in the process of asking Ginsberg to share the orange with him.

Ginsberg burst out laughing. "For the love of God, why didn't you just *say* so?" he asked, nodding toward an empty chair. "I was beginning to think you were some kind of mad super-spy from Ronald Reagan's office, prowling around like that."

"Peace," the boy said. He turned over half of his orange and accepted a hamburger in return.

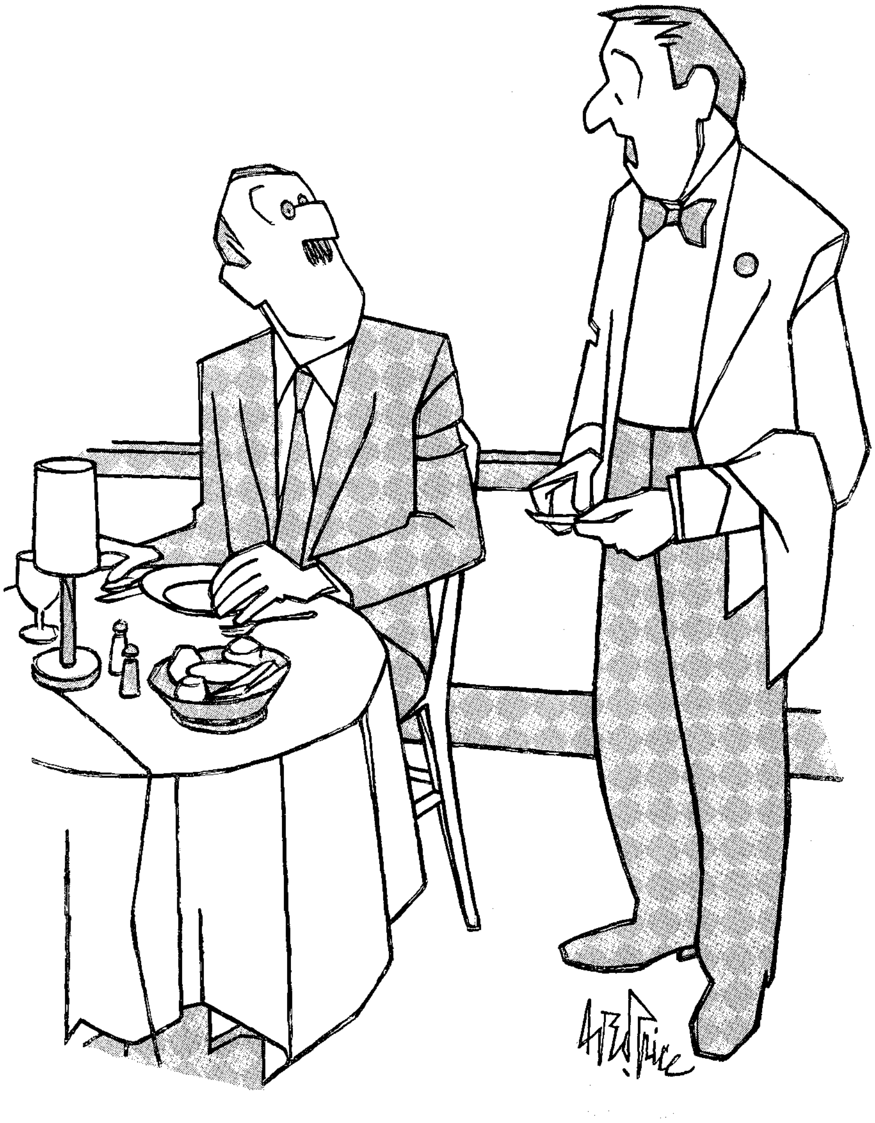
"*Om*," Ginsberg replied. "Were *you* at the reading, too?"

The boy confessed that he had been studying. He said he was sorry, and added, "I was at the be-in, though. It was beautiful."

"Naw, it didn't make it," one of the other boys announced. He was a drama major, and he had dressed for classes in a new motorcycle jacket and a violently flowered blouse. "Too many kids wandering around zonked out."

Orlovsky, arriving with a tray of tea and cornflakes, peered at the boy with a frenetically tender look that made Ginsberg laugh. "Did you extend your hand?" Orlovsky said. "You gotta extend your hand." He seized the boy's hand and wiped it with his rag. The boy blushed.

Maretta, who had just finished a hamburger, thereby breaking a ban on meat that she had been observing dur-



"There'll be a little delay on your tomato surprise. The chef is still in the agony of creation."

ing the full moon, looked the boy over appraisingly.

"The trouble was, the people were looking, not *being*," he said.

Ginsberg shrugged. "Well, there were plenty of pretty things to see," he said. "Things like *that*." He pointed to a striped sarape, on a boy at a nearby table, that was covered with buttons reading "Impeach Reagan," "I Am a Human Being," "Pot," and "Strike for Anything."

The boy in the sarape pulled his chair over immediately. "I saw in the *Daily Cal* that you were going to hold office hours *all* week," he said. "Boy, it blew my mind."

Ginsberg thanked him.

Orlovsky skipped off with his empty tray and seemed to be looking for something to clean. He had long, brown hair tied into a ponytail with a red shoelace, and it was flying straight out in the wind as he careered around the crowded patio, arms and legs at odds, bumping into people and leading with his tray into deep, apologetic bows. Ginsberg, watching him, looked amused.

"Is he in a— a normal state?" the boy in the sarape asked, staring at Orlovsky, who was now grabbing dirty dishes off tables.

"He's a vegetarian, and it gives him goofy kicks," Ginsberg said. "Like once we had to go to court for some parking ticket, or something. Peter came leaping in, kind of the way he is now. The judge looked at him and said, 'Five bucks,' but Peter said, 'The windows in here are dirty; take ten.' "

"You're really *living* with him?" the boy asked.

Ginsberg grinned. "In terms of tenderness and understanding, we're probably doing better than a lot of your parents are," he said. "Anyway, I've got a girl now"—he nodded toward Maretta, who was staring at a crystal bead—"and so it's all working out naturally."

The boy in the sarape, who had a budding John Lennon mustache, fiddled with it philosophically.

"Like I'm not an advocate of homosexuality," Ginsberg went on. "But everybody's got their bag, and those bags are not that bad."

"What did *you* think of the be-in, Allen?" the boy with the orange asked.

Ginsberg thought for a minute. "Groovy," he said, finally. "I thought it was groovy, but I wish it had been more political."

"More of a— a *manifestation*, like the Vietnam Day marches," the boy with the orange agreed.

"Man, you make politics and love seem compatible," the drama major said. "That's not where politics is at."

"Why not?" Ginsberg asked him. "Even a show of this many faces at a table is political, in the strict sense."

"That's not what the hippies would tell you," the boy said.

Ginsberg laughed, and told the students that they looked like hippies themselves.

The boy with the orange said no—they were activists. "As I see it, from an activist point of view," he said, "the hippies haven't taken a Bodhisattva vow to return from nirvana and organize a heavenly community."

"Put it this way," Ginsberg said. "The hippies have got the consciousness, all right, but they have the problem of how to manifest it in the community without risking the pitfalls of becoming a Fascist organization. You people—the radicals—have a real vision of the material and social ills of the society, but you've got pretty much the same problem. The hippies have deeper insight into consciousness, the radicals more information about the workings and the nature of consciousness in the world." Ginsberg eyed the boy in the sarape and the boy with the orange. "So like it would be really groovy to see a meeting going on between people like you two and, say, Mario Savio from here and some of the leaders from the Haight, like Allen Cohen, who runs the *Oracle*, or a guy named Mike Bowen, who's going to start an indigenous psychedelic ashram. It could be like allied seekers getting together."

"Goddam right," the boy with the orange said, but a boy at a nearby table leaned over and muttered that hippies were in "a totalitarian bag." He said that in his opinion hippies were good for nothing but drooling and stringing beads.

"Listen," Ginsberg said, laughing. "Don't be so defensive. Sure, they're a little fuzzy, but they're not putting *you* down by making beads."

"Yeah, but they're putting us down for doing anything else," the boy said. "Like we have a peace march, and *they* turn up, all upset, saying that marching's not dropping out, marching's a bad bag, marching's not *pure*."

Ginsberg shrugged, and told the boy that he was probably right. "But they're still on to something," he continued. "They're committed to a community of awareness, to control of anger, to all mammals." Ginsberg chuckled, said "I like the word 'mammals,' " and went on, ". . . to the preservation of the planet, to art, to tolerance, to sexuality as a mode of social communication, to the entire body rather than just that part called the cerebral cortex"—he rapped the boy in the sarape gently on the head—"to the clarification of the earth's atmosphere, to a new realization of human experience without fear, to an end to cant." He threw up his hands. "So you're going to write them off because they like to make *beads*?"

"Why don't *they* say those things?" the boy with the orange asked.

"Oh, come on," Ginsberg said. "Because they're *inarticulate*. And, anyway, why blame the hippies for everything? What about the political specialists? Have they come up with a blueprint? How can you ask the hippies to come up with a blueprint for political neighborly action when no one else has? As it is, they have a more viable community than anyone else. And, as far as you people go, it's necessary for both groups to get together, for any political action to be possible at all. Any conflict between students and hippies would be sheer egomania."

Ginsberg stopped talking, to wave over a chubby blond boy in gray pants and a plain, short-sleeved shirt, who had been standing a few feet from the table, trying to catch his eye. The boy was a reporter for one of the campus papers. He had interviewed Ginsberg earlier that morning, and now he said that he had been thinking a lot about what Ginsberg had told him about LSD. The reporter looked around at the other students. He seemed slightly embarrassed to be asking about drugs in such psychedelically bedecked and flowered company.

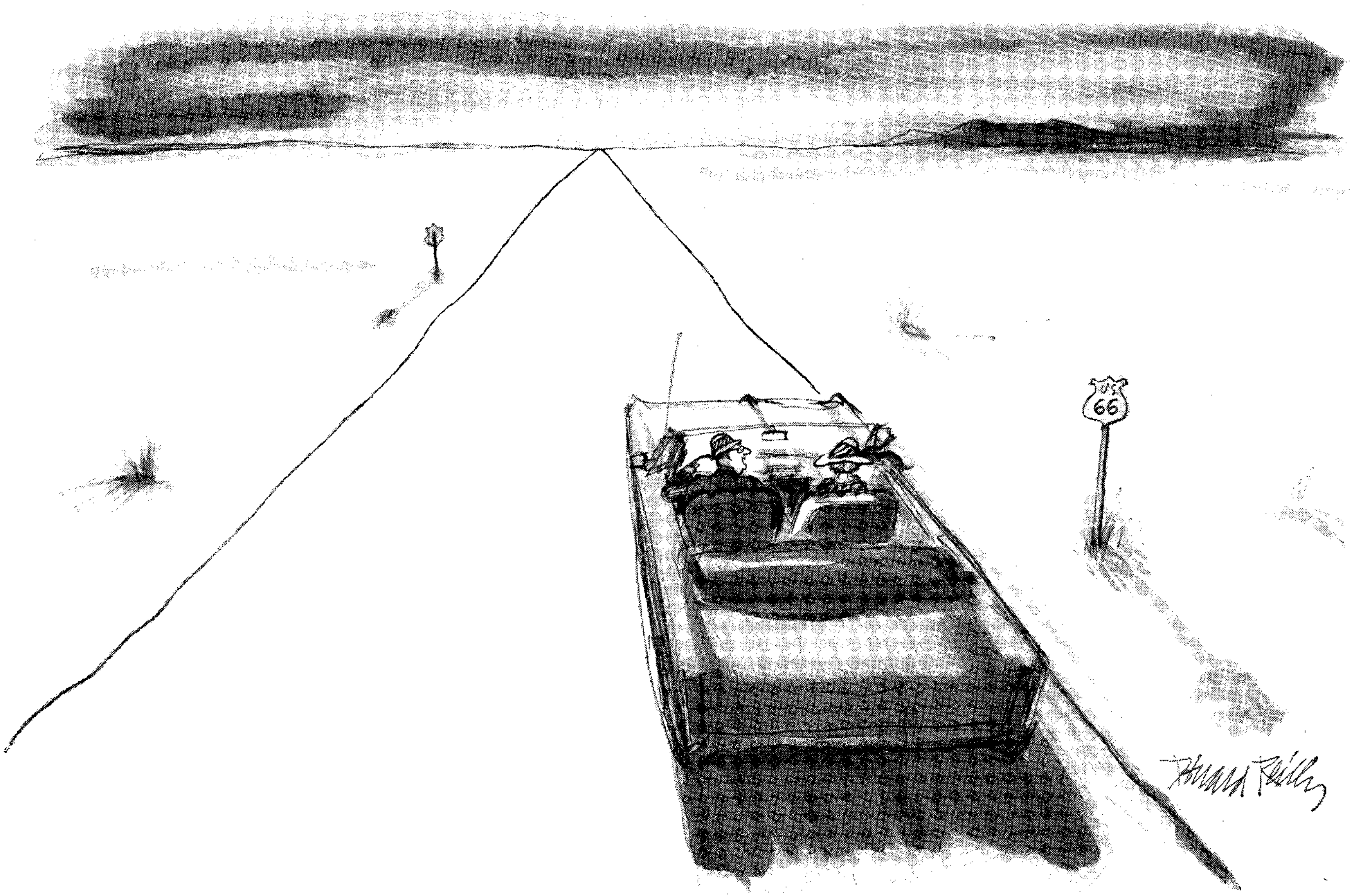
"Look," Ginsberg said quietly when the reporter had dragged a chair over. "You were a little nervous about LSD, right?"

"Oh, man, why?" the boy in the sarape said.

The reporter swallowed, and then nodded earnestly.

"Well, *my* thing is that meditation can lead to the same patience and awareness and illumination as LSD," Ginsberg went on. "Can lead to like the vision of acid but *without* acid. Dig?"

The boy replied that it was his jour-



"Admit it now. Doesn't this beat the Via Veneto any old time?"

• •

nalistic duty to experiment. Apparently, he was determined to try some LSD.

"Man, if you take acid, have some hash around," Maretta said, looking up from a copy of *Newsweek* on the table. She had been admiring a picture of herself in a spread on the human be-in, and she passed it over for the reporter to see. In the picture, Maretta was chanting with Ginsberg on a bandstand in Golden Gate Park, splendidly costumed in a pair of flowing houndstooth culottes, an orange middy blouse, a purple sari, a medium's fringed red head shawl, and an assortment of Tibetan beads and amulets. She looked approximately the same today. The reporter seemed to have trouble finding something appropriate to say to her, but finally told her that the picture was very inspiring. She smiled wanly and then withdrew into herself. Ginsberg explained to the students that his friend was "a learned Buddhist from Boston and Tibet" who liked to think about things.

The boy with the orange tapped him on the shoulder. "Allen, I don't want to interrupt, or anything," he said, "but what did you mean a while ago about hippies having a new kind of human experience?"

"I was talking about a mutation of the race," Ginsberg replied, tipping back his blue patio chair.

"I know *that*, but I still don't know what you *meant*," the boy said.

"What I meant is that the past is bunk for people now," Ginsberg said. "All past consciousness is bunk. History is bunk. Like Henry Ford said about technology—there's nothing to be learned from history anymore. We're in science fiction now. All the revolutions and the old methods and techniques for changing consciousness are bankrupt. We're back to magic, to psychic life. Like the civil-rights movement hasn't succeeded in altering the fear consciousness of the white Southern middle class, but the hippies might."

"But the civil-rights movement's got power," the boy with the orange said. "The hippies, they haven't got any power."

Ginsberg groaned. "Don't you know that power's a hallucination?" he said. "The civil-rights movement, Sheriff Rainey, *Time* magazine, McNamara, Mao—it's all a hallucination. No one can get away with saying that's real. All public reality's a script, and anybody can write the script the way he wants. The warfare's psychic now. Whoever controls the language, the images, controls the race. Power all boils down to whether McNamara gets up on the right side of the bed. And who's McNamara anyway? He's a lot of TV dots. *That's* public reality. Like imagine what would happen if McNamara got on television and started saying 'Some of the fellows, some of the human beings we've been fighting with,' instead of 'Some of the Communists.' Words like 'Communist,' 'capitalist'—they're language as hypnosis, as an outrage against feeling. They're not the reality we know in the bedroom—they're comic-strip reality. They ought to be printed in the papers in those little balloons."

"Yeah, man, but that's life, that's where it's at," the drama major remarked, helping himself to the remainder of Orlovsky's cornflakes.

"Look, do you want to roll back the darkness or sit there complaining?" Ginsberg said. He told the boy to start writing letters about reality to the public people. *He* had written letters like that when *he* was in college, he said. Harry Truman had got quite a few of them. And the year before, after the Berkeley peace march, he had even been moved to sit down and try com-

"Now I make like a sack of flour, right?"

• •

municating with Robert McNamara. He pulled out a copy of his letter from a purple woollen bookbag that was slung over the back of his chair, and passed it around. It went:

Dear Mr. McNamara:

I am not sure you will respect my advice, but anyway you cannot help but be interested if I can reach you with this message so, let us try.

The first thing is, be calm, there is no essential threat to anybody's ultimate being. Not yours, you also are safe, as is one supposed to be your, or our "enemy." He is also safe.

The reason for this is, as the old Chinese sages recognized earlier in Time, that the very flesh universe we find ourselves trapped in is in its nature unthreatening because it is empty—illusory—Shakespere & the Chinese agree—Prospero the wiseman agrees—everything's alright because we are inhabiting a very special realm of pure Dream.

But as I get excited, as Mao Tse-tung (whoever he is) gets frightened, as you take things so seriously, the dream turns to a kind of physical nightmare, with apparent conflict and—ugh—suffering death—well death is built into it in any case—but the anxiety and paranoia—fear of a cosmic ENEMY is the stricken-feeling anxiety chord that runs thru everybody's heart in America right now tonight—and in Vietnam or China we can only imagine &—try to calm that panic.

Now, are you doing things to calm that panic or, are you now, generally in fantasy or manifest thought (orders for more bomb), seized by that panic and acting it out? and so creating material conditions for it (the panic-fear-paranoia of Invasion by alien forces from some Outside) to flourish in everybody's mind—our own mind as well as the minds of China?

I do not know directly personally from contact with you what your subjective attitude is, but from what I read in the reduplicated Images of the mass media, you yourself are sending out waves of anxiety and fear.

Now given your material prominence and TV centrality and known and unknown Governmental power-centralization, you must realize that it is your Will, your Fantasy, that dominates the mind-screen images of vast—not all—regions of the populace.

But there are large regions of age and youth whose consciousness operates independently of the sense of fear you manifest. If not fear, the sense of conflict.

A question of staying calm, sitting in the room, the war will end, nobody ultimately wants it, a small area of consciousness living in fear of the shattering of its own Imagery—may prefer that & pain & death to realization—that the war does not actually exist, except in your mind and the mind of your co-responding Powers on the "Other Side."

Both sides are *an illusion—you must* by now have read basic Buddhist or Bob Dylan heard, texts & advices how to escape from the trap.

Unfortunately both you and Johnson—seem to me—surrounded by men who have not actually controlled their own Passions—simply, angryness, tendencies toward self-righteous exclusion of other forms of consciousness. The waves of emotional hysteria—both sides—not any material struggle for space in the universe—are the problem. In Other words the Cold War all along has been an Emotional problem of those panicked by power and leadership—they have not been calm & tranquil—They—and you—have separated yourself out, away, from the *communists and other life forms*, and have not made sufficient effort to provide conditions for these life forms to "co-" Yes—"exist." Coexistence—unless you anticipate a Wagnerian battle for control of the Universe—*Dualities and ultimate conflict*—do you dream of such a thing necessary—many do. Many posit their whole consciousness on early fear that it's kill or be devoured—Anyway—Co Existence is the only mode of consciousness which will allow space for both you and the Chinese to exist on the planet. Unless that space is provided and made way for, paid for with cooperation and COMMUNICATION on basic psychic levels—reassurance etc such as I am giving you now—has to be given the Chinese—Unless as I say that is given—a straight two-handed calm show of amiability—free joy even—Naturally the Chinese are going to feel persecuted and paranoid. And if they feel that—in response to what is basically the Ill-Will of Americans toward their supposed Threat—then they will act unstable and hostile and we—beginning with what was a fixed white Image, and an artificial Moral image—superiority—will also act hostile.

So we have two *life* forms—both brothers in their desire for life, both trapped in the dream that it is somehow "Real," both in separate universes of mental suspicion.

Naturally you'll have a conflict that way.

If you can find the imagination to break thru that—even if it involves the bankruptcy of your whole phenomenal Purpose, your whole concluded idea system, your SELF and its apparent sensory impressions,—yea yea yes—we & you too share in the madness, you are not more Sane than my appeal to you after all dear—I mean with your vast Armada you're going to think *I'm* unbalanced or *don't understand* the pith experience of the TRAP?—well we're all desperate myself the most so certainly you'll suffer no more in change than me, or Mao Tse-tung—

But the change must begin inside you, not Outside.

I have specific suggestions how to manifest this change—but it would mean a healthy change for America, and China, and be happy and not frightened to see you and talk to you or anyone else you

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think hath focal Hand in the balances of phantasy & thought.

No war is necessary, it never was outside of our fear contaminating the Chinese and their fear contaminating us—it's all hysteria—only solution is literally to cut thru the hysteria to a ground—our own natural lucidity and wrinkled eyes and flesh feel—where we can all exist together, such as this strange existence is, without the tremor and tightening of body and fantasy agitation of mind—into uncontrolled isolation-fear and wrath army consequent.

That's where "it all is," no place else, neither in a pre ordained dialectic or some logical imperative of "History."

Poets now say History is over, what they mean, is that the reality approaching and the possible Doom or liberation from encroaching serpent-fear, is a purely subjective matter. It's already time for you, & Leaders, to take on that subjective responsibility and not set it outside yourself. I'm taking it on by writing you this letter and offering you my Self to come and if need be calm your fear that anyone need be "conquered" any more.

Please reply if you have read and understood this with your own eyes. Thank you, Allen Ginsberg.

"So we've got our story and out there they've got their story," the drama major said when Ginsberg had put the letter away. "So why fight it, man? Like what does it matter?"

"Well, *damn you*, you just don't want to work!" Ginsberg yelled. "That's the trouble with the hippies. If they'd get out and work, they'd have the psychic power to deal with that kind of public insanity."

"So what can *we* do, Allen?" the boy with the orange asked.

"You cats can like trust your own *personal* reality, trust your visionary responses and your sexual responses," Ginsberg said. "Be kind. Control your anger. Understand who's using the illusion of language. Chip in ten bucks each and hire a lawyer for when one of you gets busted. Register and vote."

"You mean like history and power are a whim?" the boy in the sarape put in, looking delighted. "That's groovy!"

"Man, what's all this whim thing?" the drama major grumbled. "*Whim*? Vietnam's a whim?"

"Precisely a whim," Ginsberg said, laughing.

"That's power, man," the drama major said. "And, anyway, it's not so easy to change people's whims."

"Hell, no, it's easier than anything," Ginsberg protested. "Ever been in a madhouse? I have."

The reporter looked up from some notes he had made on how to prepare for his LSD trip. "Do you really think they're crazy?" he asked Ginsberg. "I mean, the people who run the war?

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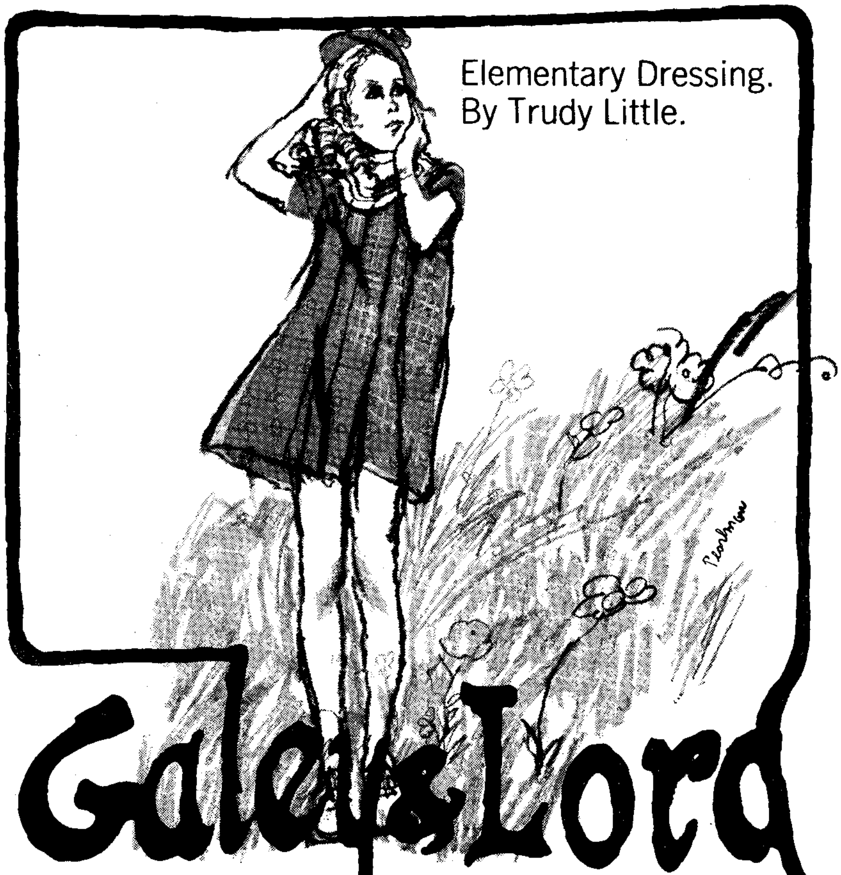
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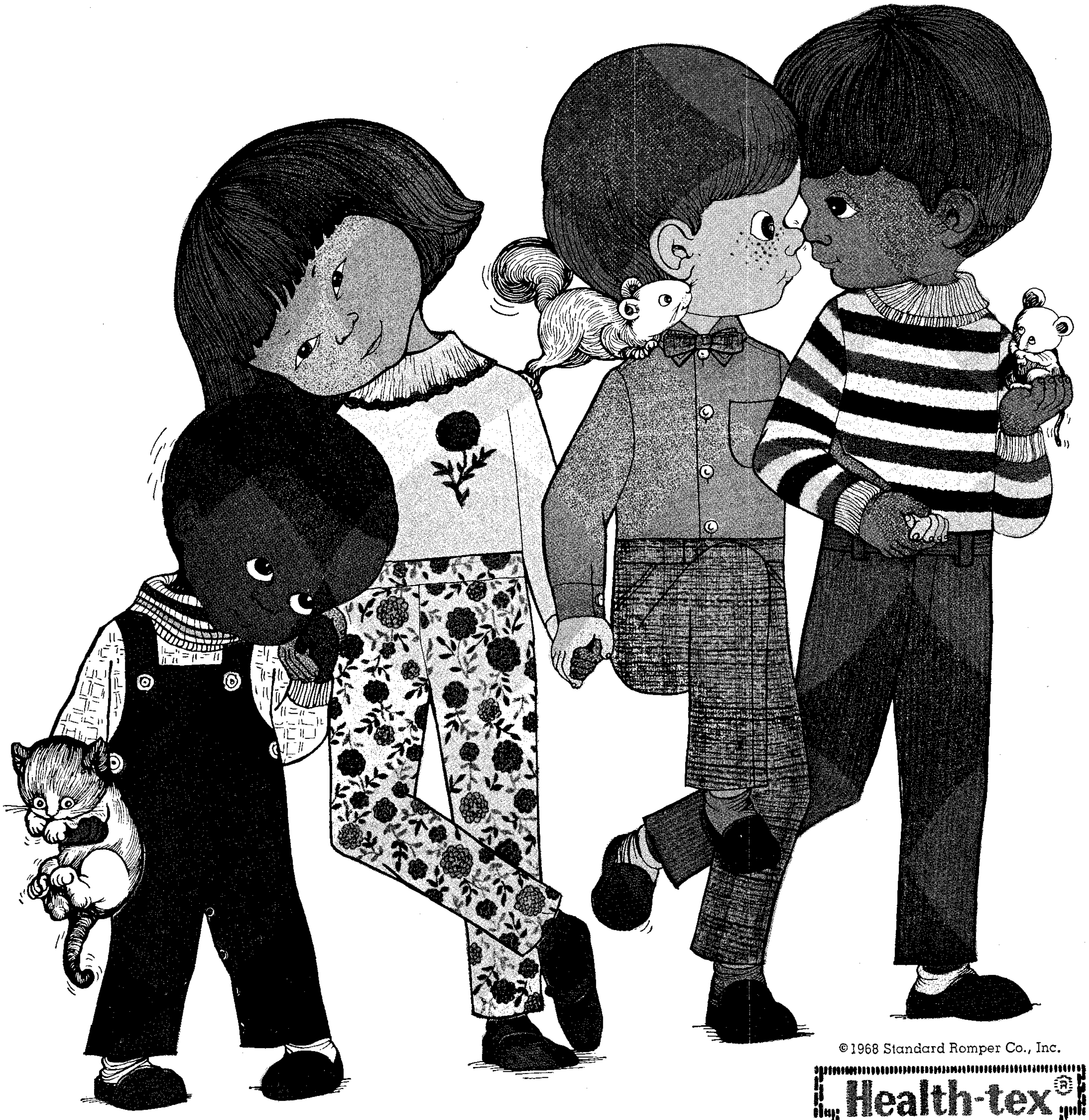

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Do you really think they really don't know what they're doing?"

"How would *you* explain it?" Ginsberg said.

"Hey, I know what we should all do," the boy in the sarape said suddenly. "Start preaching 'Down with Whimsey!' Run around with big 'Down with Whimsey!' signs. That'd be beautiful."

"How about 'Make War Not Love' or 'War Is Character Building'?" Ginsberg suggested.

"Say, maybe I should take yage instead of LSD," the reporter said. He had just entered a new heading in his notebook: "Sacred Vines."

"It's all the same," Ginsberg replied. "Just a shorter trip, that's all." He sounded weary. "Anyhow, I don't know why you keep on *insisting* that you have to take something. You know, if you've got things to do, drugs can be like very *inconvenient*."

"A shorter trip," the reporter repeated. "That sounds great."

"Yage can make you vomit," Ginsberg volunteered.

Maretta poked the reporter with her crystal bead. "I took DMT once," she said. "It was very intense." Then she paused thoughtfully and added that she had had a bad headache for the next two days. The reporter wrote down "Dimethyltryptamine," and put "Headache" next to it.

Ginsberg stood up and stretched. He had a class to teach in an hour, he said, and he had promised to give Peter Collier, a writer from *Ramparts'* Sunday paper, some time before then. Collier, who had been circling the patio for half an hour, moved toward Ginsberg when he stretched. He waited until Ginsberg had found Orlovsky—who turned up at the other end of the patio, still clearing dishes, to the helpless astonishment of a dozen busboys—and then he motioned Ginsberg to a quiet table inside the cafeteria.

"I'm an ambassador from Squaresville," Collier began, flicking open his pad and leaning forward in a professional, confidential way.

Ginsberg looked at him. "Why categorize yourself?" he asked.

"Well, I'm from *Ramparts*," Collier said.

"What are you trying to do, pull rank?" Ginsberg asked him. "So *you're* from *Ramparts*. *I'm* teaching at U.C." Then he frowned. "We're *all* in the same boat," he said.

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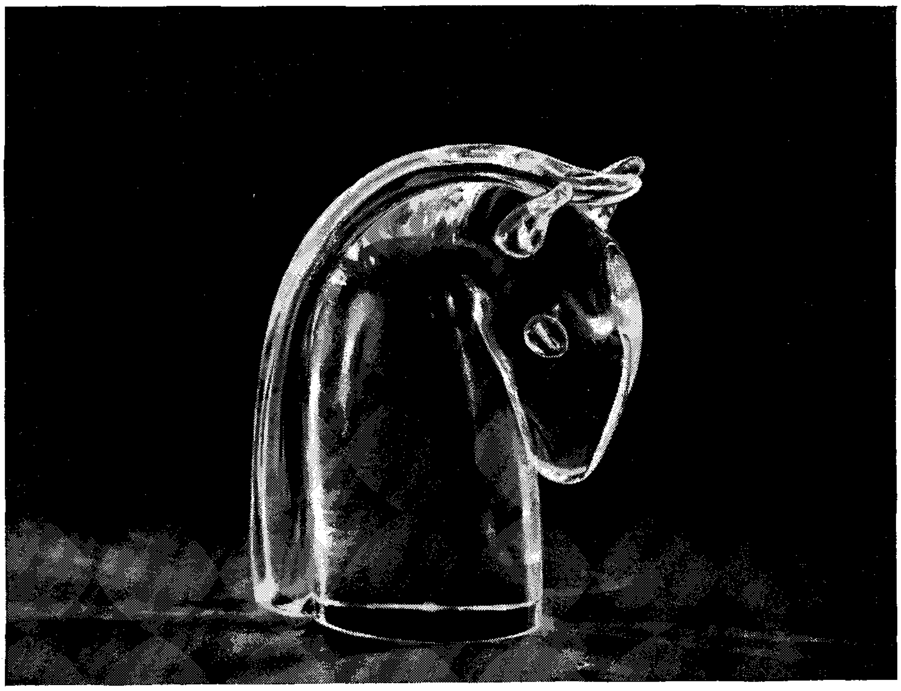

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unregenerate conformists to a national school-and-success syndrome, Ginsberg, reading and teaching at colleges, has been one of the very few links between the classroom and the communal pad. He is a funny, eloquent teacher. As a reader, he is by rapid turns rapturous, weepy, plaintive, outraged, comical, heartbreaking, and hammy. After a few minutes of chanting or yogic breathing exercises, he is also capable of making booming oracular pronouncements out of whatever jottings he happens to have around. By now, Ginsberg has put in the better part of two years on the college circuit. Most of his recent poetry is still waiting to be typed, spread out in sections through dozens of School Time composition books and on long tapes that he records in cars, trains, drive-ins, and motel rooms as he zigzags back and forth across the country on his tours. The possibilities of "dictated poetry," with its unedited rhythms, its impressionistic flow, and the immediacy of its digressions, interruptions, roughnesses, and background noises, have always interested Ginsberg, but lately he has had little or no chance to write poems any other way. He likes to complain about the frantic life he leads. He says that sometimes, in the middle of a reading, he longs for the simple, private pleasures of a homey Hindu kirtan or a sacred orgy among friends, and he talks about escaping to the woods to write for a year or two. But this is a move that he has always managed to postpone. His own sadhana is as a public man, and, offered an option out, he inevitably ignores it and moves on.

Three years ago, after a Guggenheim Poetry Fellowship had given Ginsberg six thousand dollars and a free hand in spending it, he bought his used Volkswagen camper and set off with Peter Orlovsky and Peter's brother Julius to explore America and read to students in the hinterland. He had been out of the country, for the most part, since 1961, and, he says, he was eager to see "what was happening with American kids." In Prague, on May Day of 1965, some hundred thousand Czech students had crowned him King of the May and borne him through the streets of the city in a rose-covered chariot. He had reigned in Prague until someone—the father of one of the students, the Prague police said—swiped a notebook diary that Ginsberg had dropped at a concert, and turned it over to the police; four hours later Ginsberg was on a plane to London, accused of having "abused Czechoslovakian hospitality and grossly violated

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the norms of decent world behavior." In London, seven thousand students had appeared for what turned out to be a historic poetry-reading marathon at the Albert Hall. Now Ginsberg was wondering whether American students had also "awakened" during the years of his wanderings. For the next five months, the camper rattled back and forth across the prairie, and—while rock blared on the radio, various hitchhikers snored on the back seats, and Orlovsky, behind the wheel, kept up a playful murmured conversation with the car—Ginsberg contemplated the Middle West with the enthusiasm of a missionary approaching Borneo. The students, in turn, contemplated Ginsberg. Most of them knew of him more as a legendary beatnik from the fifties than as the philosopher-king of a seminal hippiedom, and at first they came to his readings primarily to get a look at him. Ginsberg had to work at converting the children of Kansas and Nebraska. He taught them how to chant ("Try *'Om a ra batsa na de de de de.'* It's a mantra to preserve memory, a scholarly mantra"); talked about ecstasy with what was apparently a disarming reasonableness; patiently answered their questions about his love life; corrected their poetry ("Remember what William Carlos Williams said: 'No ideas but in things' "); taught them Eastern philosophy; sent them off to the library to read Blake, Pound, Catullus, and Kerouac; counselled them on how to avoid the draft ("Make it inconvenient for them to take you, tell them you love them"); organized their protests; and told them to be nice to their parents ("Don't run to your mother and shout, 'I saw God, and you didn't!' After all, she gave birth to you, so she must have been *somewhere*").

By the time Ginsberg came home, to an apartment on East Tenth Street, in the spring of 1966, the Allen Ginsberg poster—Ginsberg as Uncle Sam—was selling out in department stores in the hard-core corn belt, and invitations to read were pouring into his box in the Peter Stuyvesant post office. He reported to his friends that there were omens of change. "Like in Kansas," he told his father a week or so after the trip. "The English Department refused to sponsor me but the Philosophy Department agreed. The *Philosophy* Department. Then the chancellor warned that he would stop me if I said dirty words, and so the vice squad came armed with tape recorders, but *they* left weeping. And the students—they were confused, but they were friendly, hopeful, *adorable*. They were beginning to groove."

At the end of 1966, Ginsberg hired a manager. His friends were astounded, but Ginsberg said that he found the idea of a poet with a manager "charming." The manager, whose name was Charles Rothschild, handled Ginsberg's friend Bob Dylan and a good many other performers, and Ginsberg clearly preferred him to the sedate lecture-series bureaus that have traditionally arranged readings for poets. While Ginsberg took care of invitations from college literary magazines and fledgling poetry centers, Rothschild booked him for maximum exposure—at the Westbury Music Fair, on Long Island, for instance, where he split the bill with the Butterfield Blues Band, and at the Santa Monica Auditorium, where he appeared with the Fugs. During the first five months of 1967, Ginsberg read, chanted, lectured, and debated close to forty times. Reading his poetry, he went from Berkeley to San Francisco State and the University of California at Davis and at Santa Cruz, then on to Muhlenberg, the University of Illinois, the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, the University of Chicago, Northwestern, Michigan State, Wayne State, Washington University, Cornell, the University of New Brunswick, in Canada, Boston University, Simmons, Vanderbilt, East Tennessee State, Oberlin, the University of Southern California, the University of New Mexico, east again to the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Drew University, Paterson State, and Jersey City State, and, finally, to Kenyon, the University of Iowa, the University of Wisconsin, Oregon State, the University of Oregon, Portland State, and Western Washington State. There were also the dates in Westbury and Santa Monica, a psychedelic festival in Toronto, Valentine's Day in the East Village, a scattering of be-ins, drug debates at New York University and the Manhattan Junior League, an evening of instruction in chanting for the dropouts at the New York headquarters of Timothy Leary's League for Spiritual Discovery, a television session in Chicago, a benefit chant for a

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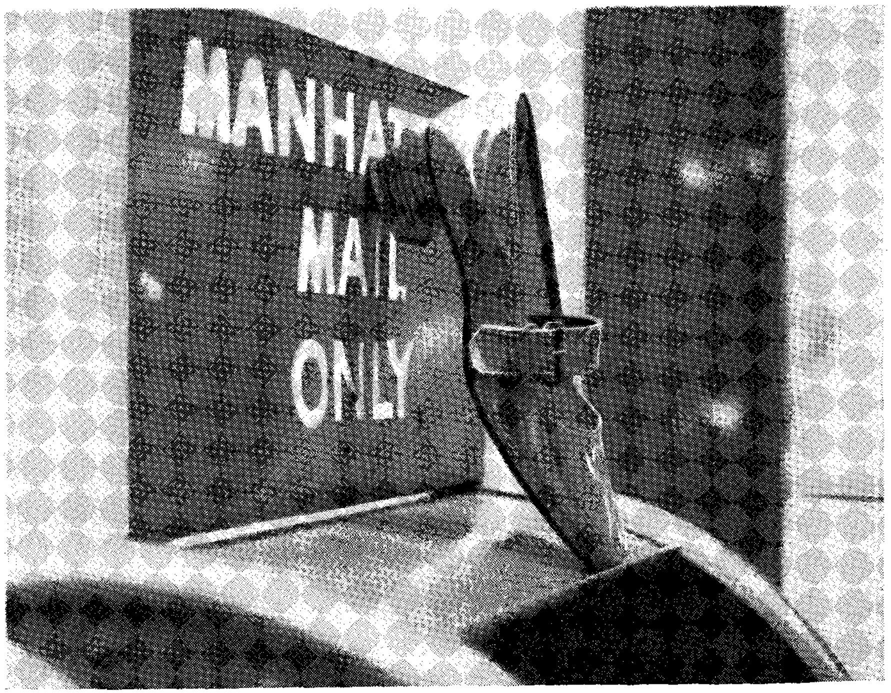

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psychedelic night club called the Balloon Farm, on St. Marks Place, and a week with the Indians at the Santo Domingo Pueblo reservation in New Mexico.

This time, Ginsberg came home to report that the country was ripe for a concerted attack of tenderness. He said that he had encountered the usual policemen hovering in the back of campus auditoriums, sniffing the air for the smell of pot and waiting for an obscenity to drop, but that, for once, no one had tried to arrest him and one policeman had actually inquired how long it would take to grow a Ginsberg beard. At Marquette, after a century of conservative Catholic quiet, a ban on a Ginsberg reading imposed by the Jesuit fathers who run the university had produced in very short order a national academic scandal, complete with the dropping of the renewal options on several faculty contracts, a protest investigation into speakers' rights, a burgeoning free-speech movement on the campus, daily retaliatory editorials in the administration-supported college newspaper ("But to say that the student, for example, is free to investigate Communism is not to say at the same time that he is free to establish a party cell on campus"), and a mass rally of students, who marched five miles in the rain to Wisconsin at Milwaukee, where the reading was finally held. A few days later, the battle lines were drawn at Michigan State when the campus police stopped the sale of Ginsberg's books at a benefit reading that he gave for *Zeitgeist*, the campus literary magazine. His thank-you note from Charles Page, the provost of Stevenson College at the University of California at Santa Cruz ("Personally, I was rather surprised by the poem with which you led off; it came as something of a shock to many of us who carry a burden of conventionality, including at least some of the students in the audience"), had certainly been mild compared to some of the mail that he *used* to receive from college administrators. The English teacher at Jersey City State who had introduced him and then grabbed the microphone back to shout "This evening does not receive the endorsement of the English Department!" was more to be pitied than despised, Ginsberg said. Ginsberg, who had once wept at discovering himself featured on the cover of the London *Daily Mail* as "one of the most vicious characters in America" (he shared the title with Gregory Corso, William Burroughs, and Jack Kerouac), could only conclude that either he

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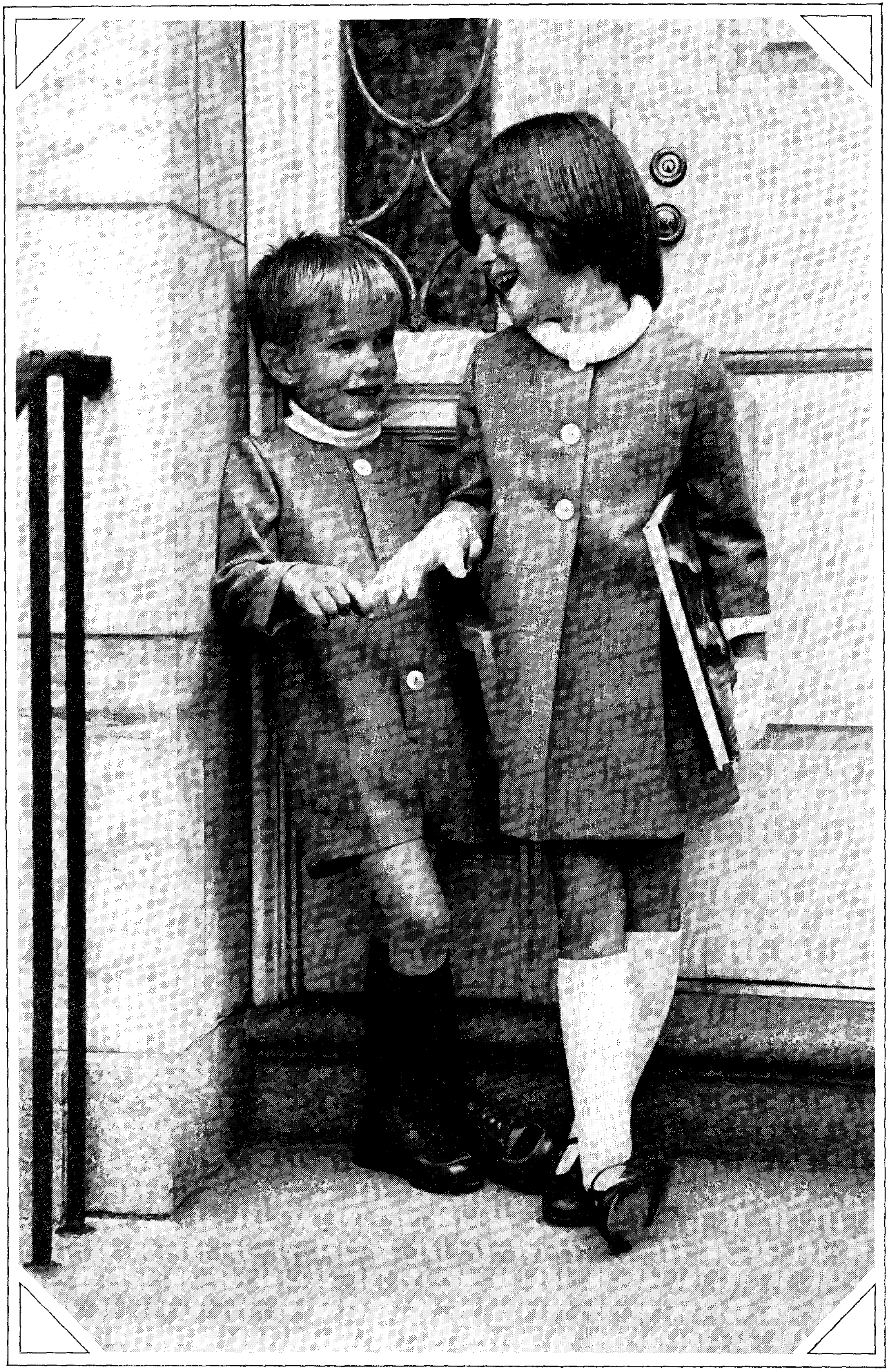

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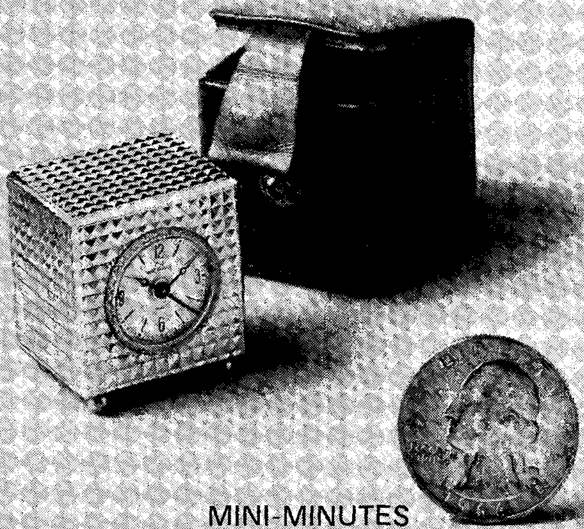

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was mellowing or people, spiritually, were "in a better bag." At any rate, two weeks later he was off on another reading tour.

These reading marathons—and the fact that four more Ginsberg books were due to come out if the poet found time to edit them—put Ginsberg in what was for him the uncomfortable position of making money. Ever since the fifties, when he swore off work to become a full-time poet, he had been living entirely to his taste on a few thousand dollars a year—at first because he had no more than that, and later because he liked life "simple," suspected that profit was an unfriendly concept, and had strong misgivings about paying taxes to a government at war. (When an accountant, whom he acquired along with his manager, checked Ginsberg's records last year for possible back taxes, all he could come up with was that Ginsberg's lifetime Social Security payments were approximately a hundred and twenty-five dollars in arrears.) "Diogenes the cynic, rejecting the ordinary goods of life, family, vocation, and material comforts" was the way one of Ginsberg's critics described him. His friends preferred to think of him as a sort of latter-day Hebrew prophet, roaming ragged, exhortative, and penitential among the idol-worshippers. Ginsberg himself apparently never wasted much time wondering why he enjoyed being poor. For years, he refused to take money for his readings, insisting that they either be benefits or be admission-free. (Orlovsky still refuses to read for money, and, in fact, to have his poems published; he says that poems should be "gifts.") When Ginsberg felt like travelling, there were always fellow-poets and shamans around to feed him and take him in. His East Tenth Street apartment, a fourth-floor five-room walkup, cost sixty dollars and forty-nine cents a month, and the royalties on his books (they were the standard paperback royalties) always came to enough to pay the rent. Any money that was left over he gave away. His philanthropic dealings, which had a certain carefree, cavalier quality about them, usually consisted of his rummaging through his pockets for loose change while a friend waited at the door. Now, as a tycoon of sorts ("My God, like I stand to make thirty thousand dollars next year," he told a friend in Berkeley, who was horrified), he was advised to do his sharing with a little more regard for the legal proprieties. Accordingly, in 1966 Ginsberg became a charitable, tax-exempt

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foundation. Ginsberg's older brother Eugene, who is a lawyer on Long Island, drew up the foundation charter. Orlovsky was named president. Edward Sanders, the poet and the lead Fug, became vice-president. Ginsberg, under the circumstances, wanted to be treasurer, and his brother, as an attorney, took the job of secretary. After innumerable names, including the Ginsberg Foundation, had been discarded as either terrible or inappropriate, Ginsberg was formally incorporated that March as the Committee on Poetry—a name that had proved useful over the years in adding cachet to the various public protests he liked to issue from his apartment. His charter began:

> This group is formed to gather money from those that have it in amounts excess to their needs and disburse it among poets and philosophers who lack personal finance or wherewithal to accomplish small material projects in the society at large. The committee's money will be used to sustain artists and their projects in times of stress; promote freedom of expression where such expression is threatened by social prejudice or outside force; publish works of art which have no immediate commercial vehicles for publicity; aid sick, wounded, or nervous creative souls who might otherwise be financially isolated; participate in projects for altering the consciousness of the Nation toward a more humane spirit of Adhesiveness prophesied by Whitman; give joy to writers and artists who wish to escape unpleasant circumstances and travel or meditate; help unlucky poets and painters avoid confinement in jails and madhouses or ease their return to freedom; and otherwise aid in spiritual emergencies.

Ginsberg, who was now the only Guggenheim poet with a foundation of his own, started giving money away immediately. He opened a special Committee checking account at his local bank, on Avenue B (loose Committee cash around the house was deposited in a special pocket of an old tweed sports coat), and his friends began to notice that Ginsberg, on his tours, was developing a lively new interest in being paid. At the end of the year, Ginsberg finally instructed Rothschild to get him "the full, going rate for famous people." (Last spring, at a dinner in his honor at Boston University, Ginsberg learned that Senator Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, had preceded him in the school's Distinguished Lecture Series. Ginsberg peered at the students who had hired him, and said, "Thurmond's on the wrong side—what did *he* get?")

In 1967, Ginsberg, who was still living on his royalties, was able to put some twenty thousand dollars into the Committee checking account. He paid his agent and his accountant and settled a repair bill on his tape recorder, and then he quickly got rid of the rest of the money as one spiritual emergency after another happened to arise. Four thousand dollars went to a film-maker friend, Jack Smith, who was responsible for the transvestite epics "Flaming Creatures" and "Normal Love," and whose "pursuit of similar exemplary manifestations," according to Ginsberg, had been interrupted by a marijuana conviction, now on appeal in the federal courts. Twenty-five hundred dollars made the first payment on twenty-four acres of a large tract of Sierra lowland—the rest of the property is owned by Ginsberg's friends Gary Snyder, the poet; Dick Baker, a director of a Zen Buddhist retreat who organizes poetry conferences at Berkeley; and a Hindu convert from Scarsdale who goes by the name Kryananda—for the use of any nervous creative soul who might want to camp there, either to build a hut and work or just to get away. The Committee paid four hundred dollars for a rare Tibetan tanka of the Maitreya Buddha for Michael Bowen's "indigenous psychedelic ashram" in the Haight-Ashbury or for the Mahalila, a sacred orgy community across the Golden Gate Bridge in Marin County, depending on which of the two projects managed to survive. Fifteen hundred dollars went to Maretta, who wanted to make a spiritual pilgrimage to Outer Mongolia, and fifteen hundred apiece went to Gregory Corso and Herbert Huncke, as writers' grants-in-aid. Irving Rosenthal, who edits the work of many of the avant-garde poets and novelists, got twenty-five hundred dollars to carry on his enterprise. Harry Smith, another film-maker, got fifteen hundred, and Ken Kesey got four hundred dollars to start a movie of his own. Smaller grants were awarded—Ginsberg loves saying "awarded"—to LeRoi Jones, who was appealing a two-and-a-half-to-three-year prison sentence for carrying two loaded pistols during the 1967 Newark riots; to Bob Brannaman, an artist in California; to an underground London paper called the *International Times;* to the poets Ray Bremser, Diane Di Prima, and Charles Plymell; to a film-maker friend named Barbara Rubin, who made Maretta's culottes; and to Leland Myerzove, in San Francisco, who puts out a Jewish literary quarterly called the *Burning Bush.* The Committee also paid the bill at the Hotel Chelsea when Basil Bunting came to town from Santa Barbara to read his poetry at the Guggenheim and when a

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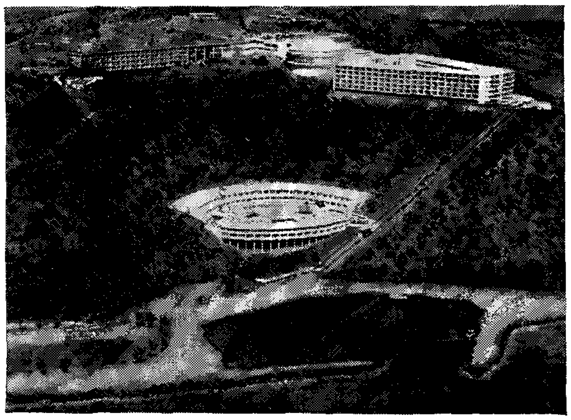

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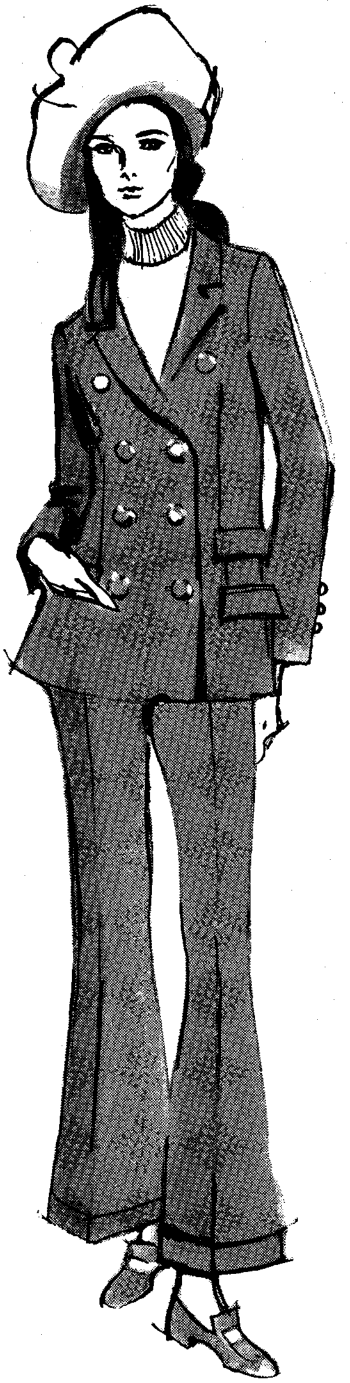

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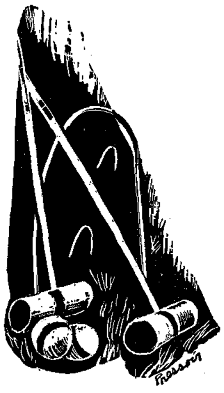
young Bengali poet who was in residence at the Writers Workshop at the University of Iowa wanted to spend a week in New York. It bought a new harmonium for the New York headquarters of Swami A. C. Bhaktivedanta, a twenty-dollar set of building blocks, from F. A. O. Schwarz, for a group of visiting Indian Ballad Singers to play with, and four records of Vedic chanting for Ezra Pound. And, after a visiting literary Digger spent the night at Ginsberg's apartment, it voted to cover three dollars and twenty-six cents of that month's telephone bill.

Appropriately, the question of Ginsberg's money was considered by the Diggers at a meeting in the Haight-Ashbury, which Ginsberg attended, that spring. The meeting had been called by means of a cryptic mimeographed bulletin declaring a state of community emergency. After six months of psychedelic social work, the Diggers had come to the conclusion that everybody in the neighborhood except them was either making money for himself or holding on to whatever he already had, and now they wanted a showdown, "to straighten out the bad money bag."

Emmet Grogan, a hot, glowering Digger out of an O'Casey play, had the floor when Ginsberg walked into the room (it was a church recreation room), where the meeting was under way. "The Diggers have a demand, and that's that the rest of you—all the bands, stores, and people in *this* whole miserable hippie scene—go non-profit!" Grogan was shouting. "That means, if you're a store, you take that money you make and share it with the people who make your beads and your sandals. We want you to start living this love crap you're always talking about."



Ginsberg raised his hand. He told the hippies how they could turn into foundations like him, and he added, to Grogan, "What does a guy like me do, who's making some bread and decides he wants to buy a little piece of land? I just bought some groovy Committee on Poetry land, and like now I think I'd like a little of something for myself." Ginsberg waited for a reaction. "*Just* for myself," he said.

"Hey, listen, man, money's guilt!" Grogan yelled. "Let's cut the money. Say I make beads and you make sandals—we'll *trade* them."

"What do you want me to do—carry my poems around and trade them?" Ginsberg asked.

"Yeah, Emmet," one of the psychedelic shopkeepers at the meeting put in. He was wearing a tie and jacket, and by community standards he looked prosperous.

Grogan snarled at him.

"Seriously, Emmet," the shopkeeper said, "who's going to decide how much each of Allen's poems is worth? Allen's demands might be more than yours."

"Allen wants to make fifteen thousand a year?" Grogan snapped. "Let him make it. *I* won't talk to him."

"It's not money, it's *seeds* that are important," a boy called from under a ping-pong table. Several hippies cheered and rang their bells, and the boy crawled out. He was draped in strings of radishes, and there was a corncob hanging from the belt of his blue jeans. "I'm sure if we knew the divine secret of putting a seed in the ground and making it grow, we'd be cured of money," he said.

"I'm sure that's what Allen meant when he said he wanted to buy some land," one of the hippie maidens interrupted. "He wants to learn the divine secret of making things grow."

Ginsberg laughed. "No. I just want a piece of property," he said.

"Allen's just a rich Jewish merchant!" Grogan yelled.

Michael Bowen, who had been leaning against a wall sketching mandalas in an account ledger, ran to the front of the room and confronted him. "Poets don't care about money," Bowen said. "Poets can stand on the corner and talk to telephone poles all day and stay happy. They get something out of telephone poles, man."

"No," Ginsberg said again. "I want some money. Like I'd rather talk to a tree than a telephone pole."

"Listen!" Grogan shouted. "Suppose *I* go to the woods. You mean I'm going to see Allen Ginsberg up some tree, chanting and waving some gong around? Wow! I think I'm lost, and I see Ginsberg talking to a tree. Who needs that?"

"Hear! Hear!" Ginsberg said. "I've got my bag. I just want to be left alone."

ON a snowy Sunday morning in Paterson, New Jersey, Allen Ginsberg and his father, Louis, settled into a pair of plumped chintz armchairs in Mr. Ginsberg's living room to read

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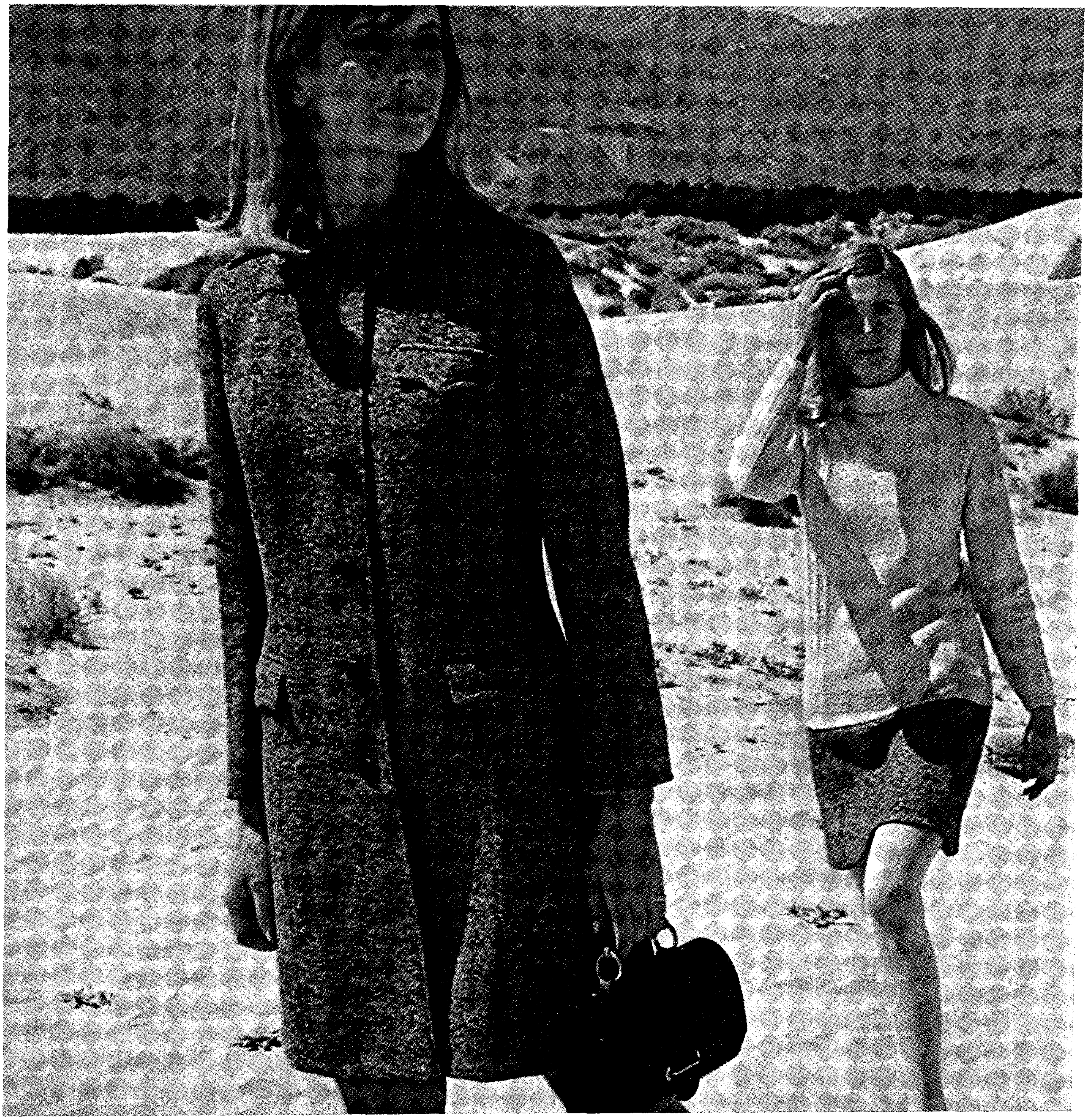

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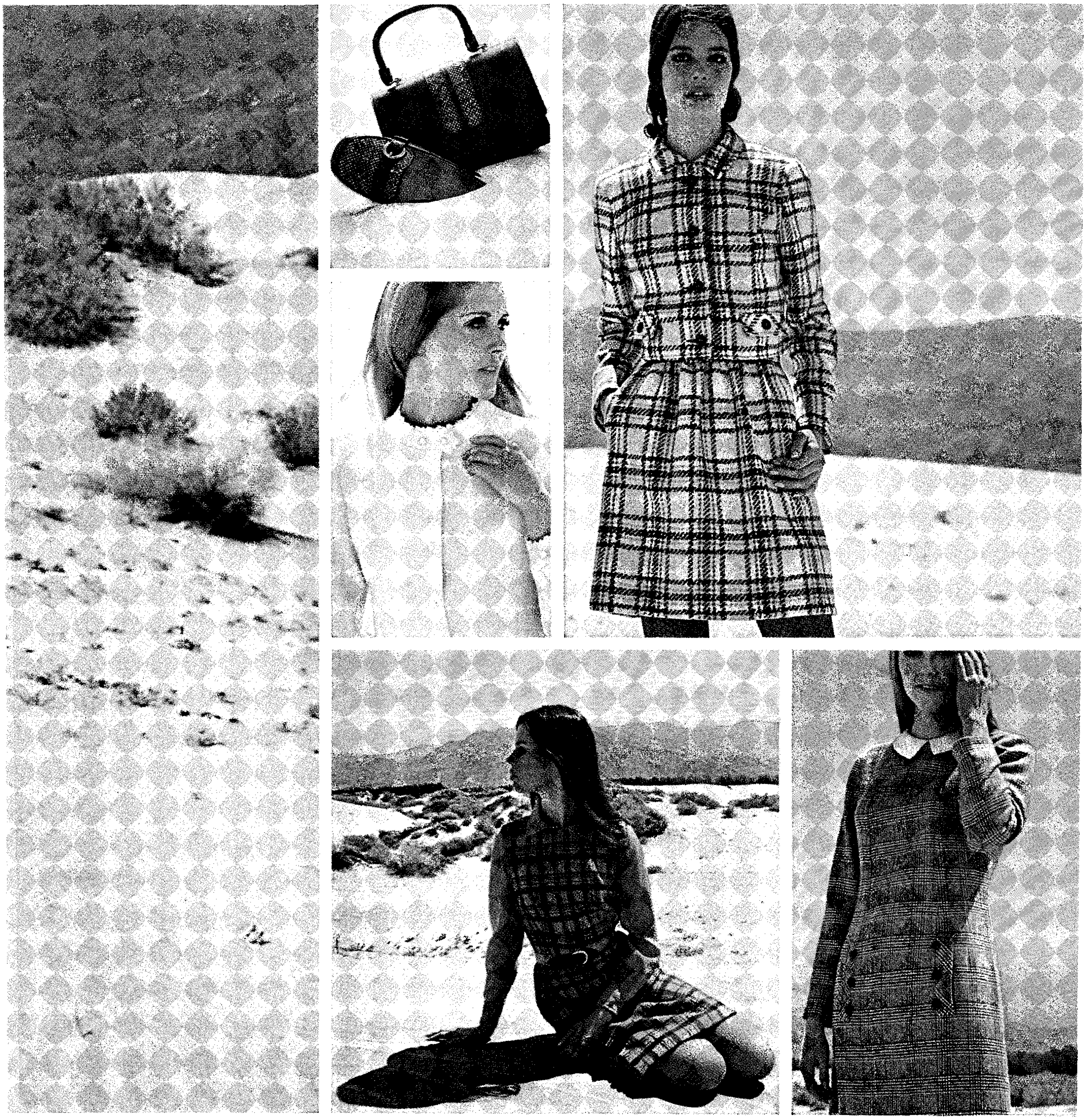

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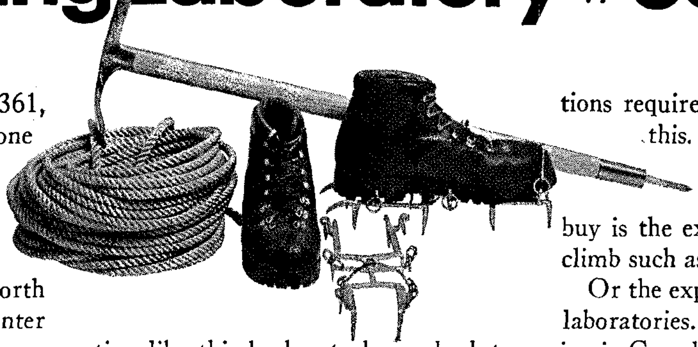

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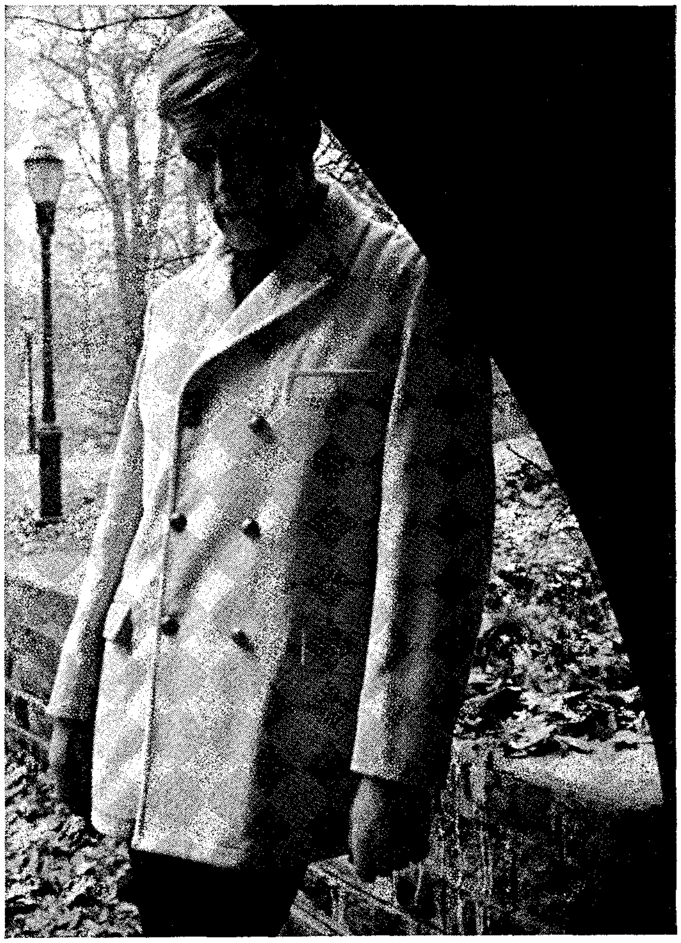

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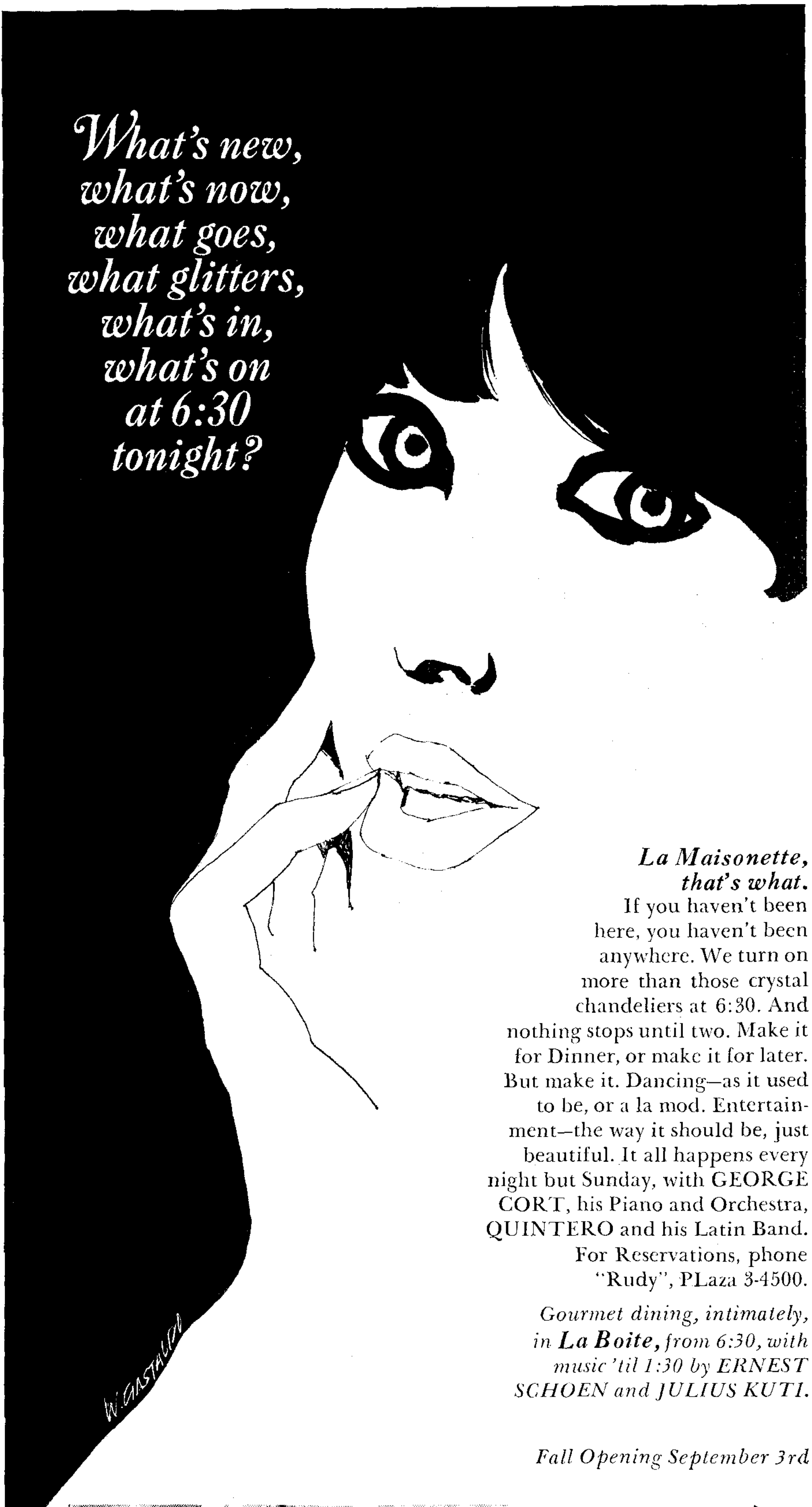
the New York *Times* together and talk over the schedule for a father-and-son poetry reading that they were going to give at Paterson State College that night. Ginsberg's stepmother, Edith, was in the kitchen fixing a big breakfast of bagels, bialy, lox, cream cheese, and scrambled eggs, and Maretta, who had come home with Ginsberg for the weekend, was still asleep. It was Ginsberg's first visit to the house since early fall, when a warrant had been issued in Paterson for his arrest on a marijuana charge. The mayor of Paterson, who was on his way out of office, had ordered the arrest after Ginsberg informed the audience at another family reading, at the local Young Men's Hebrew Association, that he had "heightened the experience" of a poetic pilgrimage to the Passaic Falls that morning with his father. Paterson's policemen had thereupon combed the city for Ginsberg, who had last been seen carrying his purple bookbag and wearing his owlish horn-rimmed glasses, his tan hiking shoes, unmatching gray socks, rumpled khaki pants, a relatively threadbare brown tweed jacket, an old white button-down shirt, finger cymbals, and a Tibetan oracle's ring, and after a few days they had spotted a likely-looking beard near a bar downtown. By the time the gentleman with the beard was released as a sartorial follower of Ginsberg rather than the genuine poetic article, Ginsberg was safely across the state line in New York. He thought about returning to Paterson with a phalanx of reporters, to be arrested publicly as a first move in a marijuana-law test case, but he abandoned the scheme as "too embarrassing" to his father, and left for the West Coast, to teach at Berkeley, instead. While he was away, a friendlier mayor took office, and now the case against him had been dismissed, on the ground of insufficient evidence, by the Paterson Municipal Court.

Ginsberg remarked to his father that his five months as "the poet who was wanted in Paterson" reminded him of a letter he had written to William Carlos Williams from San Francisco back in 1956, just before shipping out as a yeoman storekeeper aboard a freighter bound for the Arctic: ". . . I have NOT absconded from Paterson. I do have a whitmanic mania & nostalgia for cities and detail & panorama and isolation in jungle and pole, like the images you pick up. When I've seen enough I'll be back to splash in the Passaic again only with a body so naked and happy City Hall will have to call out the Riot Squad. When I come back I'll make



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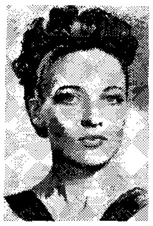
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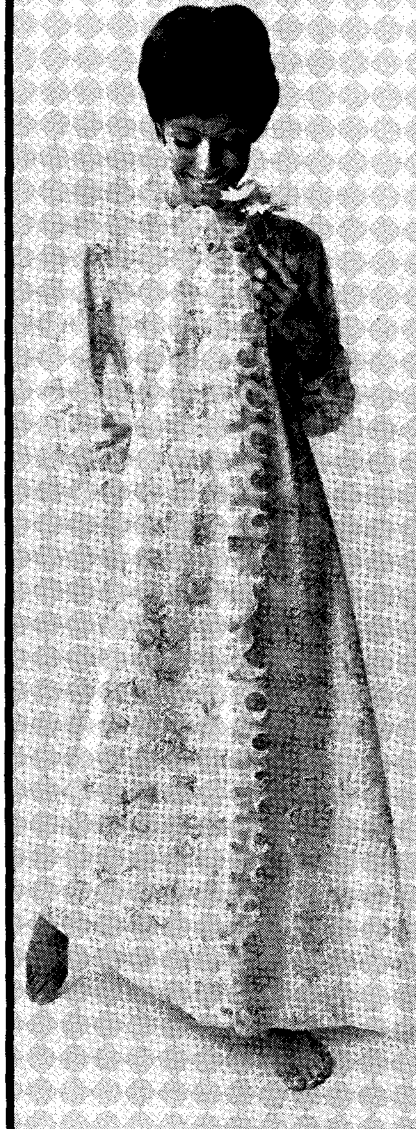

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big political speeches in the mayoralty campaigns like I did when I was 16 only this time I'll have W. C. Fields on my left and Jehovah on my right. Why not? Paterson is only a big sad poppa who needs compassion. . . . In any case Beauty is where I hang my hat. And reality. And America. . . . I mean to say Paterson is not a task like Milton going down to hell, it's a flower to the mind too. . . ." Peering over the top of the "News of the Week in Review," Mr. Ginsberg said that he remembered the letter. At seventy-one, Louis Ginsberg was compact and jaunty, with quizzical, popping eyes, a scrubbed-to-gleaming forehead, and a favorite expression of slightly oppressed seniority. For forty years he had taught English in the Paterson public high schools, and for fifty he had been writing and steadily publishing lyric poems. At the moment, he was stagestruck, according to Mrs. Ginsberg, who dated this new passion of her husband's from the night of the first reading by the Ginsbergs, *père et fils*, in March of 1966.

"You did bring home some good clothes for the reading tonight, didn't you, Allen?" Mr. Ginsberg, who was already dressed for the event in a blue serge suit and a new polka-dot bow tie, asked.

Ginsberg looked up from Section 1, which he was scouring for hippie news, and laughed. "Yeah, I've got *my* suit, too," he said.

Mr. Ginsberg sighed. "We'll show them that the Ginsberg name means poetry," he said, and he added, philosophically, "You know, Allen, you're popular with the college crowd, but with a real audience you need me for balance. I'm like the stamp to your letter."

Ginsberg, smiling, shook his head.

"I told you that one," Mr. Ginsberg said. "The one where the stamp says to the letter, 'I may be square, but I send you.' "

Ginsberg groaned.

His father, who has long been known in the Passaic County press as "the Paterson pun-dit" or, alternatively, "the Paterson punny man," went on to say that he had just recatalogued his pun collection by subjects, such as "Flirtation," "Love," "Automobiles," and "Alcoholics," and now had a thick folder just on beatniks. He stood up to get it from his desk, in the sunroom, but Ginsberg waved him down.

"You know, Louis, I think you secretly dig my poetry," Ginsberg said.

Louis Ginsberg shrugged. "You're a

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new generation, Allen," he said. "I believe in poetic coexistence, but you young people—you don't like a nice, regular, flexible metre. You don't like discipline. You don't like rhyme. You say it's not natural. I ask you: What could be more natural than rhyme? Rhymes are so enchanting, so instinctive. Children make rhymes as soon as they can speak." Mr. Ginsberg sighed again, and went right on, "And you've got such new mores. For instance, you use four-letter words that I was brought up not to use in company. And the way you live. You don't have to live like that, Allen. You're a world-famous poet."

Ginsberg made a mudra—a potent Oriental gesture—to assure his father that he recognized and respected the soul of another sentient being in the living room. Then he said *"Om,"* signifying the ultimate oneness of all views.

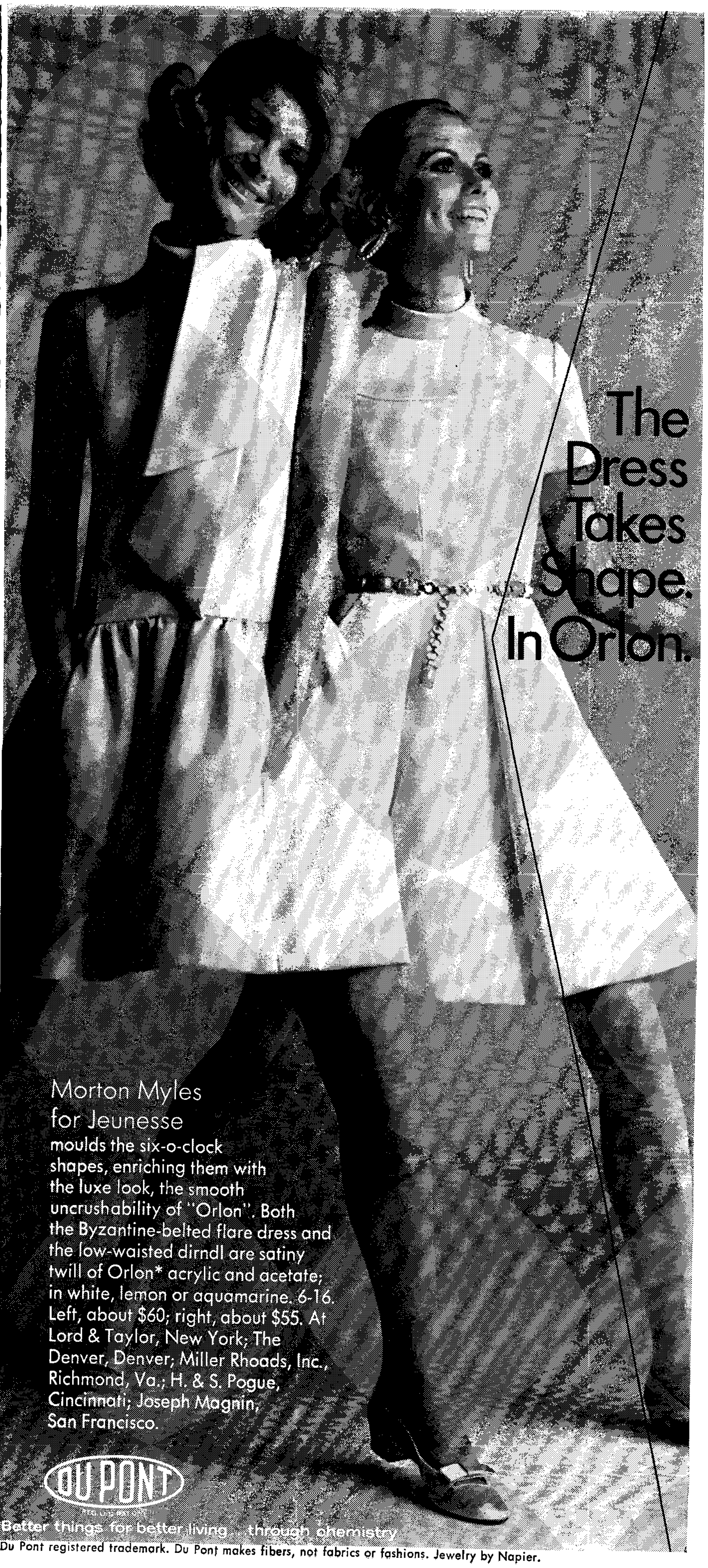
"And these odd religions," Mr. Ginsberg said. He seemed to be warming to the opportunity at hand, and Ginsberg chuckled. In December, he had taken his father to a birthday party for his friend Swami Satchidananda, a Hindu yoga and holy man who lived on West End Avenue. Mr. Ginsberg had had indigestion after three spoonfuls of the Swami's party food, and had ever since displayed a certain impatience with the customs of the East.

"I bet it was that curry, Louis," Ginsberg said.

Mr. Ginsberg shook his head. He said it was really Maretta that was bothering him. She had arrived at the house the night before with a sack of equipment for her rather unnerving meditations—a tattered paperback copy of the "The Tibetan Book of the Dead," a pair of finger cymbals, Ginsberg's big metal dorja, her own faceted gazing crystal, and a packet of incense sticks—and had emptied it out on the living-room couch for the Ginsbergs to see. Then, just before going to bed, she had informed Mr. Ginsberg that her sadhana was hashish. "What's with this Maretta?" Mr. Ginsberg asked. "Why can't you bring home a nice Jewish girl?"

Ginsberg, laughing, threw up his hands. "Louis," he said, "here for years you've been saying, 'Please, just bring home a *girl* for a change,' and now that I do, you want a *Jewish* one?"

"You're such an *experimenter*, Allen," Mr. Ginsberg said. "Tibetan Buddhist girl friends. Swamis. Drugs. All this talk from you about pot. 'It's so elevating, Louis. So ecstatic. My soul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is outside my body. I see ultimate reality.' " Mr. Ginsberg frowned. "You know what *I* say? I say, 'Allen, take it easy.' "

Ginsberg, who had removed his shoes and was sitting in the lotus position in the chintz chair, leaned forward and took his father's hand. "*You* should take it easy, Louis," he said. "You'll wear yourself out straightening me out."

"Look, Allen, it's been a long time since I've been able to get you to the old homestead," Mr. Ginsberg said. "Your father waits, counts the days."

"Well, the troubles are over now," Ginsberg said. "Was it bad for you here? With the trial?"

Mr. Ginsberg shook his head. "You know, some people talk," he said. "You hear all sorts of odd things." He shuffled through a pile of papers on an end table by his chair and handed a clipping to his son. It was a letter to the editor of the Paterson *Call:*

> In reference to Allen Ginsberg, whom your reporter, George James, described as a poet, living legend, and international traveler. So what! I was extremely disgusted with your paper's continuously shielding and glorifying this poet. One would think that you were trying to defend a moral saintly man instead of a person who openly admitted that he was smoking marijuana, which is unlawful. . . . I was a student attending Central High School and remember his father, Louis Ginsberg, who taught there. Being a parent myself I do not condemn him because of his son, but I am shocked that he has joined his son as a team in the poetry readings. It seems that he must certainly enjoy all this publicity, despite what kind it may be. . . .

Ginsberg tossed the clipping back on the table.

"Some people are like that," Mr. Ginsberg said. "I've got no axiom to grind."

"I was just wondering what the gossip in the coffee shops was, that's all," Ginsberg said.

"Allen, I *told* you," Mr. Ginsberg said. "Everybody thought that it was pretty silly of the previous mayor to make a fuss. That the evidence was flimsy. Everybody's glad it turned out fine. Still . . ." Mr. Ginsberg looked up.

"Go ahead," Ginsberg said.

"Well, *my* feeling," Mr. Ginsberg said, "is really that you should obey the law, and then when the law is changed, you can go ahead and smoke all you want."

Maretta walked into the living room, yawning.

"I felt I didn't need the drugs," Mr. Ginsberg told her. "I felt that with my own imagination I could receive the majesty and grandeur of the Falls."

Maretta nodded, and began poking her long hair into a new fringed shawl, which she had wrapped around her head. She was dressed for breakfast in baggy black ski pants and purple sari cloth. The dorja and the crystal were both on strings around her neck. Mr. Ginsberg stared, speechless, as she arranged herself on a brown-slipcovered couch.

"Well, young lady, how do you like it here?" Mr. Ginsberg asked, finally, with a sweep of his hand.

Maretta contemplated the small, tidy living room. It was painted a rosy tan and had beige carpeting and silvery nylon window curtains. There were urns of bright-green plastic leaves in a fireplace at one end and, at the other, a gilt-trimmed white secretary and an enormous television set. Photographs of various Ginsberg grandchildren were displayed along the walls, and above the brown couch were two Montmartre flower-market scenes, which Mr. Ginsberg pointed out to Maretta, telling her proudly that he had picked them out himself.

Maretta, however, was busy scrutinizing a lampshade through her crystal bead.

Mr. Ginsberg tried again. "I imagine you're meditating. Do you meditate often?"

"I've sat in a few caves," Maretta said.

"And have you been grazing and ciphering ancient Buddhist texts?" Mr. Ginsberg went on. "Are you wiser now than before?"

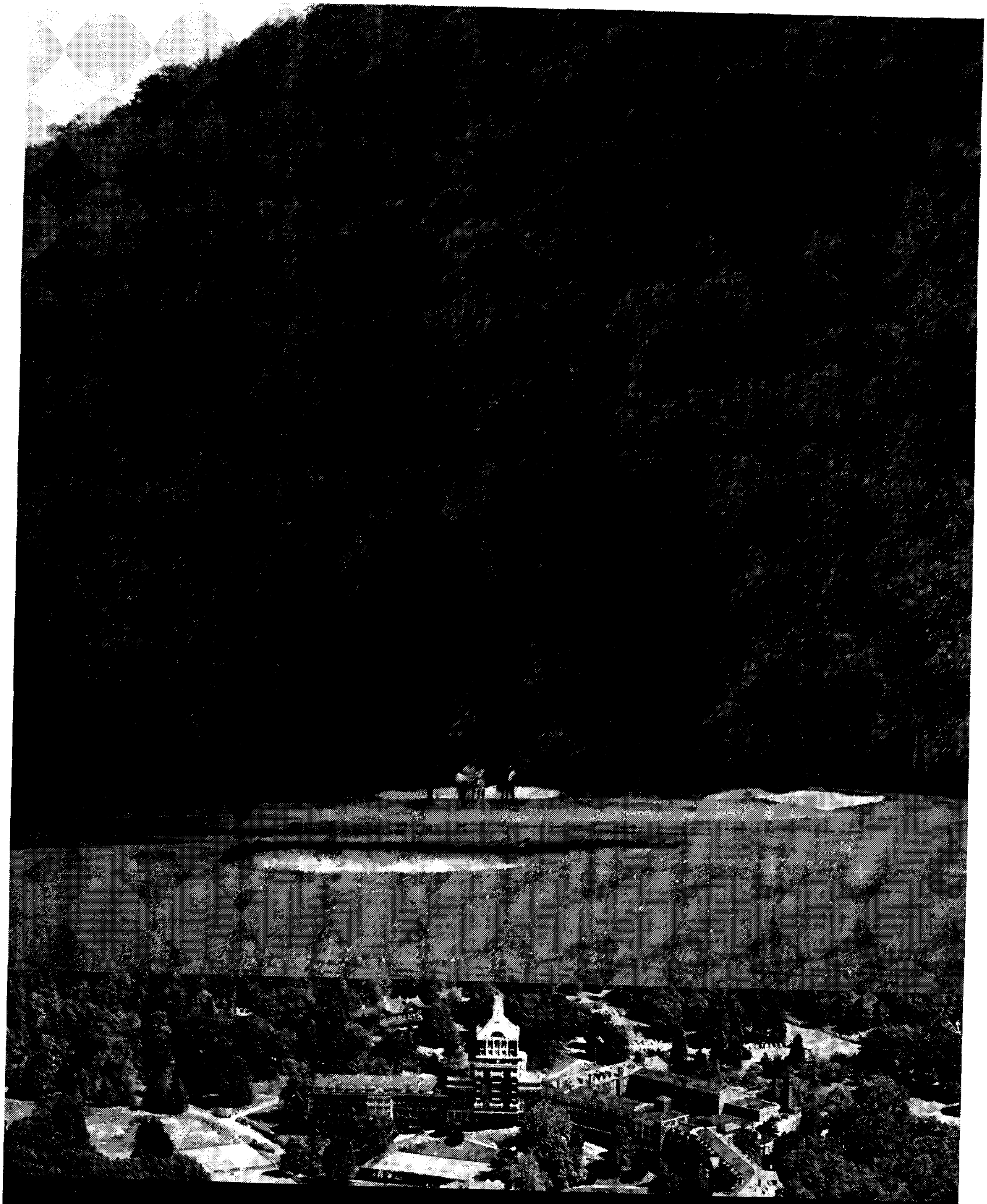
"Yeah," Maretta said.

Mr. Ginsberg put down his paper. "With you young people," he said, "it's like the one about children—you can love them in the abstract, but it's hard in the concrete."

"Maretta speaks Tibetan," Ginsberg said.

"So what's wrong with English?" Mr. Ginsberg said.

Mrs. Ginsberg, who had come to the door a few moments earlier, called them to breakfast. She had been watching Maretta and the two men with a certain amount of motherly amusement. She is a good-looking woman with fluffy gray hair, and when she married Louis Ginsberg, in 1950, she had already raised a family of her own. Some of the grandchildren on the wall



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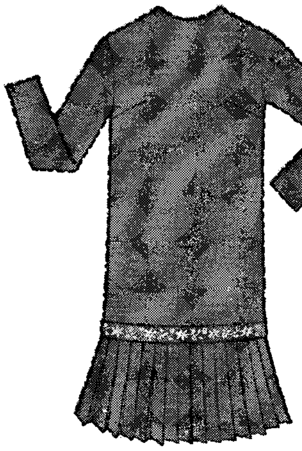

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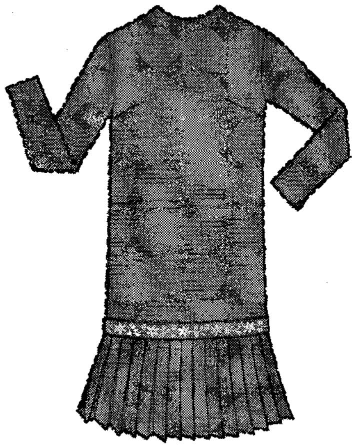

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were hers, and Ginsberg began inquiring after them as everybody walked into a bright-pink kitchen, off the living room, where a round Formica-topped table was heaped with the Sunday-morning delicatessen food. Then he announced that he was starving.

Maretta asked if there were any crackers around, and Mrs. Ginsberg provided some.

"I was telling Allen how his old man in the suburbs waits and waits for him," Mr. Ginsberg said when they were all sitting at the table.

Mrs. Ginsberg passed him a bagel. "Your father is full of baloney, Allen," she said, laughing.

Ginsberg, who was tackling a bialy spread with cream cheese and strawberry jam, glanced at his father.

"Well, what have you been doing, Allen?" Mr. Ginsberg said. "How was Berkeley? You know, there weren't too many letters from you this time. Time was, you'd go on a trip, you used to send long letters to your father. 'Louis, tell me, what is life? Who *am* I?' Which reminds me of what Thomas Mann once said: 'Is life worth living? It depends on the liver.' " He turned to Maretta and added, "I've got all the letters down in the basement, if you'd like to see them sometime."

"Beautiful," Maretta said.

"Yes, they were," Mr. Ginsberg said. "Allen used to be very philosophical."

Ginsberg, heading for the stove to get himself some scrambled eggs, said that California had been groovy. "I bought some land there," he said. "Sierra land."

"What's wrong with land near here?" Mr. Ginsberg asked.

"I'm going to buy some land here, *too*," Ginsberg said. "Maybe a farm in New Jersey or New York—someplace to get away to."

"We're going to have a plutocrat in the family," Mrs. Ginsberg said proudly.

Mr. Ginsberg pointed to his son, at the stove, and said, "Shall I tell him, Edith?"

Mrs. Ginsberg nodded.

"Edith and I are going to Europe," Mr. Ginsberg said.

"Hey, that's groovy!" Ginsberg said, running over to slap his father on the back. He told Maretta that it would be his parents' first trip abroad.

"It's for two weeks, in September," Mr. Ginsberg went on. "It can't be longer, because I'm going to be teaching night school at Rutgers again—composition and modern American

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poetry." He leaned toward Maretta and whispered, "My students there, they ask me about my poetry, so I tell them that my son's a poet, and then that way they learn about Allen, too."

"Make it August," Ginsberg cut in. "*I'll* be in Europe in August."

"Prices are awfully high then," Mrs. Ginsberg said.

"But you'll stay with *me*," Ginsberg said. "I have some groovy friends in Europe. There's a literary lady in London with like a huge mansion in Belgravia and a salon and all sorts of fascinating cats running around. Then there's a Rothschild kid I know in Italy—"

"Should we go alone, do you think, or on a guided tour?" Mr. Ginsberg asked, breaking in.

"Man, you don't want to go on any tour," Maretta said, looking stunned. "*I* hitchhike."

"I don't want you to worry about *anything*," Ginsberg went on. "I'll get your rooms. Show you around. It'll be a ball, going around Europe with you. Think of Paris."

"I don't know, Allen," Mr. Ginsberg said. "Paris with you? The old gray mare might not be up to it."

Ginsberg chuckled. "Come on, Louis," he said. "We'll get rid of Edith. We'll go to all the bordellos."

"One stipulation," Mrs. Ginsberg said, pouring coffee. "I get to go shopping."

"And all the hashish joints," Ginsberg said. "All the big, scary Arab couscous cellars."

"I'm afraid I'll fall asleep, like at that Swami character's," Mr. Ginsberg said.

"Well, *one* thing's definite," Ginsberg went on. "In Paris, I turn you on to pot."

Maretta nodded enthusiastically.

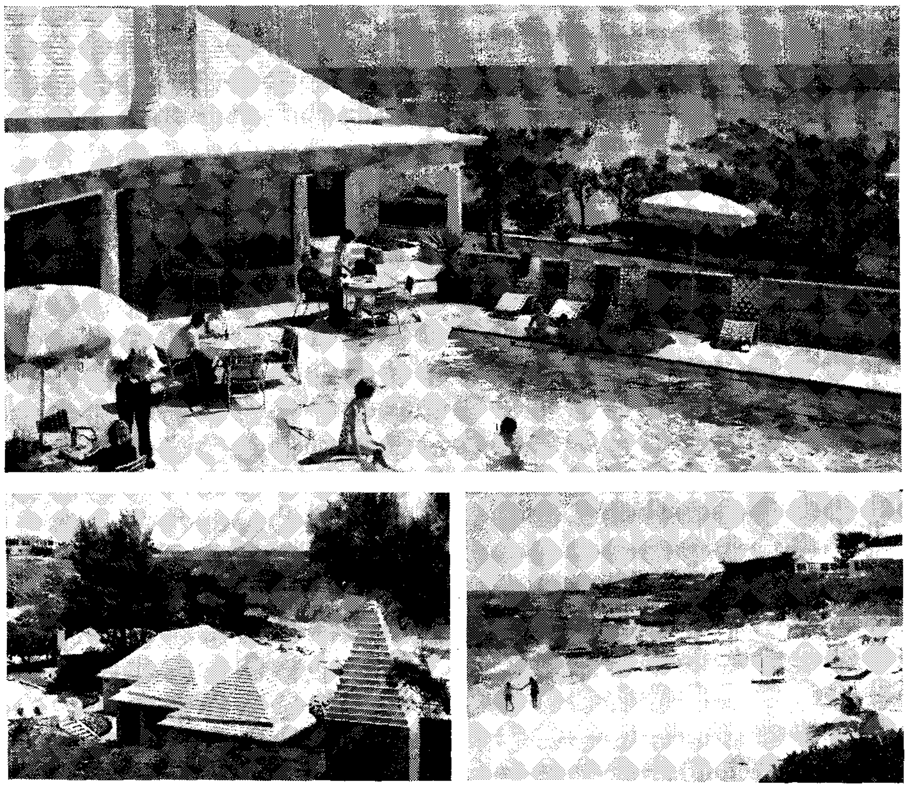
Mr. Ginsberg patted Maretta's hand. "Well, young lady, who knows? It might turn me on to whole new endeavors," he said.

"Right," Ginsberg said. "First, we'll sit around high, reading Apollinaire, and *then* we'll make a big pilgrimage to Shelley's grave, in Italy."

"Listen, Allen, I have a lot of work to do when I get home," Mr. Ginsberg said. "I have my abstracts to revise."

"Man, *what* are abstracts?" Maretta asked.

Mr. Ginsberg explained. He said that whenever he read a book he took notes on it and then wrote an abstract of the book from them. "And whenever the abstracts pile up, like now, I



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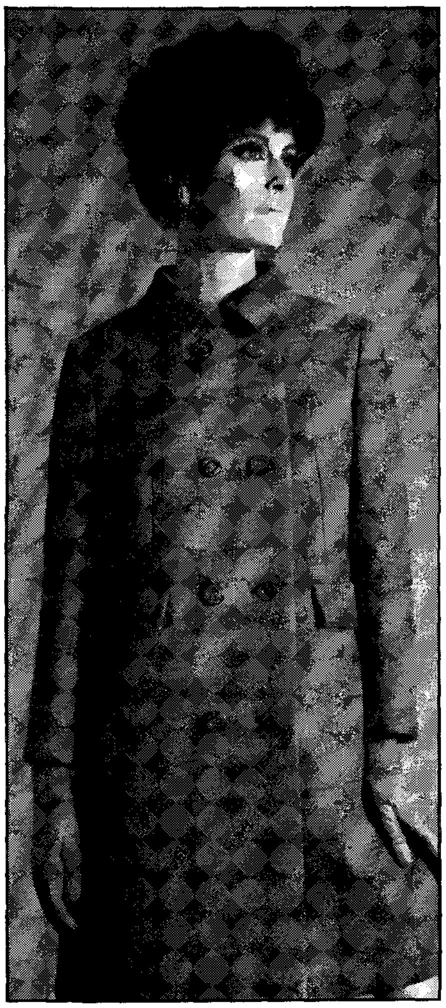

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compile *quintessences* of the abstracts," he went on.

Maretta appeared confused.

"It's like this," Mr. Ginsberg said. "Right now, I'm swamped with abstracts and way behind on quintessences."

Ginsberg said, "*Om.*"

Mrs. Ginsberg stood up and smoothed down the skirt of her bright-blue knitted dress. She was going back to the delicatessen, she said, to pick up food for a party before the reading that night.

Ginsberg stood up, too, looking a little alarmed. "You don't have to make a big deal just for me," he said.

"Oh, it's nothing," Mrs. Ginsberg said. "Just the family and friends. The Cohens, from Bradley Beach. The Gorlins, from Rumson. You can't not feed them when they come all that way."

"Peace. You're right," Ginsberg said. "It'll be groovy." When Mrs. Ginsberg had put her coat on, he walked her to the back door and stood there for a minute looking out at his father's rose garden, which was covered with fresh snow.

Mr. Ginsberg stayed at the table, and began telling Maretta stories about Ginsberg as a boy. "One time, when Allen was in college, a friend told me that Allen had written a poem that was going to be in the Columbia paper," Mr. Ginsberg said. "So I called him up. 'Why didn't you tell me?' I asked him. And you know what Allen said?"

Maretta shook her head.

"He said, 'Louis, I thought you didn't *want* me to write poetry.' "

"I don't remember that story," Ginsberg said, sitting down and pouring himself another cup of coffee. "What *I* remember is that once you introduced me and my brother to some friend and you said, 'Eugene and I, we write poems, but Allen—he's normal.' "

"You think I was being very serious?" Mr. Ginsberg asked, with a big grin.

"You mean you *weren't?*" Ginsberg said.

IN 1945, when Ginsberg was a sophomore at Columbia College, the windows of his room in Hamilton Hall got dirty, and this began to worry him. For days, he says, he woke with a fresh hope that the pious Irish scrubwoman who was assigned to Hamilton would rescue his windows with her sudsy bucket, but every afternoon he came home from classes to find them one shade darker than the afternoon be-

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fore. It apparently never occurred to Ginsberg—who, he says, felt neglected above all other students—to wash his own windows, and he brooded about his unhappy karma until he hit upon a plan to force the maid's hand. He etched a number of rather graphic pictures into the grime on the window panes, captioned them explicitly, and waited. The maid held out, but a few days later Ginsberg was suspended by the dean. "My career at Columbia was like never an ordinary one," Ginsberg has since said. At the time of the suspension, he was studying history to prepare for law school and was getting A's most of the time, and he was also running the Philolexian Society, editing the *Jester*, and enjoying a modest campus reputation as a mad but friendly genius, a man who had been conquered by West Point in the debate "Should Armies and Navies Be Permanently Abandoned?," and one of the most irrepressibly troublesome characters in the school. His troubles with the dean—Dean Nicholas McKnight, who ruled over the undergraduate school and was referred to by Ginsberg and his friends as Woodrow Wilson—had begun earlier that year, with a "disguised" novel about Columbia that was Ginsberg's contribution to a creative-writing course. McKnight found the novel "inappropriate," and, to judge by emergency reports he dispatched regularly to Ginsberg's father in New Jersey, he found Ginsberg inappropriate, too. Ginsberg was not noted on campus for tidiness. (The Dean was clean-shaven and funereally groomed.) He was said to frequent Greenwich Village. His mentors and spiritual advisers were William Burroughs, who lived near Columbia, and one Herbert Huncke, a combination junkie, mystic, jailbird, and underworld diarist whom Burroughs had discovered hustling on Times Square and, as a sideline, counselling Dr. Alfred Kinsey on the sexual skills and predilections of the Square's professional inhabitants. Furthermore, Ginsberg was known to consort with a young writer named Jack Kerouac, whom he had met through friends from the West End Bar, and who was banned from the campus at the time as "an unwholesome influence on the students." (Three years earlier, Kerouac had been at Columbia on a football scholarship, which was withdrawn and replaced by a refectory bill for seven hundred dollars when Kerouac, having broken his tibia, informed Lou Little that he had come to prefer Mark Van Doren's Shakespeare

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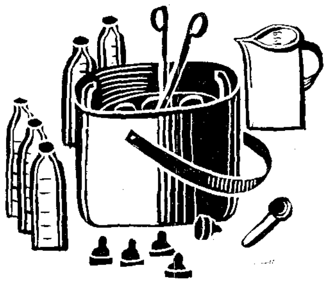
class to getting beaten up playing games, and quit the team. He was discovered sleeping in Ginsberg's room on the morning of Ginsberg's suspension; Ginsberg paid a two-dollar-and-sixty-three-cent "overnight-guest" fine.)

"When the scrubwoman squealed," Ginsberg recalls, "McKnight like summoned me and said—I can still hear the words—'Ginsberg, I hope you realize the enormity of what you have done.' I said 'Oh, I do, sir, I do!' but he had that look in his eyes that meant 'Ginsberg, I've got you this time.' I felt like I was trapped with a bunch of maniacs. You can't imagine what colleges were like in those days. The whole syndrome of shutdown and provincialism extended to the academy. Like at Columbia, Whitman was hardly taught and was considered like a creep. Shelley was a creep, too. John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate were like the supreme literary touchstones. Joyce and Lawrence were the property of funny modernist cats like William York Tindall, who were considered eccentric by the rest of the faculty. My course in the American novel went up to Edith Wharton, for some reason. No Gertrude Stein. It was Wharton and Hemingway. So there was no modern literature—in the sense that it would have been considered scandalous to put Henry Miller in the curriculum, not because he was dirty but because he wasn't even thought of as a writer. Williams was an unknown factor. Like he lived thirteen miles away and was never even invited to read. Pound was taught, but not for his advances or his inventions or his prosody or his understanding of composition. He was taught as a freak-out. The only poet at the school was Van Doren, and even he was writing in a classical style. In economics, they had like Louis Hacker teaching the triumph of capitalism. In history, it was Jacques Barzun, who was just teaching politeness. Anthropology was more or less dead. And the French Department was filled by old, sour-tempered professors whose idea of contemporary French literature was a few reactionary novels written about 1910. And there was a total lack of any sublime teaching. A lack of teachers with praxis for the delicate religious areas that we were approaching *intellectually* in all those seminars on Plotinus and Plato but never really entering. The only exceptions were Van Doren and Raymond Weaver, who had taught in Japan and used Zen koans in his English class. The rest of the academy was mediocre and incompetent. Almost anything of importance was not taught, and by the time I was suspended I was actually going to Burroughs for all my reading lists."



Burroughs, who had taken a Master's degree in anthropology at Harvard in the middle thirties and had since been "just kind of observing things," Ginsberg says, presided over a live-in literary salon of sorts on 115th Street, off Morningside Drive. A girl named Joan Adams, whom Ginsberg and Kerouac had introduced to Burroughs, and whom Burroughs later married, acted as the lady of the house, and Huncke, Kerouac, and another friend, Hal Chaser, were living there when Ginsberg joined the family, a few days after leaving Hamilton Hall. Burroughs immediately took over Ginsberg's education, giving him copies of Mayan codices to study, and drilling him on the works of writers they admired—Kafka, Spengler, Blake, Yeats, Céline, Korzybski, Vico, Rimbaud. Later, Ginsberg began lying down on the living-room couch to free-associate for an hour every day, and Burroughs psychoanalyzed him. (Kerouac's hour came right after Ginsberg's.) To get some money, Ginsberg took an occasional odd job. He mopped floors at Bickford's, worked in a succession of factories, and eventually shipped out as a messman aboard a tanker on a few runs from Bayonne to New Orleans and Galveston and back. He lived at Burroughs' place during the year of his suspension, but at the time he was readmitted to Columbia the household had begun to break up. Huncke was in and out of jail. Burroughs, who had developed a morphine habit, had been arrested for possession and had fled to Texas, where he married Joan Adams, settled down on a little swamp farm in the bayous west of Houston, and began raising fine-grade marijuana. Kerouac went off with Neal Cassady, a parking-lot attendant from Denver, on the drive across the country that he later wrote about in "On the Road." Ginsberg stayed the semester in New York and then, in the summer, with a hundred and forty dollars from a Columbia poetry prize in his pocket, left town to find his friends. He stopped first in

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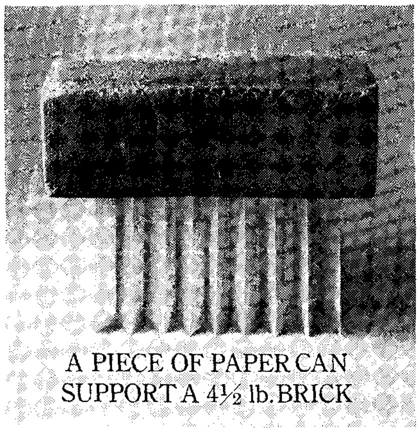
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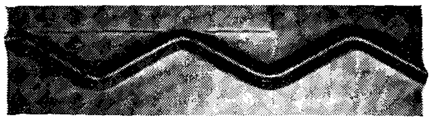

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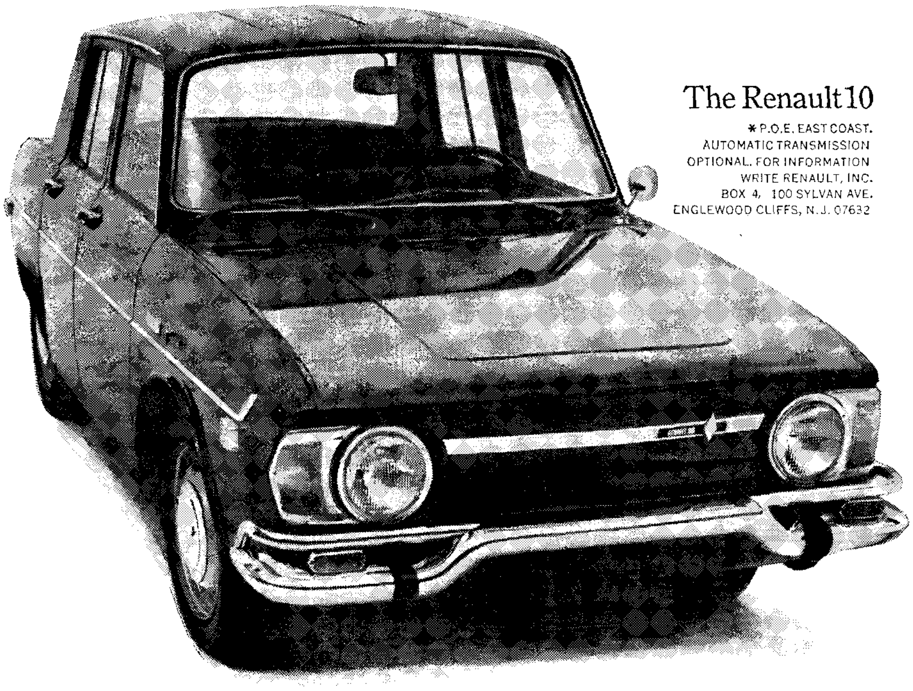
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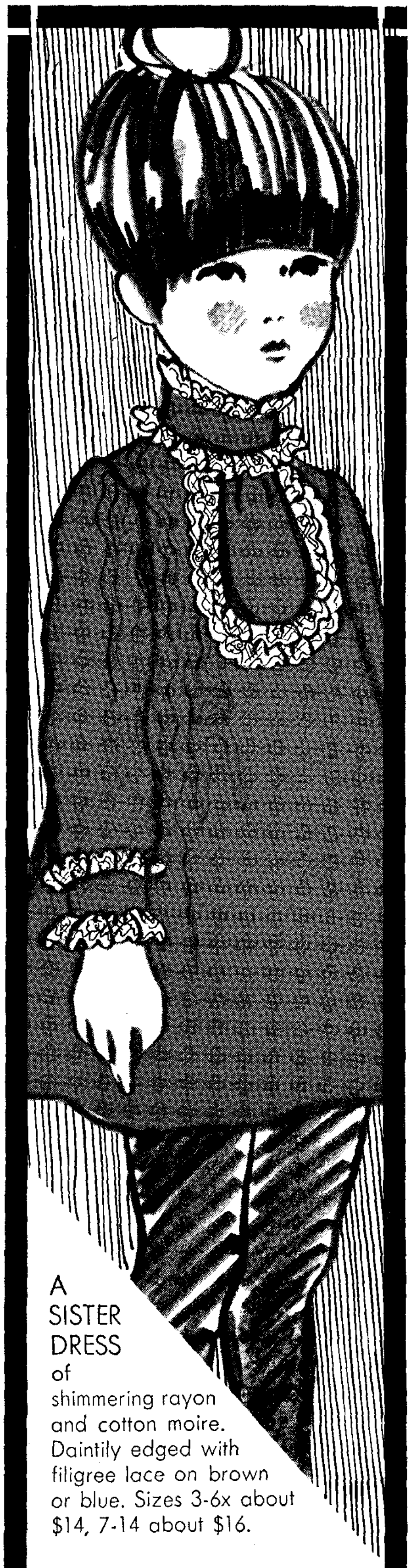

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Texas, at the Burroughses', and from there caught a bus to Denver, where he was going to meet Kerouac and Cassady. Cassady had meanwhile found a girl friend, and the four of them spent what was an awkward month together, according to Ginsberg, before they all hitchhiked out of town. Kerouac headed for New York, the girl started toward California, and Ginsberg dropped Cassady off in Texas, where the Burroughses had just harvested their first crop and were ready to transport it to the East Coast. Cassady, during a prison stretch, had learned to make fence posts, and he was going to mend Burroughs' fences and then drive the couple to New York. Ginsberg, for his part, was to attend to making some money. He agreed to ship out from Galveston and meet them in New York, rich and ready for the fall semester, in a month. The ship turned out to be an old, creaky tanker bound not for Bayonne but for Dakar. Ginsberg, who had been cataloguing his various sufferings in a long cycle of poems called "Doldrums," consoled himself on shipboard by adding a set of "Dakar Doldrums" to the others, at the rate of one heroic stanza a day. Then, in Dakar, he consulted a friendly witch doctor, who had been recommended by a shipmate, and who generously arranged a magic cure for "soul ache" at his ceremonial hut, in a bamboo encampment on the edge of town. Ginsberg, feeling more cheerful, caught the same tanker home.

Ginsberg's friends had scattered again when he finally arrived in New York, late in the summer; Cassady had left for California to marry his girl friend, Kerouac had moved in with his mother on Long Island, and Burroughs, who was in trouble again, had decided to settle down in Mexico. Ginsberg went back to school, where he wrote another "Doldrums" and spent the rest of his time rereading Dostoevski. "I wanted to live in a big tragedy-comedy Dostoevskian universe," he says. "That was my ideal. A universe where the characters would all rush up and *confront* each other. A universe where everybody was involved in seeking God, and all the heroes were holy idiots. Everybody *else* at Columbia was like very practical and going to business school." Ginsberg says that he spent the next two years "solitary and complaining." When he was a senior, Columbia turned down applications he put in for a graduate fellowship and a teaching job. "I was respected at Columbia as a wild poet who smoked pot and had

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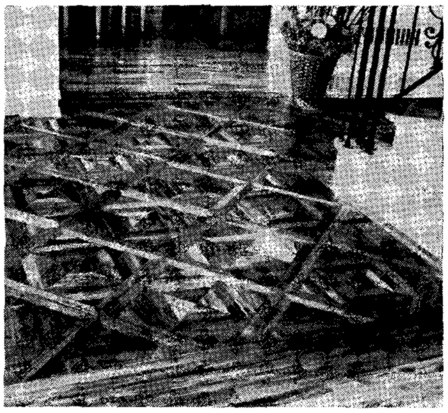

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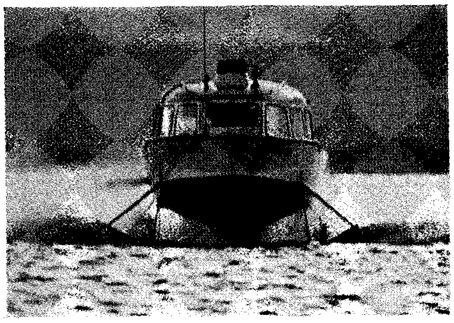

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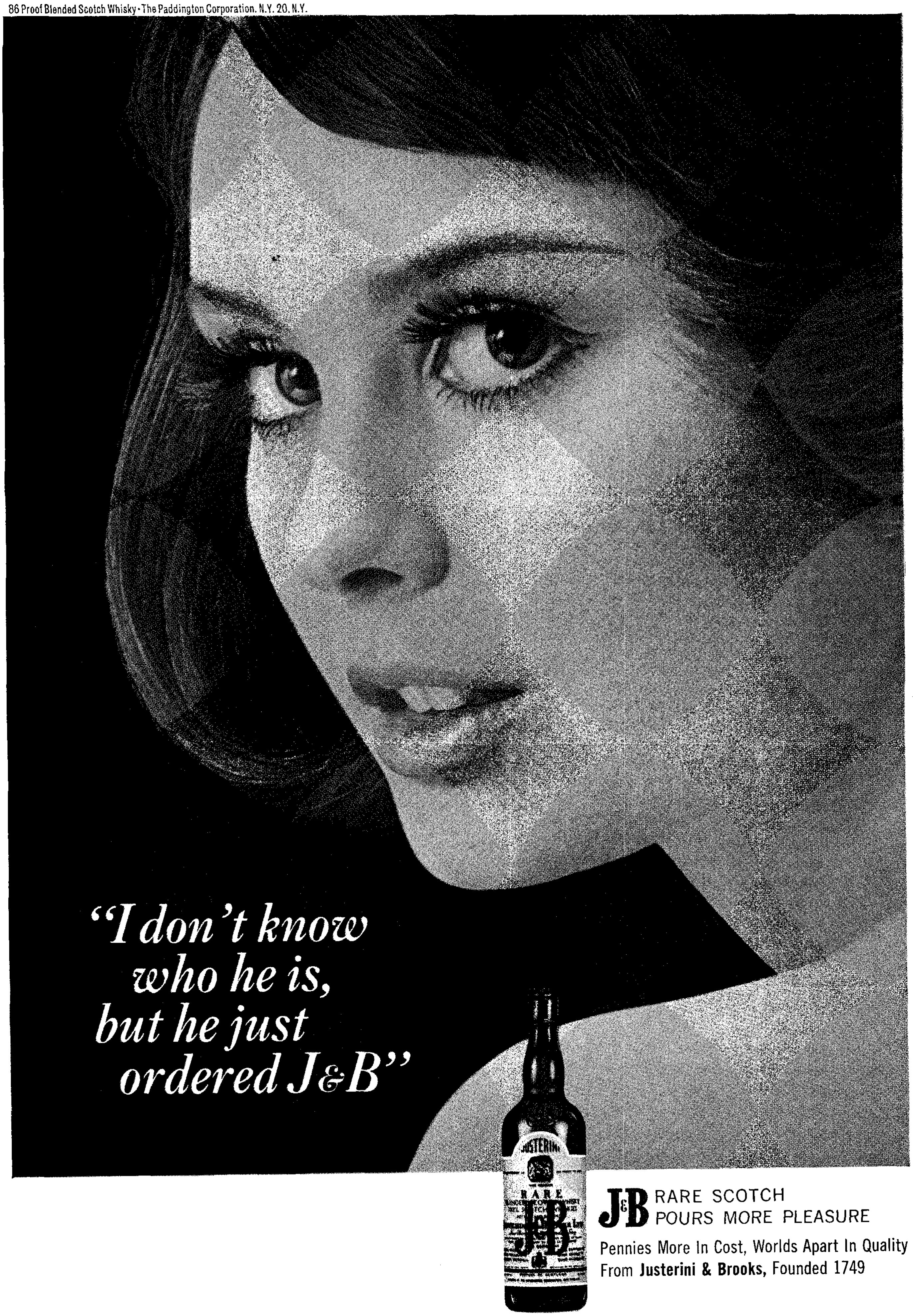
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gotten kicked out of school under extremely glamorous circumstances, but as far as giving me a job—nobody wanted that kind of responsibility," Ginsberg says. The Columbia Broadcasting System, to which he applied next, with the idea of starting out, like Shakespeare, as a stagehand, told him that the sweepers' union had closed its books. *Life* asked him too many questions, and all the advertising agencies he tried said that he was not exactly what they had in mind. "I began to get very up-tight," Ginsberg says now, "because the tradition was you were supposed to leave Columbia and get a job for seventy dollars a week on a newspaper or in the State Department—something *important*, like that—and here I was washing dishes at Bickford's again and having visions." As it happened, Huncke emerged from jail during Ginsberg's last year at college and reappeared in Times Square, where he supported his habit by stealing overcoats and an occasional suitcase from the Pokerino Palace. Huncke had introduced the word "beat" to Ginsberg, Kerouac, and Burroughs, using it, in the leisurely, philosophical moments he enjoyed between arrests, to mean exhausted, defeated, and therefore open and unjudging and, in a sense, blessed. Ginsberg was particularly attached to him. He says that Huncke, who was known to the police at the time as Creep, was the only "truly sophisticated" person left in New York. He moved Huncke into a Harlem apartment he was then subletting from a theology-student friend, and spent the summer of 1948 thinking out his troubles while Huncke advised, and, whenever Ginsberg went out, methodically stripped down part of the apartment. Huncke started with a rare-book collection, stealing it discreetly, a few volumes at a time. He moved on to the record collection, then to the clothing, and, finally, to the plates and silverware. After about a month, Ginsberg noticed that the apartment was getting empty. Huncke departed quickly, and Ginsberg began looking for a more adequately furnished place to live. In the meantime, he had found a job at the Associated Press (his classwork was over), which consisted of tearing sheets off teletype machines and delivering them to the proper desks, and which inspired him to abandon "Doldrums" for long, Blakean poems about the moral complexities of work. ("If money made the mind more sane/ Or money mellowed in the bowel/ The hunger beyond hunger's pain,/ Or money choked the

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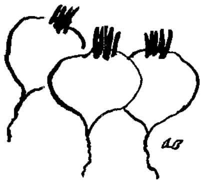
mortal growl/ And made the groaner grin again,/ Or did the laughing lamb embolden/ To loll where has the lion lain,/ I'd go make money and be golden.") He liked his new apartment, which was on York Avenue and had a huge *National Geographic* projection of the globe on one wall of the living room, and he settled down there to type the final draft of his thesis, on what he has since called "the absolute inside, inner, beyond-language meanings of mythology." He finished Columbia at the end of 1948, under somewhat unusual circumstances.



"Huncke got out of jail again," Ginsberg recalls. "I had told him like 'Never darken my door again,' but that kind of thing wasn't part of Huncke's vocabulary, so he found out where I was living and just kind of arrived. It was snowing outside, and his shoes were so bad that his feet were bleeding. He'd been up wandering for four days—the cops had chased him off Times Square—and he was in a funny, almost suicidal state, in a very high state of awareness of things around him, very neurasthenically sensitive, and at the same time in a kind of total, somnolent depression. He didn't know where else to go, and I couldn't put him out again, so he got on the couch and stayed there, sleeping, for about three weeks. Then, one day, he finally went out, to my relief, and came back with some money. He'd robbed a car. I was overjoyed. He'd come back to life. Like he was back operating again, which meant that he wasn't going to die. It was really a very funny, paradoxical situation, because at the time there was all this talk at Columbia about what is right, what is wrong, what's ethics, what's morality, what's social good, what's social bad, what's utilitarianism, what's justifiable, what's unjustifiable—all of it from people who were fighting and scrambling to get ahead and making atom bombs. So I began to notice that Huncke was like a victim of a monstrosity of laws and attitudes. He was a twenty-year addict, and in any decent system he would have been pensioned off and supplied with drugs—and how was I in a position to judge whether he was right or wrong in stealing or if he was right or wrong in being an addict? It was beyond that at this point. So, with Huncke around, I found my social views altering increasingly through experience. And I began to get that alienated view of the actual structure of society which everybody then thought was disgraceful, but now they call it 'élite alienation,' and things like that. Well, Huncke became more and more active, and more and more prosperous. I didn't quite disapprove. I didn't quite approve. I just sort of asked him about it from time to time. I was busy with my own work, writing poems and psalms. Glad that Huncke was alive. But then he began bringing people over to the house. First, there was this chick I already knew, who had first turned Kerouac and me on to Benzedrine inhalers. A tall, red-headed chick. She had been mainly a whore, actually, with very expensive johns, who would pay her a hundred dollars a shot. And she was a very lively chick, who took a lot of pot. Really a remarkable, beautiful, goodhearted, tender girl. I had a special regard for her from years before, because she had really put herself out to straighten me out and here she was like a big, expensive whore. It had seemed like an extraordinary gesture. So I wasn't in any position to kick her out of the house now. She came with her boy friend, a guy named Little Jack, who was a sort of subdivision cousin of the Mafia. He was an interesting guy—like he had this Italian background and a big, happy Italian family out on Long Island—and he was in love with the girl. They were going to have a child. So it was like a whole 'Beggar's Opera' scene at my house. The three of them were going out on burglary expeditions together, and bringing back all the loot. They even robbed a detective's house in Harlem. I remonstrated in vain. There wasn't really much I could do, and, anyway, every time I'd put Huncke down he'd say, 'What do you want me to do? What am I *supposed* to do?' So meanwhile my house was filling up with chests of silver, silver sets, all sorts of dreck like radios, phonograph machines. It was getting crowded, actually. I didn't know what to do, and I began thinking: I've got to kick them out or I've got to leave myself. Well, it was too difficult to kick *them* out, and I really wanted to get away anyway, so I made plans to go down to Mexico and visit Burroughs. I saved up a little money, and packed all my stuff in one big set of cardboard boxes. Manuscripts. Letters from Burroughs. Letters from Kerouac. Letters from Cassady. Everything. Little Jack had a car, and the plan was that we were going to drive out to Long Island, where Jack would drop off some of his things at his mother's. Then

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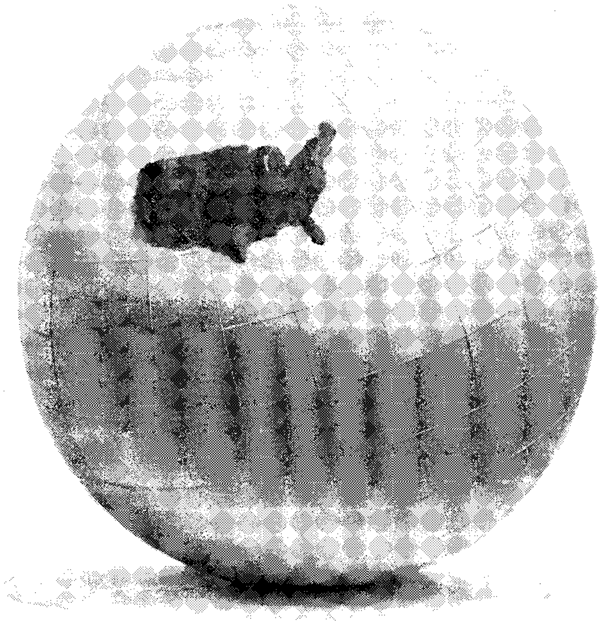

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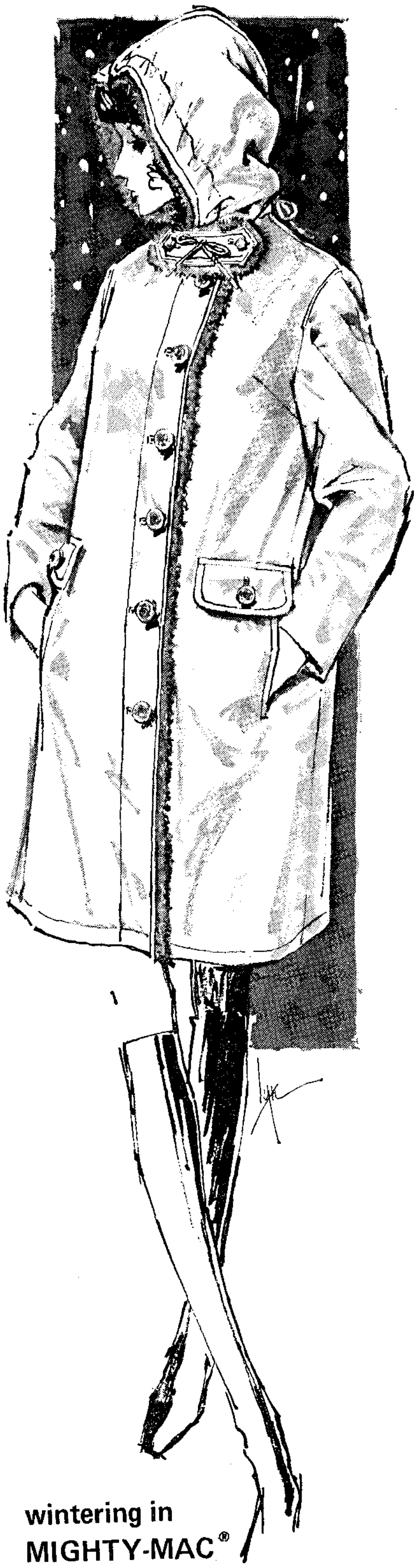

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we'd take all my uptown stuff to store with my brother, who was at law school at N.Y.U. So we piled everything in the car—Little Jack, me, and the girl; Huncke stayed home—and started out toward Long Island, and then, on Utopia Parkway, Little Jack took the wrong turn down a one-way street, at the end of which was a police car. Now, it so happened that the car we were in was a stolen car. And, in addition to having my papers in it, it had Little Jack's things, which were like a great pile of stolen suits and clothes from the detective's house. So Little Jack, being like a slightly flipped-out Mafia gangster, immediately panicked. And like put his foot down on the gas and, instead of just stopping and getting a ticket, tried to outrun the police car. And in the process almost ran over one of the policemen, who were out on the street by now, trying to wave him down. So the police thought Little Jack was trying to hit them, and *they* immediately panicked, too, and got in *their* car and began chasing us. The next thing I knew, there I was in a car speeding down Utopia Parkway at ninety miles per hour, chased by the police with drawn guns. With Little Jack getting more and more frantic, driving faster and faster, and then suddenly swerving the car around, trying to get into a side street, and smashing into a telephone pole. Turning the car over and over and over. And with me having the very distinct sensation, slightly mystical, that all my mistakes of the past year—my moral indecisions and my slight acquisitive interest in some of the loot that was coming into the house—had led in a chain to this one retribution moment, where now I was going to have to pay for it. And facing it. Singing as we rolled over in the car, 'Lord God of Israel, Isaac, and Abraham,' from the 'Messiah,' like evoking the Hebraic father-figure authority divinity to come and get me, which was a very weird thing. When everything settled down, finally, the car was upside down. My manuscript and all those letters—love letters, incriminating letters about pot from Texas—were swimming around all over the place. And I couldn't find my glasses. I started searching for them, and then I realized that if I didn't beat it I was going to get caught. And I didn't want to get caught yet. Like I might have been able to get out of it then and there—it wasn't my car and it wasn't my stealing—but my house was full of stolen objects, and the address was in the car all over everything. So—quick thinking—I said, 'I'd better

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get home immediately. Clean out the house. Phone Huncke.' We had all escaped from the car, actually—the police had overshot the side street and were on their way back—and so we ran off in different directions. The girl got to a friend's house—I don't know how. Little Jack was captured on the Parkway and beaten up by the police—black-and-blue. I just sort of wandered off without my eyeglasses down the side street and into a candy store and said, 'How do you get to New York?' They said, 'Are you in a car, or what?' So I said, 'I'm a naturalist. And I'm taking a walk with nature.' I only had seven cents in my pocket, and I bummed I think twelve cents more and was able to phone and get a message through to Huncke. And then, somehow or other, I got back to New York—hitchhiking and then the subway, when I had bummed another ten cents—and I walked into the apartment and there was Huncke, looking miserable, like just sort of slowly sweeping the floor. I said, 'What are you doing, Herbert? The police will be here any minute,' but he just said, 'Oh, it's hopeless now. I've been through this so many times. There's nothing you can do.' 'Huncke, for the love of God!' I said, and then bang-bang-bang on the door and like six big policeman charge in, and some detectives. 'Does Allen Ginsberg live here?' So the next day the New York *Daily News* had a big front-page picture of me and Huncke and the girl coming out of a police car, and the whole situation was transformed from the hermetic, cosmic, nebulous Dostoevskian thing that it was, with like *real* people involved, into this total stereotype of a giant robbery operation—six-foot, marijuana-smoking redhead, three-time-loser pariah criminals, boy-wonder mastermind. Yeah, I was advertised as the brilliant student genius who was like plotting out big criminal scenes. Another newspaper had it that I was addicted to drugs and this gang kept me supplied and forced me to mastermind robberies. It was all a bunch of awful misinterpretations. By this time, my father had come in from New Jersey, weeping, and, of course, everybody around Columbia was aghast. Like 'You've made scandals before, Ginsberg, but *this!* And, on top of everything, a Columbia student right on the front page of the *Daily News!*' It was really an archetypal scandal. Van Doren felt bad, but like he couldn't really understand it. 'What were you doing with those people?' he said. 'What were you doing with sim-

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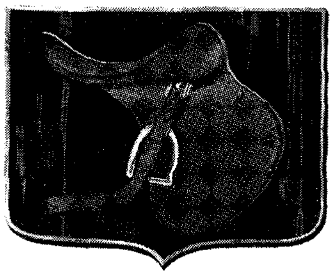

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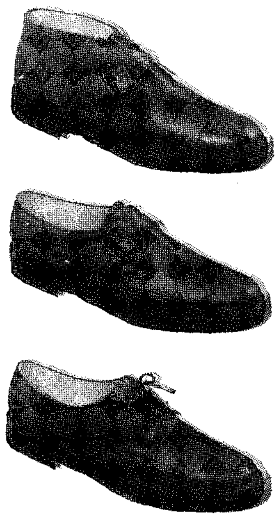

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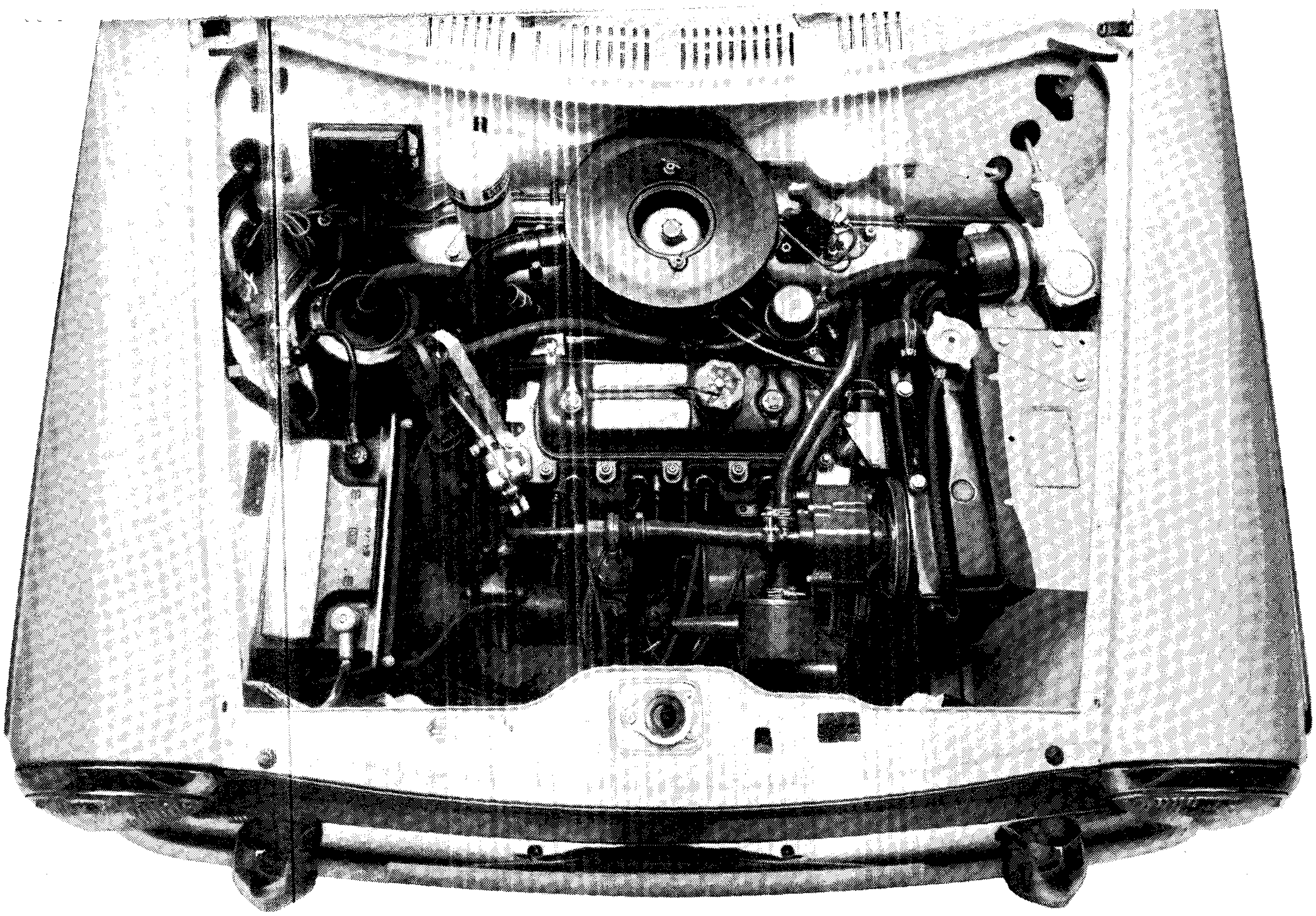
ple, common criminals?' And he gave me like a big lecture. He said, 'A lot of us around here have been thinking maybe you'd better hear the clank of iron, Ginsberg. You don't seem to realize what you're doing. If you want my help, you've got to promise never to break the law again.' Which I suppose was very kind of sensible—like work within the society, within the normal structure of society. He posed the problem really very clearly, but at the same time he didn't have the right answer, because I was like saying that if you really felt that people like Huncke were saintly in some way or other then you should be prepared to suffer for them and go to jail, or *something*. One professor who was really swinging on this, though, was Meyer Shapiro. He just said, 'Oh, yeah, so you've been busted.' Like he had a completely humane attitude and understood the vicissitudes of poetic life. Lionel Trilling was *horrified* but friendly, helpful, and he took me up to see Professor Herbert Wechsler, at the Law School, to get some advice. The thing Wechsler said was that what I had to do was put myself into a bughouse. Plead insanity and go to a bughouse and get out of all this. So my father got me a lawyer who was an old friend of the family and who was like a real middle-class cat. And it was again like an archetype situation where a kid gets busted and a lot of middle-class values are offended and the whole family gets excited and says, 'Why does it have to be *our* son? Why does he *do* these things?' And where the lawyer is paternal and helpful but is like saying, 'Abandon everybody. Abandon these terrible people.' And where the youthful offender, like me, becomes very confused and unsure of himself and doesn't know what he's doing and feels like he must have made some terrific cosmic *error*. And so I was thinking all this time: What am I doing? What am I going through, having visions and ending up in jail? What *is* reality? Is it my visions or Huncke's void, or what's actually going on? Why can't I be like everybody else? I saw righteousness and sensitivity being persecuted in every direction. And I was feeling guilty and ashamed because I didn't even go to court, or *anything*, like the others did, and because they were going to have to go to jail, whereas the charges against me were dropped and all I had to do was tell some psychiatrist that I heard voices and had visions and *I* got to go to the Columbia Psychiatric Institute. Everything changed the minute I got to the bughouse. I was sitting in the reception room with my valises, waiting to be shown a bed, and like all of a sudden I began feeling very rueful and mad at Huncke, because he was always getting me into scrapes and he should have known better and protected me. He shouldn't have put me in this kind of terrible situation. *He* didn't mind going to jail, but he didn't have to continue the operation to the point where it actually involved *me*. *I* didn't want to be locked up in a bughouse for months and maybe years! So I was like sitting there and brooding. About how Huncke was doing bad things like robbing people's cars, inconveniencing people terribly. And about the cruelty of the law, and the ignorance involved. And about the excessive cruelty of the mass-media people, who were like vultures and harpies. And about the cruelty of the family apparatus and the cruelty of the criminal apparatus and my *own* cruelty, making everybody unhappy. And about the cruelty of the police who had like confiscated my Bhagavad Gita back at my house, saying, 'We don't allow anything but religious books in the can,' and about how I kept explaining about the Bhagavad Gita all the way down to the station. Like it was my main preoccupation. So I was brooding, when all of a sudden this guy Carl Solomon, the one I wrote 'Howl' to—Carl comes up out of the depths of the hospital from a shock streak and waddles over to me. He's in this giant bathrobe, looking very fat—because of I think insulin and metrosol. And he looks at me and says, 'Who are *you*?' So I say, 'I'm Myshkin.' 'I'm Kirilov,' he says."

"HEY, *I* want to give this lecture," Ginsberg warned a red, bawling baby girl in a leather basket on her mother's hip. It was the afternoon of Ginsberg's fourth day at Berkeley, and he was sitting cross-legged on top of a big oak desk in Room 123 of Wheeler Hall, conducting a seminar. On a blackboard behind him were thick chains



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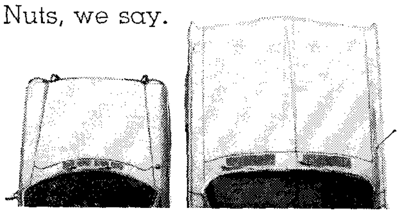

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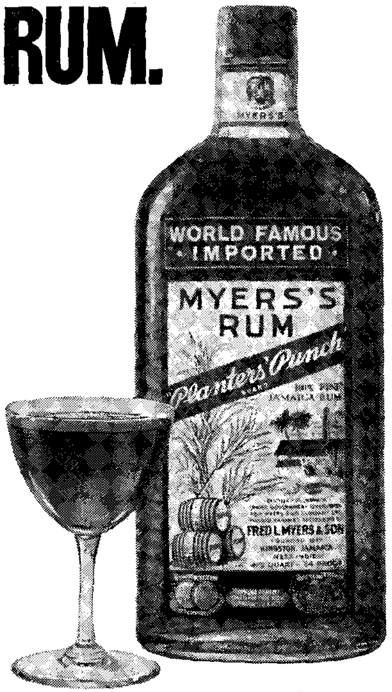

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of mysterious equations left over from an advanced-mathematics class that morning. In front of him, in writing-slab school chairs and all over the floor and on every available inch of radiator cover and windowsill, were Berkeley undergraduates—about a hundred of them, all taking notes. The staid, regulation-tan classroom was lit with Paisley shirts, Indian ponchos, and bright, short skirts. The boys had floppy manes of hair, and one girl, in a red burlap tunic, was meditating on a spray of flowers. The baby continued to cry.

"Maybe I sound scary, or something," Ginsberg said. "I woke up grumpy this morning. My old friend Orlovsky had cut off two feet of his hair and taken off for New York. My first response was anger. Like I thought he was on some kick and that *that* was the reason for his behavior. Then, when it was too late, I realized that I had had an opportunity to find out what was really the matter but instead I had run around slamming windows and shouting, 'What the hell is going on?' My awareness was turned off. I was acting on inadequate data, on a big ego thing." Ginsberg thought for a moment. "That's what governments do. Like that's the whole trouble with China."

"What does this say in terms of your search for the divinity within, sir?" a small voice from somewhere on the floor asked Ginsberg.

Ginsberg followed the sound until he came to a boy who was stretched out on a striped poncho. "*I* say stop being so sentimental," Ginsberg said.

The boy sat up. "Of course, divinity has non-divinity as its correlate," he began again.

"I guess you could say that," Ginsberg said, smiling.

"What I *mean* is you look for divinity within and find divinity without. How's that?" the boy said. He looked hopeful.

"You know how Ramakrishna once described what divinity—no, it was bliss—felt like?" Ginsberg said. "Like the tongues of angels licking honey off him."

A number of the undergraduates murmured, "Beautiful."

"That, of course, would be divinity, or bliss, experienced in the first chakra, which is a specific devotional body center," Ginsberg continued quickly. "The Mahayana Buddhists have seven of them. The second one is about—let's see—roughly two inches below the belly button." Ginsberg located his navel and measured down. "And the third is around your solar plexus. That's

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where power comes from. The fourth is the heart chakra, used for purposes of adoration. Then there's the mouth, which is intellect, thought, reason. And the *sixth* chakra, which is like a really wild, groovy one, is the third-eye chakra." Ginsberg pointed to his forehead. "It's the seat of dreams and archetypes. Also the imagination, fantasy, inner-space travel. And the last one is the top-of-the-head chakra, which is like *real* bliss, because it's where the soul escapes at death." Ginsberg stopped and scratched the top of his own head. "Now, what was the question?"

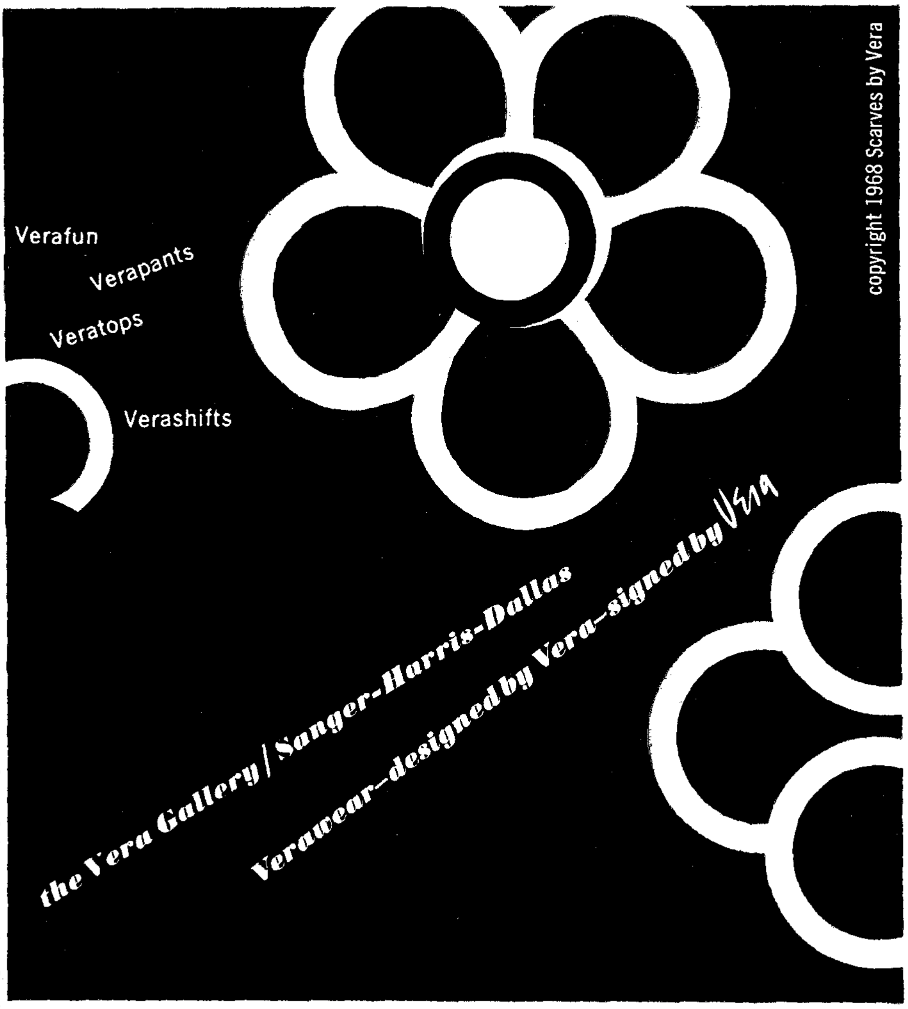
"I forgot," the boy on the poncho said.

"What's with this Swami Bhaktivedanta you've been hanging around with, Allen?" a boy with bells in the pockets of his jeans called out from the back of the room, where he was relaxing with his head on the stomach of a young lady from the Philosophy Department.

"I just dig his mantra, that's all," Ginsberg said. "'*Hare Krishna*' happens to be a particular mantra I groove with. Like you can use it as a vehicle for any passion that you feel. Bhakti yoga is what you call it, and Krishna's like whatever you know. You can call it Krishna or glug, but if you say it a million times, it'll make the universe tremble. There's one mantra for destroying a god. You have to say *that* one ten million times."

"Explain Krishna *exactly*," a girl who was lying on her back with her eyes closed said to him. She was wearing paint-splattered blue jeans and an artist's smock with a big "Orgy Organizer" button pinned to it, and she had long red hair, which was spread out behind her on the floor. Several of the boys in the class were staring at her.

"Krishna's like a friend-lover-helper-LSD-super-visionary-prince," Ginsberg said. "There are others you can sing to. Like Vishnu, the preserver, who comes back whenever a bomb or a flood is about to take over, and who's usually shown as a fish or a turtle or a lion, and in one really groovy, interesting picture as a sexy human body with a big, ugly boar's head. And there's Rama, who is like a godly nineteenth-century Krishna incarnation and is a kind of Prince Hal sort of guy, only *more* princely, more responsible. I just happen to like Krishna best—I guess because he's a lover. He has a blue body, and he was a cowboy. Like when he was a kid he had a cow to take care of. Later, he had Rada, his girl friend. So you can think of him as either a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pure, divine lover or a sex lover." Ginsberg chuckled. "I wouldn't exactly say that Bhaktivedanta thinks of Krishna as a big blue sexy cowboy. Sex is not his yoga."

The boy on the poncho waved his hand. "You throw out all this yoga, but before, when I asked, you were saying that you were down on looking within."

"It was in that particular context," Ginsberg said. "I found it not very meaningful, so I bridled." Ginsberg stopped to wave goodbye to the bawling baby, who had been fastened into her basket and was in the process of being hurried out of the room. He told her that her chance "to be a big Berkeley professor like me and make a lot of noise" would come in time. Three boys climbed in through an open window, momentarily dislodging some windowsill sitters, and crawled toward the abandoned floor space. Ginsberg asked them if there were any more students listening from the lawn, and when they nodded, he ordered all the other windows opened.

"I'm sick of talking about chanting," Ginsberg said after everyone had settled down. "I talked about chanting *yesterday*."

"Talk about Dylan Thomas," a boy in chinos and a sports coat said. "Did you ever meet him?"

"Yeah, once, by accident," Ginsberg said, and he went on, "I like 'Fern Hill'—it's something like 'Intimations of Immortality'—but on the whole I don't really dig Thomas. He's too romantic. With his kind of gift, the way to groove was to begin with bricks and build a starry tower, but Thomas *began* in a starry tower. I guess I think that he and Hart Crane were killed by their own intentions. They tried to recreate the unconscious through rational, conscious means, so maybe they had to drink to get at it. They didn't follow what Stein said—that like the mind is goofy enough itself if you only listen to it. They were too influenced by people like Keats and Yeats and Bridges"—the class groaned—"and Hopkins, whereas poets like me are based on Stein and Pound and Whitman and Williams."

"I still think Crane's a groove," the boy in chinos said.

"And I say if Crane had had a chance to goof around in the Haight-Ashbury he never would have died," Ginsberg said.

"Naw, Crane couldn't have *ever* lived," the boy said.

"But he *could* have lived," Ginsberg

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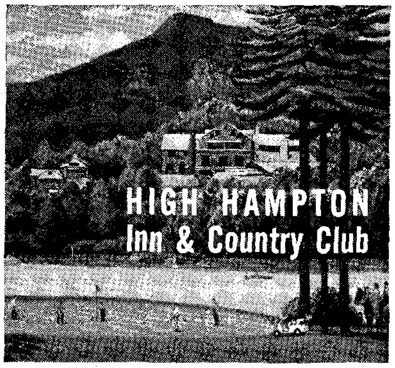

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said. "If he'd had enough boyfriends or girlfriends, or whatever it was he liked. And if somebody had turned him on, to get him off lush. Instead, he had this heavy literary environment on his back."

"What about Bob Dylan? How does he create?" the girl with the flowers asked, patting a silvery, stickumed third eye securely into place in the middle of her forehead.

"Just by goofing around at the typewriter with a piece of paper," Ginsberg replied, sounding enthusiastic.

"He's a great poet," the girl said.

"Everybody thinks so except for a few prissy, jealous second-rate poets," Ginsberg agreed. "I don't know one *real* poet who doesn't think he's a genius. He's like Brecht, or Rimbaud. At his worst, every fourth line of Dylan's is a line of genius, and that's better than most. Dylan returned poetry to where it was in Elizabethan times. To song. To Campion and Waller." Ginsberg looked around. "Does anybody know Pound's 'ABC of Reading'?" he asked.

The students shook their heads.

"What's the matter—don't they teach Pound at this place?" Ginsberg asked.

The students shook their heads again.

Ginsberg shrugged. "Well," he said, "Pound points out that measurement of line in poetry started with the Greek choruses, singing and dancing across the stage. It had something *real* attached to it." Ginsberg jumped down and began dancing around his desk, singing the beginning of "Oedipus Rex" and stamping his left foot on every downbeat. "You see," he said, after a few turns. "Like *that*."

The class applauded.

"Take the music away and how do you measure?" Ginsberg went on. "How do you even *pronounce*? The line begins to be da *da* da *da* da *da*, and soon the emotions begin to be da *da* da *da* da *da*." Ginsberg stopped to catch his breath. "Maybe there's some sixteen-year-old kid in a place like Wichita right now who's not just writing but singing and dancing his poetry," he said. "That's what *I'd* like to see—the first poetry reading where a naked sixteen-year-old kid from Wichita comes on singing and dancing poetry."

Ginsberg climbed back onto the desk, and then asked the class if anybody had a cigarette. The girl who was lying on her back reached into a huge, thonged shoulder bag on the floor beside her and tossed a pack of Gauloises

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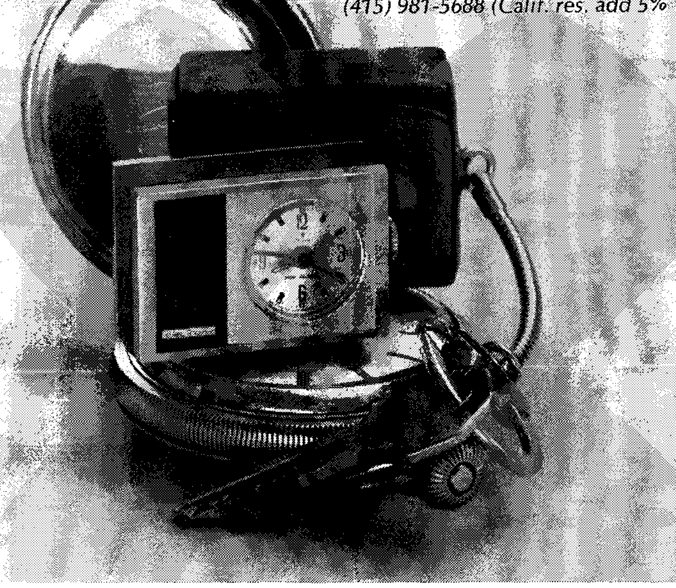

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up to Ginsberg. He said "*Om*," took two, and tossed the pack back. The girl opened her eyes and smiled.

"Hasn't *anybody* here read Pound?" Ginsberg said. "You're *sure*? That's really amazing. There ought to be enough scholars around here who'd be willing to look up all the references."

"But that's bad, man—like you have to go to the library to look up references," a young man in a First World War British infantry officer's jacket said.

"But the things that Pound turns you on to are *groovy*," Ginsberg said. "Like Pound on gold. You know that Pound went to the bughouse after he discovered that if you had gold you could use it for credit at a rate of sixteen to one. Just the gold people could do that. Not the silver people or the poetry people or the tree people." Ginsberg looked around hopefully. "Pound can put you on to a lot of fascinating gossip like that," he said. "He was like a big influence on me. Williams, too. Before I met Williams, I was all hung up on cats like Wyatt, Surrey, and Donne. I would read them and then copy down what I thought poetry like theirs would be. Then I sent some of those poems to Williams, and he thought that they were terrible. Like they showed some promise, but they were phony, unnatural. He told me, 'Listen to the rhythm of your own voice. Proceed intuitively by ear.' *His* praxis was listening for all the funny things going on around him—like the Italian workmen in Paterson saying 'I'll kick yuh eye' to each other. In a way, he was like Cézanne, who was like a big tea-head, running around observing the optical phenomena and then trying to re-create them. Anyway, the next things I sent Williams were some observations jotted down in a bus, and when he saw *them* he said 'Yeah, that's where it's at!' or the equivalent. He started me carrying around a notebook, writing down whatever I heard and saw."

"Like in that poem you read the other night, where you threw in all those place names and headlines and comics?" a boy who was hanging on to a sash cord of one of the windows called to Ginsberg.

"Well, *there* it was a little confusing," Ginsberg said. "Like I didn't know what I was doing, so I just had to depend on whatever data was coming in."

"Were you high?" the boy asked him.

"Oh, maybe occasionally, on pot," Ginsberg said.

"Poems like that—do you think they'll survive?" the boy asked, sliding onto the windowsill.

Ginsberg unfolded himself into a sort of semi-squat and yanked at the knot of his flowered tie. "That's a problem," he said, finally. "There are some pretty things in them. I don't know. Maybe they'll be valuable as like big, important historical documents. Maybe somebody'll put them in a time capsule and some American-history student in the year 3000 will dig them up and say, 'Look, guys, there was this weird place, Nebraska, where people needed radios and newspapers to tune in on what was happening. And there was this cat named Rex Morgan who turned up every Sunday in four colors to complain about some kind of pill everybody was taking called LSD.'" Ginsberg shrugged. "I'm just a transitional character. Like I'm not back to music, like Dylan or that Wichita poet who'll be around for your generation."

"Donovan's making the poetry-music scene now, better than Dylan, even," the boy with the bells in his pockets called out. He rolled off his friend's stomach and stood up, so that Ginsberg could get a look at him.

"I dig Donovan," Ginsberg said.

"What about Stockhausen and Cage?" the girl on her back said. "Do you relate to *them*? I really relate to them."

"I could," Ginsberg replied. "I guess it's a little hard at first. It's like people getting used to Indian music. I like Stockhausen, though. I worked in a Happening with him once, and he was very human."

"I find it easier to lose myself in Bach than in Stockhausen," the girl who was meditating on the flowers announced, with a small shiver of pleasure.

"I sometimes think that if people listened to one little piece by Bach as often in a month as they listen to 'Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands,' they'd maybe find they were connecting with Bach, too," Ginsberg said.

"Yeah, but with classical music you just sit there," the boy from the First World War broke in. "With rock and roll, you get to move around."

"That's what I like about rock and roll," Ginsberg said. "It's like the

Afro-Cuban music. It has a physical impact on the body. There's a Yoruba dance to Chango—he's a Sivalike god, also very groovy—that's like a kind of two-step rustle, and it's got some of the same feeling as a lot of what's been coming out of Liverpool." Ginsberg rocked back and forth on the oak desk, his hands planted on his knees, humming a cheerful "Kyrie."

The meditative young lady looked up very slowly from her flowers. "I'm afraid that with rock and roll my energy diffuses and will not return to its original source," she said, with a wistful smile. "It's like that for me with all ethnic music. My vital energy is affected."

"Maybe that's because ethnic music—like rock and roll is really just *urban* ethnic music—appeals to the lower chakra. *Physically* lower, that is," Ginsberg suggested. "Maybe a refined rock and roll could move up the body and open the heart chakra. Sometimes Dylan does that. Try listening to *him*."

"Artaud thought that music could actually have a psychochemical effect on you," a boy in a blue knit beanie with a big pompon on it told the girl.

Ginsberg looked surprised. He asked the boy in the beanie how he happened to know about Artaud.

The boy said that he had read all about Artaud in an old Ginsberg interview in the *Paris Review*. "Do you groove with Kenneth Burke, Allen?" he asked. "He knows a lot about music, too."

Ginsberg shook his head.

The boy in the beanie said, "Gee, as far as I'm concerned, Burke's the greatest mind since Aristotle."

"I never dug Aristotle," Ginsberg remarked.

The boy in the beanie said that he was writing an English paper on hippie talk, based on Burke's theory of language as symbolic action.

"You, too?" a girl in the row behind him said, leaning forward to look at him. "I'm doing hippie talk for my anthropology thesis."

"You'll have to include other kinds of hippie communication, then," Ginsberg told her. "Like their family-sex communication arising through orgy."

"They call that *family*?" the girl asked.

"Why not?" Ginsberg said, laughing.

"Then that's *their* bag," the girl said.

"'Bag' is so pejorative," Ginsberg said. "Like 'beatnik.'"

The boy in the beanie raised his

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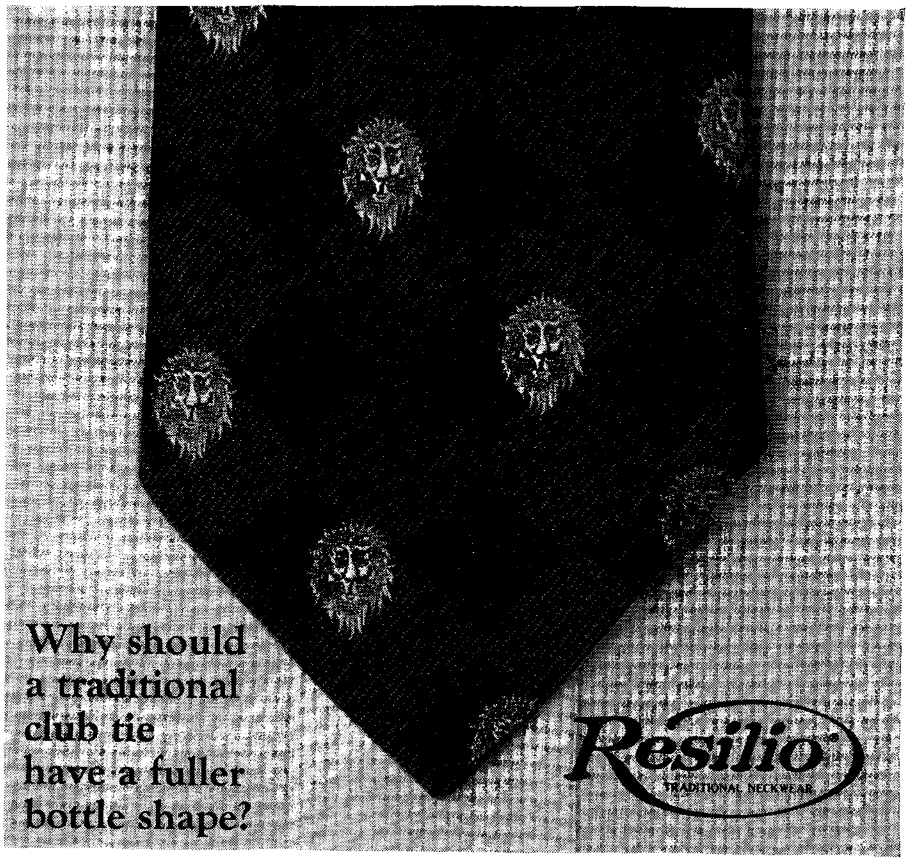
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hand. "But didn't the word 'beatnik' consolidate you, like bring you all together?" he asked, and, brightening, he added, "Didn't it work as a kind of symbolic action?"

"Hell, no," Ginsberg said. "It created a whole lot of semantic problems and got everybody upset."

"That's always the problem with language," the young lady with the flowers concurred.

"No, it's the problem of the society," a boy on one of the radiator covers cut in.

"It's actually more the problem of the way society constructs its hierarchies of values," the boy in the beanie said.

Ginsberg threw up his hands. "That's the kind of thing I never dug about Burke," he said. "Like what does that *mean*?"

The boy in the beanie shook his head.

"Well, I guess by now negative understanding of anybody's problems is irrelevant anyway," Ginsberg said. "The question is: What do we *do*? The question's political."

"But how can you have a political Buddha?" the boy on the radiator asked.

"You know the Bodhisattva vow?" Ginsberg asked him. "A Bodhisattva is someone capable of entering nirvana but—"

"—who vows to save all sentient beings," the boy said. " 'Sentient beings are numberless, I vow to save them all. The gates of the dharma are endless, I vow to enter them all. Passions are numberless, I vow to extinguish them all.' " He looked at Ginsberg, who was smiling. "Did I get it right?"

Ginsberg nodded.

"So where are *you* in all this, Allen?" the boy asked.

"Me? I'm just working away," Ginsberg told him, swinging his legs out and contemplating his shoes, which needed polishing again. "Actually, I'm overworked. I need to get away. I'd like a place in the country where I can clear my head, so I can come back to the city and maybe accomplish something." He shrugged. "I get this Dostoevskian urge to get back to New York and confront, say, Lionel Trilling. Also, there are sentient beings in the city. Are you going to abandon them for your little nirvana? *That* doesn't lead to bliss. Like there was this meeting in the Haight-Ashbury the other night, and the kids were all screaming about the cops and the city and how the city was a bad bag and how they had to desert it for the coun-

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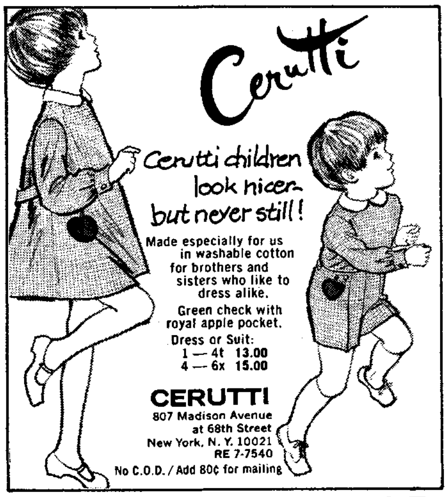

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try to save their souls. But the thing was they wouldn't know how to build themselves a shelter in the country to get away *to*. They have no competence. That's what gets them messed up and sends them screaming naked through plate-glass windows so that they have to spend time and money bailing each other out of jails and bughouses. And then they blame it all on *cities!*" Ginsberg took a deep breath. "Does that make any sense?"

"So are you optimistic or pessimistic?" the boy on the radiator asked him.

Ginsberg burst out laughing. "That's obvious," he said. "What are you doing with a beard, and what am I doing with a tie?"

"Come on, Allen. What do you *propose*?" the boy asked.

"Well, I propose that things in common are much more important than distinctions," Ginsberg began, jumping off the desk and picking up his jacket, which was on the floor. "I propose that the war is bad. I propose that the educational structure is wrong, the curriculum is wrong, the people in charge are wrong. I propose civil liberties and the individual right to speech and sex as against a police state. I propose the sexual commune as an intelligent, spiritual way of life as against a kind of dinosaur Socialism run by a bunch of sexually and spiritually perverted Marxists. I propose that we avoid any organization which is top-heavy and authoritarian. I propose that mystical types beware of god-gurus and the politicos beware of dictators. I propose that Tim Leary and Stokely Carmichael get together and cook up something for Mississippi and Alabama." Ginsberg grinned. Then, waving his jacket at the ceiling, he shouted, "I propose that the Apocalypse will turn out to be some big, cheerful pruning exercise! That for a while we'll be all one self, sharing the selfiness of things! And that everybody who survives will wake up sexy and refreshed and saying, 'Look, guys, it's *me* again!'"

—JANE KRAMER

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Ginsberg.)

•

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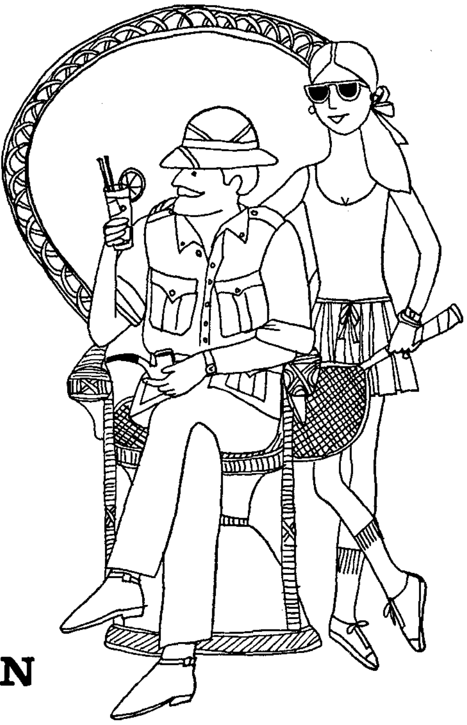

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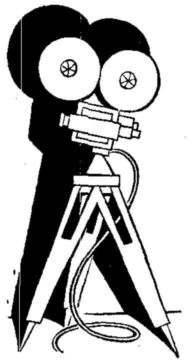
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Pox on Dying

THE vengeful dream asserts that the fatal isn't happening. Death being what it is, the imagination tries anything—tries bringing cleverness to bear on the mulish and intolerable fact by tricking the time scale. Before a man is run over, he has enough time to invent ten perfected ways of walking across the street. Ambrose Bierce wrote a famous story about this idea, called "Incident at Owl Creek Bridge," which was turned into a beautiful short film by Robert Enrico seven or eight years ago. It came back powerfully after I saw Enrico's new full-length film, "Zita." The Ambrose Bierce story is about a planter due to be hanged by Union troops during the Civil War. He stands on a bridge with the rope around his neck. Closing his eyes, he remembers his family. The trap is sprung and he falls. Then he realizes that the rope has broken. Underwater, he frees himself of the knots around his wrists and swims to freedom. He climbs up a bank into a forest and stumbles through it for a day before he finds his own house. His wife is on the porch and she runs toward him, smiling. Then he feels a blow on the back of his neck and he is dead, swinging below the beams of the bridge.



"Zita," which Enrico made from a screenplay by his wife, Lucienne Hamon, is really about the same desperate spasm of effort by the imagination to fake time and win ground from death. Perhaps it makes the story seem a shade more sentimental than it need be that the heroine is an adolescent girl flailing to outwit something that she is facing for the first time; the inured do much the same. The girl, called Annie, who is marvellously played by Joanna Shimkus, lives in an old Paris apartment with her Aunt Zita (Katina Paxinou) and her gentle mother, Yvette (Suzanne Flon). Annie's dead father was an anarchist in Spain. Her aunt, who was once barbarically imprisoned, as he was, seems to incarnate some of the temperament of the man Annie can't remember. Zita gives music lessons. At the beginning of the film, when she has said goodbye to a freckled pupil, she has a stroke, which leaves her paralyzed. The rest of the film is an account of the niece's ferocious and moving effort to fend off not only the actual death of someone she dearly loves but also the poison of knowing loss. Annie makes her effort first by fighting adults' low-keyed practicality in crisis, which she takes for torpor, then by hating the medicals who say that the sounds of her aunt's suffering are the mechanical responses of a body feeling nothing, and then by resenting the time her aunt is taking to die. "It's long!" she says desperately to the doctor. "It's long," he agrees, no more fatigued than he ever is, eating an apple on his way down the stairs, because he hasn't the time for lunch. She spends the last night of her aunt's life on the streets of Paris and in the suburbs, fooling around, talking in cafés, snatching at the company of any stranger who looks unperturbed about survival, and then often running out on him. There is a good scene about the way things can go awry on a sleepless night. Without really meaning to, she gives away to the police a cat thief whose dead prey made her panic; the cat thief is clapped into a cell at the police station, and there she instantly sees him as her father's ally and herself as his betrayer. She passes him a cigarette through the bars, and he lights hers for her. The film is sometimes rather dreamy and stamped with the look of films about adolescents, but a lot of the details of behavior are true and stirring.

"Hugs and Kisses" (what a title) is a Swedish picture about a disrupter who comically effects convulsive change without seeming to do anything at all. Hakan Serner plays a tongue-tied, agreeable writer called John. At the beginning of the picture, his girl friend abruptly accuses him of being a baboon and throws him out. She uses the excuse that she needs peace to practice Bartók on her piano. She is obviously under stress, but it doesn't seem at first that there is much justice in the accusation about the baboon. Though sloppily dressed by the standards of store managers, I suppose, the man looks hygienic and strikes you as being above the average human being in perceptiveness. But you begin to see

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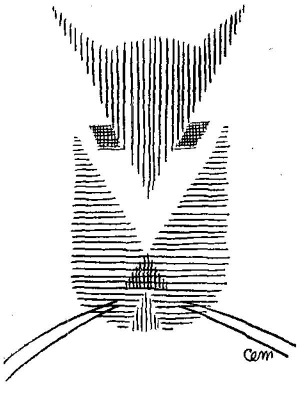
that he has a presence that can bore into other people's lives in a peculiar way. Having been hoofed out of his girl's pad, with the girl benignly hurling her typewriter at him from the window as an expulsion present, he goes to a crony called Max, a sedate and rather interesting man who runs a haberdashery and lives with a fashion-model wife called Eva (Agneta Ekmanner). Eva is ravishing, and even bright. John trades a place in their house for a surreal sinecure as their amateur housekeeper. He brings them breakfast in bed, proudly bearing it on a servant's tray, but he is in his underclothes, and he proceeds to crouch on the bottom of their bed and eat more than a third of the food. For all his silence, and his absorption in problems entirely his own (such as how to release his foot from a door handle that he was trying to open by toe without putting down a tray, or how to import the true, easy utopia of Buenos Aires into pernickety Sweden, which he reviles from a bike in the park for its obsession with carrying out obligations and keeping up life-insurance premiums)—for all his hermeticism, John is far from being one of those third figures who can sometimes enigmatically bolster a marriage by their friendship and their company as witnesses. With his arrival, things between the couple start to fall apart. Eva begins to see her constrained husband as ice-cold. She also resents and envies his boisterousness with John.



The picture could very easily have been one of the current exploitations of a rather studied kind of kookiness, but it isn't. The director, Jonas Cornell, who also wrote the screenplay, fills it with something more attentive and composed than that. The comedy is beautifully shot in black-and-white, and it gives itself time. There seems to be air around the characters. The eccentricities of the hero are his own and genuine, and they impart a tone to the film that is both cheerful and sad. His fixation on Buenos Aires as fun and as the way out for Sweden and his odd uprightness in eventually directing the laser beam of his attention away from Eva onto a blowzy and rather dull girl who runs a typing school express a tenacious spirit that is somehow always going to triumph on its own terms and at its own tacit expense. Friends half recognize him as a pest, but he also commands great loyalty. The squeezed-out, nearly severed couple, taking refuge in a bar from his noisy affair with the typing expert in their own flat, simply say helplessly to one another, "John must stay. John lives with us." The singular man is victorious, and Max begins to go to the wall. The film has a mood a little like "Les Jeux de l'Amour," but with interludes of a strange and droll melancholy—for instance, a scene in which Max comes into his wife's dressing room at work while she is taking off her false eyelashes. He is not alive at once to her impatience with him but feels only a sense of something passing, and he talks laconically to her about having once imitated Gary Cooper. "He's dead now. There was a picture of him with Hemingway. Hemingway's dead, too. They're all dead, or dying."

OTHER films in brief. There have been a lot of duds and some atrocities. I went to "Kiss the Other Sheik," starring Marcello Mastroianni, because it sounded as if it might be some international version of a "Carry On" film, but it didn't live up to the fine awfulness of the title.

I also went to six films, of various nationalities, about the Problem of Violence and the Generation Gap—phrases that make me want to creep quietly away to contemplate some entirely unreverberating, unused, and specific word, like "plinth." Most of the films seemed to me to be ministering greedily to violent tastes and to the rabble that likes generalities about enemy generations and other hostile sects of Them. The movies exude an unpleasant mixture of piety, prurience, and sucking up to thugs. Nearly all of them include one of the new hollow love scenes in which two backs thrash around in closeup, usually between dissolves, and sometimes to the sound of sheets rumpling, which comes out on the sound track like the hugely enlarged noise of the wings of flies struggling to get out of a tin box. The montages are less erotic than any before in the history of the cinema, though they always seem to be advertised as more frank than any yet seen. It's hard to tell where you are, physiologically speaking, because the camera gets so close in. The body angles generally suggest

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the upper back, but a camera movement this way or that can make you shift your guess to elbow, or magnified heel.

So then came Doris Day, which is another can of beans. Her new picture is called "Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?" It is about the aftermath of babies. (It must have added a good deal to popular joy about sociology's slow-wittedness that nine months after the blackout a group of social specialists painstakingly noticed that the birth rate had suddenly risen. As I remember it, the official report said that the incidence had probably gone up because there was no TV or theatre, thus forcing people to "interact.") Doris Day, who always makes me think of a tumbler of milk, in the nicest possible way, is cast as a famous actress fed up with her Broadway identity as a constant virgin. This is quite an endearing premise. There is something amiable about the idea of immensely popular figures' sending up the heart of their popularity. It is as if Julie Andrews were to round on English good manners, or Popeye on belief in spinach. The screenplay, by Everett Freeman and Karl Tunberg, has the peculiar double standard of sophistication that you often find in Hollywood comedies: the whole work adds up to something very naïve and servile to stale proprieties, but individual lines are quite salty. The character played by Lola Albright, a woman journalist who interviews the actress about her home life, has a tang of sardonicism about some of her lines. "Peter and I feel that our marriage is private," Doris Day confides. "Perhaps that's the secret of your marital success," says the journalist tenderly, with her usual thumping sort of insight, meanwhile writing it all down for publication. Later on, the same sprightly birdbrain tells the actress's architect husband that she loves tall, dark buildings when he has been pointing out a tall, dark building out of the window. "You and your wife seem to live in two different worlds. Yours is concrete, hers is make-believe," she says keenly.

According to the background bumf, the heroine's "ideal marriage to a successful architect is complicated by their lack of togetherness." All that this last word turns out to mean is that the characters aren't physically together much, because of their working hours. Maybe gobbledygook about togetherness and interpersonal relationships is going to wither away for sheer lack of signifying anything. By the end of

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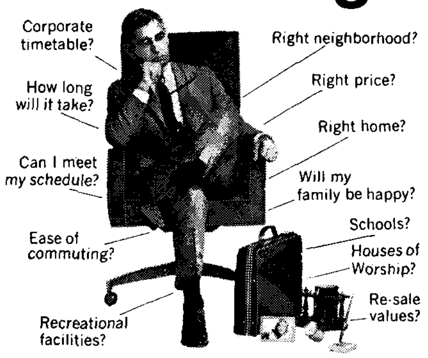
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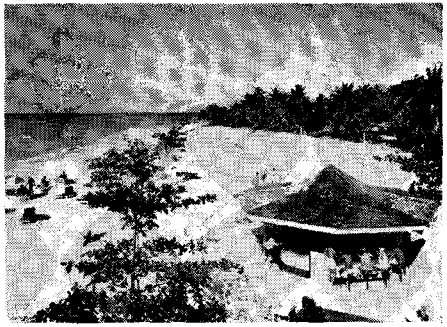

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the Silent woman
WATERVILLE, MAINE

the night of the power failure, everybody has been in bed with somebody he's not married to, including Robert Morse as a pushy young businessman who winds up in Doris Day's Connecticut house, but nothing happens, because the actors have taken sleeping draughts. The quantity of unbroken sleep enjoyed by movie characters in situations that would make real people insomniac with interest would probably be startling if it were totted up. This film has moments when it even seems to see for itself that everything about it is hopeless. Terry-Thomas's performance as a Hungarian producer is in the style. He announces clearly in his first line that he is a Hungarian producer, and then without a blink plows on in his usual voice. Now and again he perfunctorily displaces a consonant, but it is like Ben Turpin thinking that he was adequately disguised when he was dressed in a cloak that hid everything but his unmissable swivel eyes. There is a delicately funny performance by Pat Paulsen as a subway conductor trying to calm the suffocating straphangers in the blackout by reciting from his rule book. In chaos, without anything bureaucratic to go by, the man gently insists that the doors of the stinking train have to stay shut, "because of letting the fumes in;" the light that dawns on his face when the passengers roar at him about letting the fumes out is sweet with newly arriving intelligence.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Recently in danger of being lost in the refuse at the dump, the Rye Historical Society was instrumental in having the mortar repaired and moved to the area of the village green.—*Rye (N.Y.) Chronicle.*

Saved by a fleet-footed member?

•

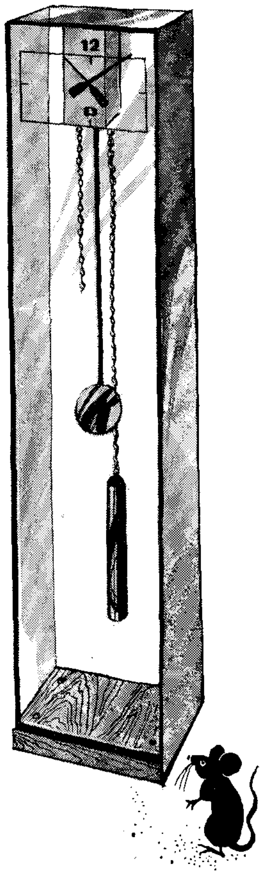
Dr. Tyler will preach and Deacon George Johnston will lead the responsive reading. Dr. Tyler will discuss human nature about which there has been considerable interest.—*New Rochelle Standard Star.*

Guess we don't move in the right circles.

•

She had graduated from a high school of about 5,000 students and 96 per cent of them went to college. "I spoke in Braxton County . . . during the primary campaign and 15 per cent of the students there go to college. I just didn't realize that people didn't go. I never didn't know people who didn't go to college.—*Don Marsh in the Indianapolis Star.*

By and large, it's a waste of time.



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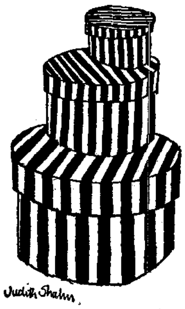
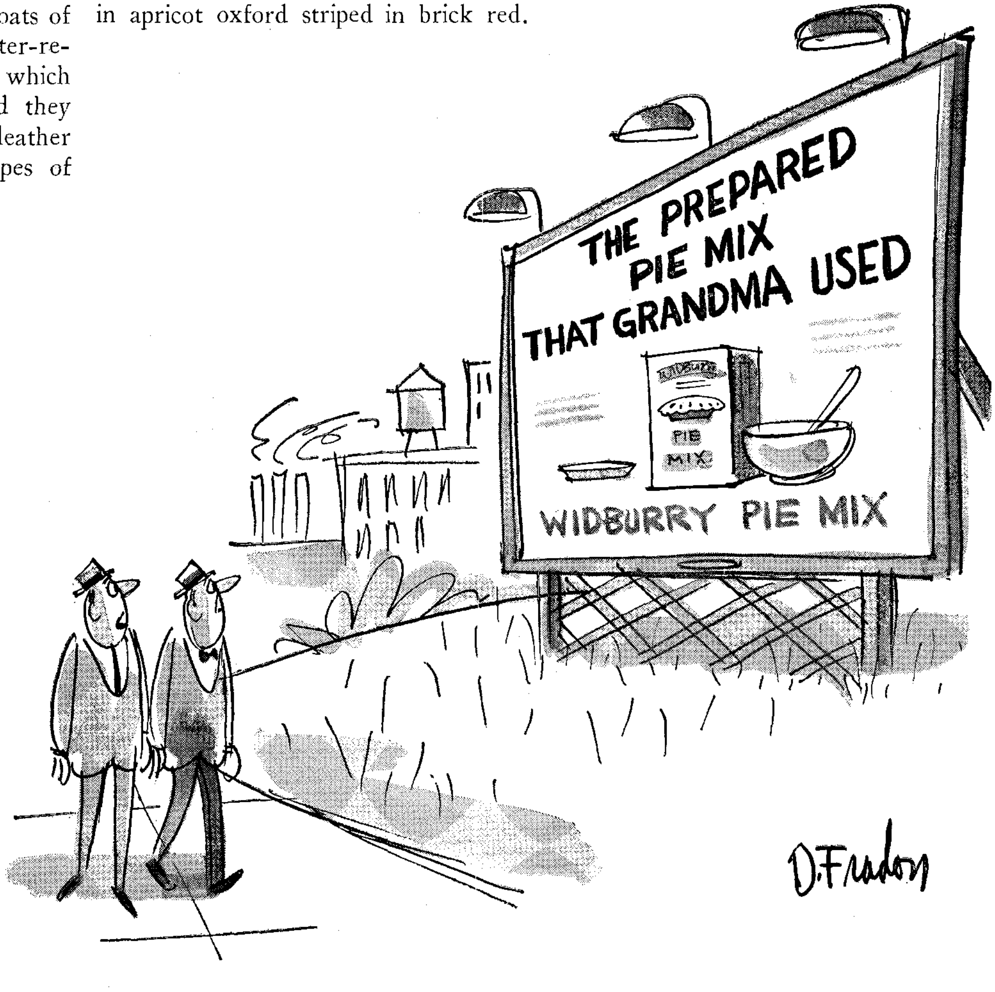


WHAT the dress business doesn't know about the college girl would fill a book (it will not fill this one, though), and it is to wonder at all the eccentricities (not every one of them without charm, it may as well be admitted) that fill the College Shops of our big emporiums—that is to say, such things as the Bonnies and Clydes, the Bonnie Prince Charlies, the Old Boneys (better known as the Napoleons), and the Sergeant Peppers. Just the same, there are plenty of good-looking, practical accoutrements about. In fact, it is not impossible at all for any girl undergraduate to look as supreme as Katharine Ross does when she wings across the Berkeley campus in "The Graduate."

The Napoleonic complex that has seized Lord & Taylor (the College Collections are mainly on the fifth and sixth floors) is a mild one—midi-length Napoleon coats of navy melton with silvery buttons. Victorian coats of the same length are done in water-repellent beige chenille corduroy, which is soft, tufted, and ribbed, and they are outlined by make-believe leather of a brown cast. Sweeping capes of navy melton lined with red fleece (and outlined in red, too) may be planned for girl magicians or aspiring *femmes fatales*—who knows? And the mini-sheaths and jumpers, never quite down to the knees, are planned for *every*one—everyone, that is, who is up to wearing brown vinyl of the kind that looks like leather. Non-working straps and buckles (these, too, are for everyone nowadays) appear at the waist or on the bodice. An occasional washing machine is all these clothes need to keep going forever. We all know about sweater dresses, don't we? They are at L. & T. in gray, gold, or red wool knit in a Fair Isle design, with attached hoods or with turtlenecks. And we know about slacks (some adaptations of St. Laurent's ideas, in oxford flannel, laced with rawhide at the hips, are longer and floppier than a sailor's trousers, and workmen's shirts of blue cotton denim are their accompaniment) and about nylon parkas (some striped like jockeys' silks, along with pink stretch trousers). To say nothing of cotton nightshirts that can do double duty as dresses; a few of these at L. & T. look Mexican, and all of them *are* Italian.

THE memorable Katharine Hepburn trenchcoats are imperishably in Saks' College Shop, and no one seems to mind this tradition. They are of camel-tinted wool, midi in length, and so are the dressier coats whose shawl collars and hems are wreathed in natural lynx. Coats can be shorter than that, and boots are the best underpinning for all these items. Separates are now perennials, too, but they are more adventurous than they used to be, sometimes combining checked woollens with plaid vests, say, plus a foulard kerchief. Note might be taken at Saks of the Glen-plaid jackets and checked vests, of the Norfolk sweater jackets in Donegal-tweed patterns, of the shirts in apricot oxford striped in brick red. More social dresses of cream cotton with pink nosegays, blue forget-me-nots, and vertical striping in sage green are pretty and partygoing; the Little Women frocks in plaid taffeta are long, long, long.

THE unusual is usual at Abercrombie & Fitch, so up on the third floor there are double-breasted coats of gray reversed calf lined all the way, even along the sleeves, with brown mouton; $225, and warm enough for the University of Alaska. The pewter wool-pile linings of the single-breasted coats of putty suède can be zipped off, in case anyone weekends on the Tulane campus. Before we go downstairs, let's see the Viennese-operetta capes of natural camel's hair with military collars, epaulets, et al. On the second floor are the college separates—just-beautiful skirts of wool-and-cotton plaid in cream, curry, and pewter or in Mediterranean blues and greens, or else of punched taupe suède. They all barely graze the knees, which is long today. Among their travelling companions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are most excellent sweaters of beige camel's hair, curry cashmere, and honey cashmere.

THE Young Colony College Shop at Altman's is hipped on Bonnie Prince Charlie, so here he is, in black cotton velveteen vests, white cotton turtleneck shirts with tiered jabots, plaid wool dirndl skirts with matching scarves (six-foot ones) and tam-o'-shanters. Your move. Tyrolian peasants are here, too, in dresses of oxford flannel, nipped in at the waist or else free-flowing in pleats; some, to be emphatically indigenous, have bib tops, and all have hearts-and-flowers embroidery. For shaggy moods, there are deeply décolleté overalls (the goods are pin-striped or black wool knits) with elephant-leg trousers.

BLOOMINGDALE'S College Shop has gone Indian, and (so to speak) without reservation, for buckskin garments drip their fringe down to the hems of some of the clothes. The vests, hipster trousers, gaucho trousers, jackets, and skirts show up in natural, cranberry, purple, or forest green.

THE seventh floor is where it's at in Bonwit Teller's, and there are vests there as well—vests that come well down over the hips and glitter at you, because the plaids they are made of are white, brass, and purple stripes on a camel base, or royal-blue, red, and gold stripes on the same base, which is always wool. Matching miniskirts and slacks go with a number of them.

PECK & PECK is also aware of Donegal tweeds—knee-deep in them, for that matter. They are pepper-and-salt, and the end products are double-breasted reefers slashed in vents to the waist in back, and hacking jackets, and A-line skirts, and box-pleated skirts. These are fairly expensive, but there are separates at a medium fraction of the cost. Among them are Bonnie-and-Clyde wraparound wool sweaters (the B. & C. syndrome dies hard) held in place by broad sashes in shades too numerous to be counted. Under them go stock-tie shirts in checks, tattersalls, Paisleys, stripes, or solid hues, all in cotton, crêpe, or foulard.

CRICKET blazers for girls are the concession Brooks Brothers is planning to make to the coeducational idea. They're of navy Orlon-and-wool striped in red, and there are Bermuda shorts of Red Robertson and Hunting

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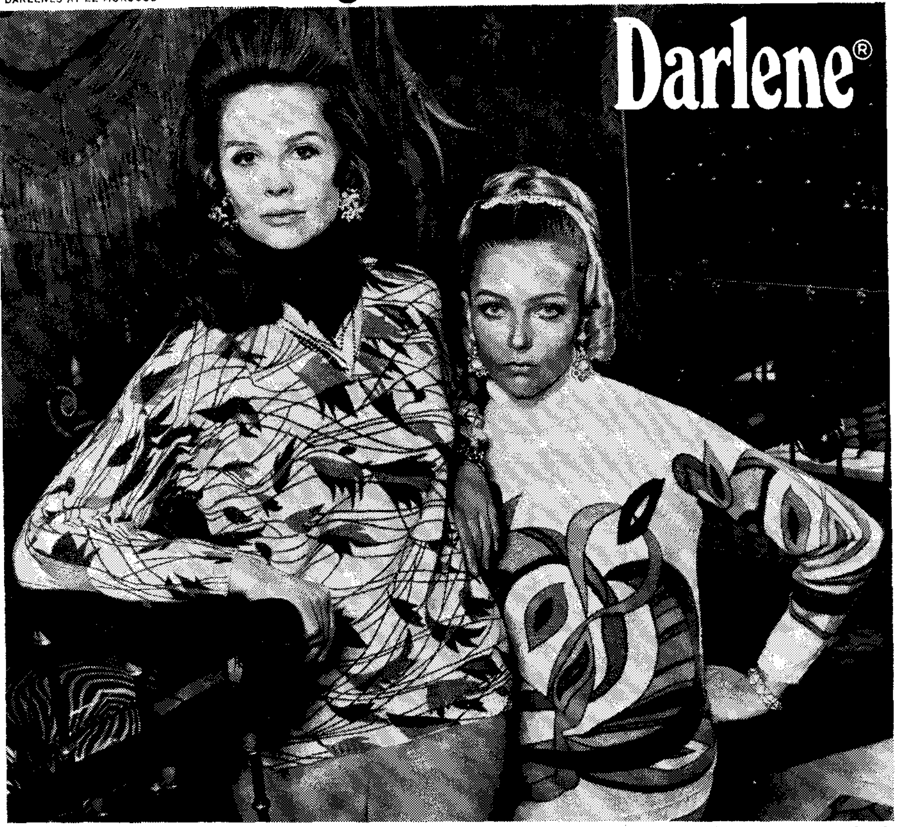
BEST'S College Shop is a bit of a classicist, with stuff like its Safari dresses, but a classicist in tune with the life of today; the Safari dresses are done in rainbow-plaid basketweave wool and with a great batch of pockets. And though the tunics are all dignity in their gray wool jersey, they are an inch or so shorter than the short camel's-wool jump suits worn under them. Little-boy jackets, another classic, are of oxford flannel, but for gaiety they are lined with red-and-blue foulard.

THE Fur Cage is what De Pinna calls the place where a lot of coats hang out, and up, such as trenchcoats of tan or black calfskin (the hair is still present) with leather piping, and such as princesse coats of curly yellow Argentine lamb (for blondes with Grecian-boy hairdos especially, but for long dark tresses, too, at a guess). Watered-down paraphrases of Sergeant Pepper coats are of Swedish lamb, which is not as kinky as the South American, and this is dyed brown, except for the stand-up collars and the epaulets, which are oyster white. Suspender dresses and boleros of the Swedish lamb (in several hues) can be dressed up or down, according to the sweaters or the blouses that are worn with them. Fitted coats that come down over the calves (picture that!) face the cold world in rabbit dyed gray or a river-otter sort of brown, and white rabbit frames the band collars and the flaring hems. These make quite a deduction from allowances—from $175 for the suspender jobs up to $375 for the trenchcoats.

MISS BERGDORF, which still lives under the parental Bergdorf Goodman roof, is interested in raiment not necessarily designed to be surrounded by walls either parental or ivied. Consider the reefers of bottle-green wool and the accompanying dresses, which begin with a top of pale-blue crêpe and have a pocket just above the hem of the skirt, of the green wool—as good as bending exercises if the pocket is used as a purse. Jackets of red wool twill with slot seaming are paired with sleeveless sheaths of black twill that have box pleats above the knees; $145. And a girl invited to King Arthur's court can feel sure of

girls hate to take them off!

DARLENES AT EL MOROCCO



Shaker wool prints to switch or coordinate. V-neck pullover, about $18.00. Turtle neck pullover, about $18.00. Pants, about $15.00. At fine stores everywhere. Darlene Knitwear, 1407 Broadway, N.Y.C.

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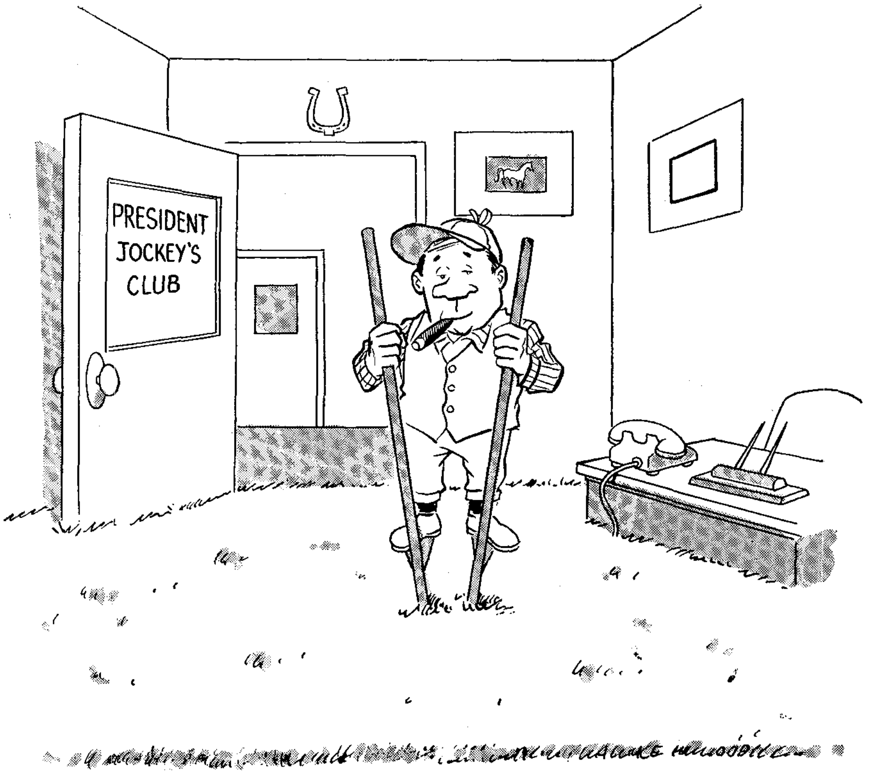

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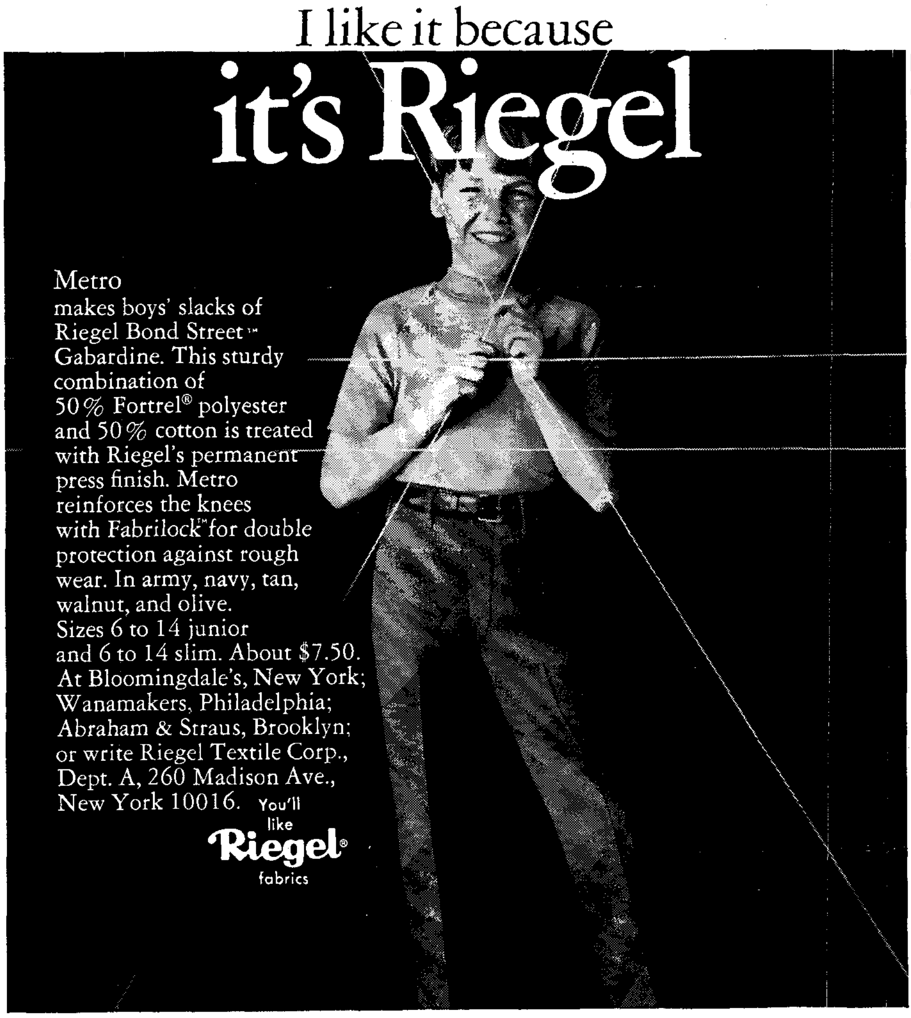
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herself in a long, full, shimmery dress of metallic brocade into which tiny and multicolored flowers, as well as golden leaves, are woven; $160.

YOUNG BENDEL, under another parental roof, exhibits a predilection for velveteen when parties are the consideration. Sort of jumper dresses in black wear long white cuffed satin sleeves and little-girl turnover collars, and coat-dresses of the same ingredients fasten with saucer-eyed pearl-bead buttons; white satin sashes tied in huge flat bows add to the Now effect. Someone who has been rereading the Arabian Nights thought up the long wraps of beige velveteen with Paisley patterns (blue, plum, and burnt orange) outlined by narrow gold braid on which amethyst and rhinestone sequins abound. The wraps are the covering for harem-skirted (and harem-scarem) dresses of hammered plum satin. (Hammered satin is, it seems, what you must use for harem skirts this season.) These combinations are $185 all told, which is less by far than a trip to the Middle East.

WHAT Design Research's researchers found in Bolivia has not arrived en masse as yet, but early September is the target date, and the samples make the wait appear worthwhile. Shirt-dresses of alpaca-and-llama (obvious beasts to be lying down together) will be knit, striped gray, brown, and corn, and topped by ribbed turnover collars in brown. Dresses of the stuff, this time in tweedy black-white-and-gray mixtures, will have bateau necks and no sleeves. Off-white shifts of alpaca, open at the throat, will require a slip or a body stocking, and they will be crocheted in lacy fashion and will wear narrow self fringe along the hem. The shifts are $90—the most for anything in the lot. There are ponchos of the same stuff, too. Design Research would lose its franchise (and its cool) if it didn't have something from Finland, so there are opaque party shifts of velvet containing giant and explosive purple and olive scrollings and arrows (no local analyst has yet deciphered the intent) or else bull's-eyes surrounded by coral and pink décor. There can be no doubt about *these* things being both Finnish and Design Research.

—M. M.

●

He added the first prize of 3,000 pounds sterling ($7.20) to his career earnings which already total $500,000.—*Phoenix (Ariz.) Arizona Republic.*

Devaluation has gone far enough.

HOW TO EAT AN ICE-CREAM CONE

BEFORE you even get the cone, you have to do a lot of planning about it. We'll assume that you lost the argument in the car and that the family has decided to break the automobile journey and stop at an ice-cream stand for cones. Get things straight with them right from the start. Tell them that after they have their cones there will be an imaginary circle six feet away from the car and that no one—man, woman, or especially child—will be allowed to cross the line and reënter the car until his ice-cream cone has been entirely consumed and he has cleaned himself up. Emphasize: Automobiles and ice-cream cones don't mix. Explain: Melted ice cream, children, is a fluid that is eternally sticky. One drop of it on a car-door handle spreads to the seat covers, to trousers, to hands, and thence to the steering wheel, the gearshift, the rearview mirror, all the knobs of the dashboard—spreads *everywhere* and lasts *forever*, spreads from a nice old car like this, which might have to be abandoned because of stickiness, right into a nasty new car, in secret ways that even scientists don't understand. If necessary, even make a joke: "The family that eats ice-cream cones together sticks together." Then let their mother explain the joke and tell them you don't mean half of what you say, and no, we won't be getting a new car.

Blessed are the children who always eat the same flavor of ice cream or always know beforehand what kind they will want. Such good children should be quarantined from those who want to "wait and see what flavors there are." It's a sad thing to observe a beautiful young child who has always been perfectly happy with a plain vanilla ice-cream cone being subverted by a young schoolmate who has been invited along for the weekend—a pleasant and polite visitor, perhaps, but spoiled by permissive parents and scarred by an overactive imagination. This schoolmate has a flair for contingency planning: "Well, I'll have banana if they have banana, but if they don't have banana then I'll have peach, if it's fresh peach, and if they don't have banana or fresh peach I'll see what else they have that's like that, like maybe fresh strawberry or something, and if they don't have that or anything like that that's good I'll just have chocolate marshmallow chip or chocolate ripple or something like that." Then—turning to one's own once simple and innocent child, now already corrupt and thinking fast—the schoolmate invites a similar rigmarole. "What kind are *you* going to have?"

I'm a great believer in contingency planning, but none of this is realistic. Few adults, and even fewer children, are able to make up their minds beforehand what kind of ice-cream cone they'll want. It would be nice if they could all be lined up in front of the man who is making up the cones and just snap smartly when their turn came, "Strawberry, please," "Vanilla, please," "Chocolate, please." But of course it never happens like that. There is always a great discussion, a great jostling and craning of necks and leaning over the counter to see down into the tubs of ice cream, and much interpersonal consultation—"What kind are *you* having?"—back and forth, as if that should make any difference. Until finally the first child's turn comes and he asks the man, "What kinds do you have?"

Now, this is the stupidest question in the world, because there is always a sign posted saying what kinds of ice cream they have. As I tell the children, that's what they put the sign up there for—so you won't have to ask what kinds of ice cream they have. The man gets sick of telling everybody all the different kinds of ice cream they have, so they put a sign up there that *says*. You're supposed to read it, not ask the man.

"All right, but the sign doesn't say strawberry."

"Well, that means they don't have strawberry."

"But there *is* strawberry, right there."

"That must be raspberry or something." (Look again at the sign. Raspberry isn't there, either.)

When the child's turn actually comes, he says, "Do you have strawberry?"

"Sure."

"What other kinds do you have?"

The trouble is, of course, that they put up that sign saying what flavors

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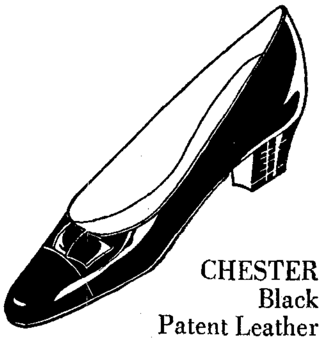

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they have, with little cardboard inserts to put in or take out flavors, way back when they first opened the store. But they never change the sign—or not often enough. They always have flavors that aren't on the list, and often they don't have flavors that *are* on the list. Children know this—whether innately or from earliest experience it would be hard to say. The ice-cream man knows it, too. Even grownups learn it eventually. There will always be chaos and confusion and mind-changing and general uproar when ice-cream cones are being ordered, and there has not been, is not, and will never be any way to avoid it.

HUMAN beings are incorrigibly restless and dissatisfied, always in search of new experiences and sensations, seldom content with the familiar. It is this, I think, that accounts for people wanting to have a taste of your cone, and wanting you to have a taste of theirs. "*Do* have a taste of this fresh peach—it's delicious," my wife used to say to me, very much (I suppose) the way Eve wanted Adam to taste her delicious apple. An insinuating look of calculating curiosity would film my wife's eyes—the same look those beautiful, scary women in those depraved Italian films give a man they're interested in. "How's *yours*?" she would say. For this reason, I always order chocolate chip now. Down through the years, all those close enough to me to feel entitled to ask for a taste of my cone—namely, my wife and children—have learned what chocolate chip tastes like, so they have no legitimate reason to ask me for a taste. As for tasting other people's cones, never do it. The reasoning here is that if it tastes good, you'll wish you'd had it; if it tastes bad, you'll have had a taste of something that tastes bad; if it doesn't taste either good or bad, then you won't have missed anything. Of course no person in his right mind ever *would* want to taste anyone else's cone, but it is useful to have good, logical reasons for hating the thought of it.

Another important thing. Never let the man hand you the ice-cream cones for the whole group. There is no sight more pathetic than some bumbling disorganized papa holding four ice-cream cones in two hands, with his money still in his pocket, when the man says, "Eighty cents." What does he do then? He can't hand the cones back to the man to hold while he fishes in his pocket for the money, for the man has just given them to *him*. He can start passing them out to the kids, but at

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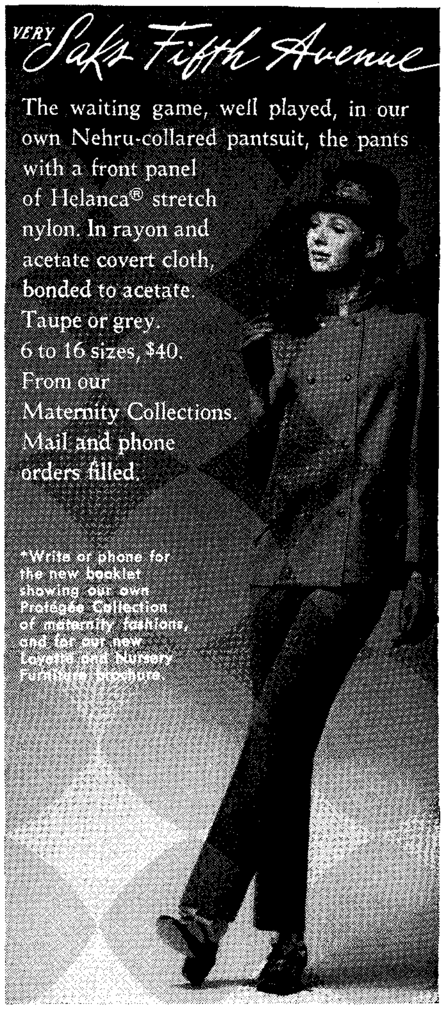

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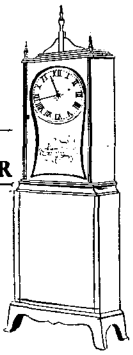

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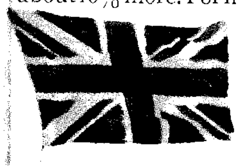

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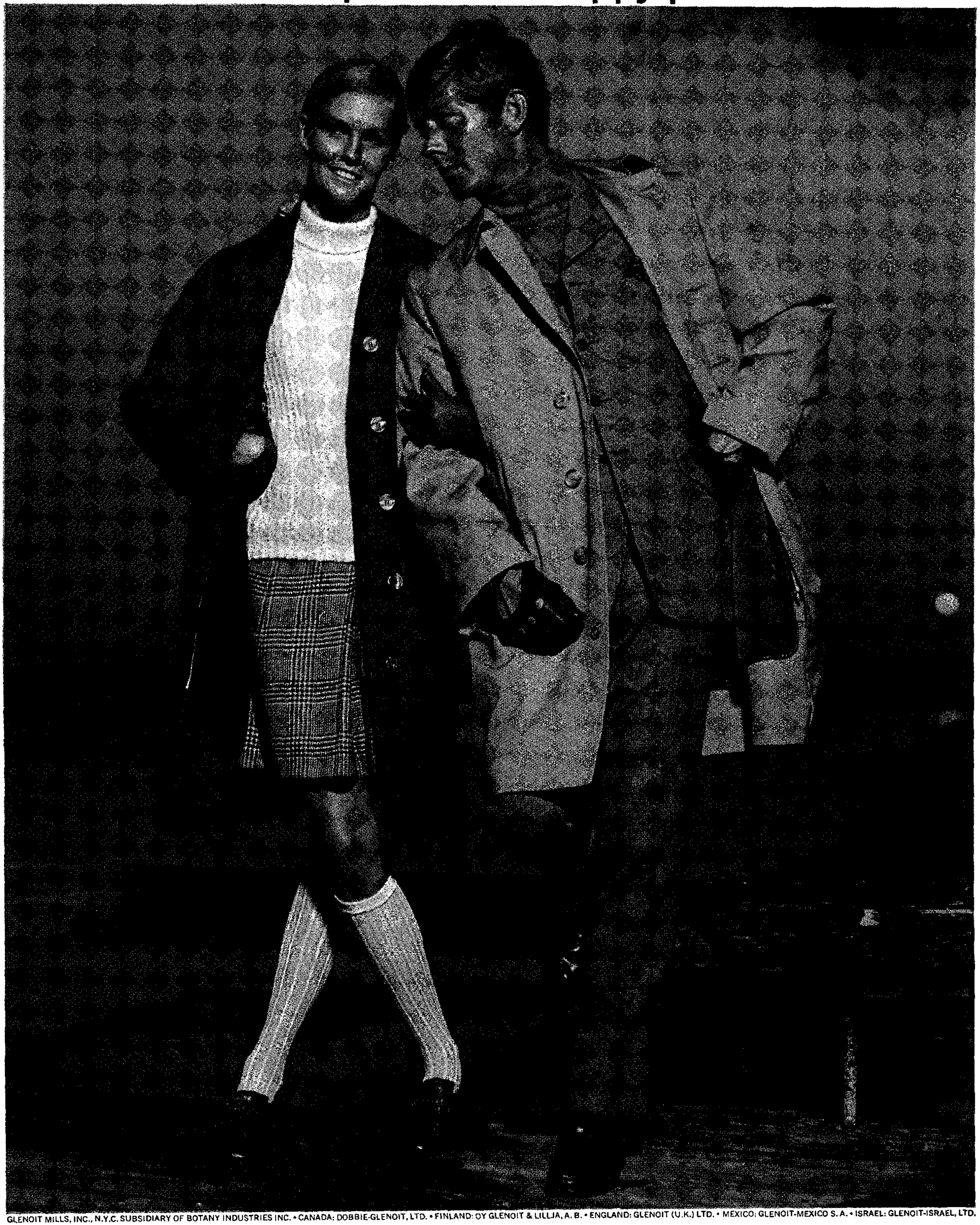

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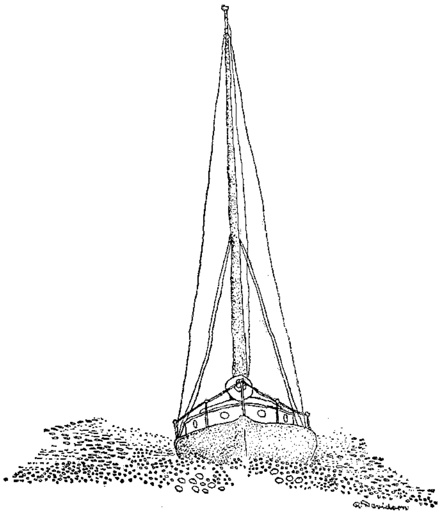
least one of them will have gone back to the car to see how the dog is doing, or have been sent round in back by his mother to wash his hands or something. And even if papa does get them distributed, he's still going to be left with his own cone in one hand while he tries to get his money with the other. Meanwhile, of course, the man is very impatient, and the next group is asking him, "What flavors do you have?"

No, never let the man hand you the cones of others. Make him hand them out to each kid in turn. That way, too, you won't get those disgusting blobs of butter pecan and black raspberry on your own chocolate chip. And insist that he tell you how much it all costs and settle with him *before* he hands you your own cone. Make sure everyone has got paper napkins and everything *before* he hands you your own cone. Get *everything* straight before he hands you your own cone. Then, as he hands you your own cone, reach out and take it from him. Strange, magical, dangerous moment! It shares something of the mysterious, sick thrill that soldiers are said to feel on the eve of a great battle.

Now, consider for a moment just exactly what it is that you are about to be handed. It is a huge, irregular mass of ice cream, faintly domed at the top from the metal scoop, which has first produced it and then insecurely balanced it on the uneven top edge of a hollow inverted cone made out of the most brittle and fragile of materials. Clumps of ice cream hang over the side, very loosely attached to the main body. There is always much more ice cream than the cone could hold, even if the ice cream were tamped down into the cone, which of course it isn't. And the essence of ice cream is that it melts. It doesn't just stay there teetering in this irregular, top-heavy mass; it also melts. And it melts



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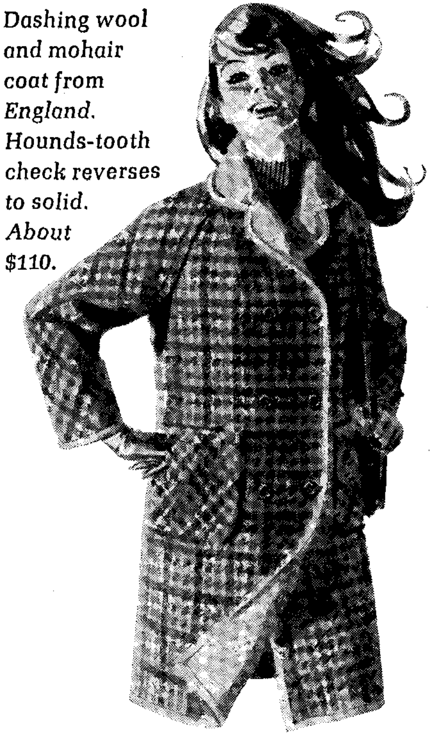
fast. And it doesn't just melt—it melts into a sticky fluid that *cannot* be wiped off. The only thing one person could hand to another that might possibly be more dangerous is a live hand grenade from which the pin had been pulled five seconds earlier. And of course if anybody offered you that, you could say, "Oh. Uh, well—no, thanks."

Ice-cream men handle cones routinely, and are inured. They are like professionals who are used to handling sticks of TNT; their movements are quick and skillful. An ice-cream man will pass a cone to you casually, almost carelessly. Never accept a cone on this basis! Too many brittle sugar cones (the only good kind) are crushed or chipped, or their ice-cream tops knocked askew, by this casual sort of transfer from hand to hand. If the ice-cream man is attempting this kind of brusque transfer, keep your hands at your side, no matter what effort it may cost you to overcome the instinct by which everyone's hand goes out, almost automatically, whenever he is proffered something delicious and expected. Keep your hands at your side, and the ice-cream man will look up at you, startled, questioning. Lock his eyes with your own, and *then,* slowly, calmly, and above all deliberately, take the cone from him.

Grasp the cone with the right hand firmly but gently between thumb and at least one but not more than three fingers, two-thirds of the way up the cone. Then dart swiftly away to an open area, away from the jostling crowd at the stand. Now take up the classic ice-cream-cone-eating stance: feet from one to two feet apart, body bent forward from the waist at a twenty-five-degree angle, right elbow well up, right forearm horizontal, at a level with your collarbone and about twelve inches from it. But don't start eating yet! Check first to see what emergency repairs may be necessary. Sometimes a sugar cone will be so crushed or broken or cracked that all one can do is gulp at the thing like a savage, getting what he can of it and letting the rest drop to the ground, and then evacuating the area of catastrophe as quickly as possible. Checking the cone for possible trouble can be done in a second or two, if one knows where to look and does it systematically. A trouble spot some people overlook is the bottom tip of the cone. This may have been broken off. Or the flap of the cone material at the bottom, usually wrapped over itself in that funny spiral construction, may be folded in a way that is imperfect and leaves an opening. No

Bickler OF LONDON



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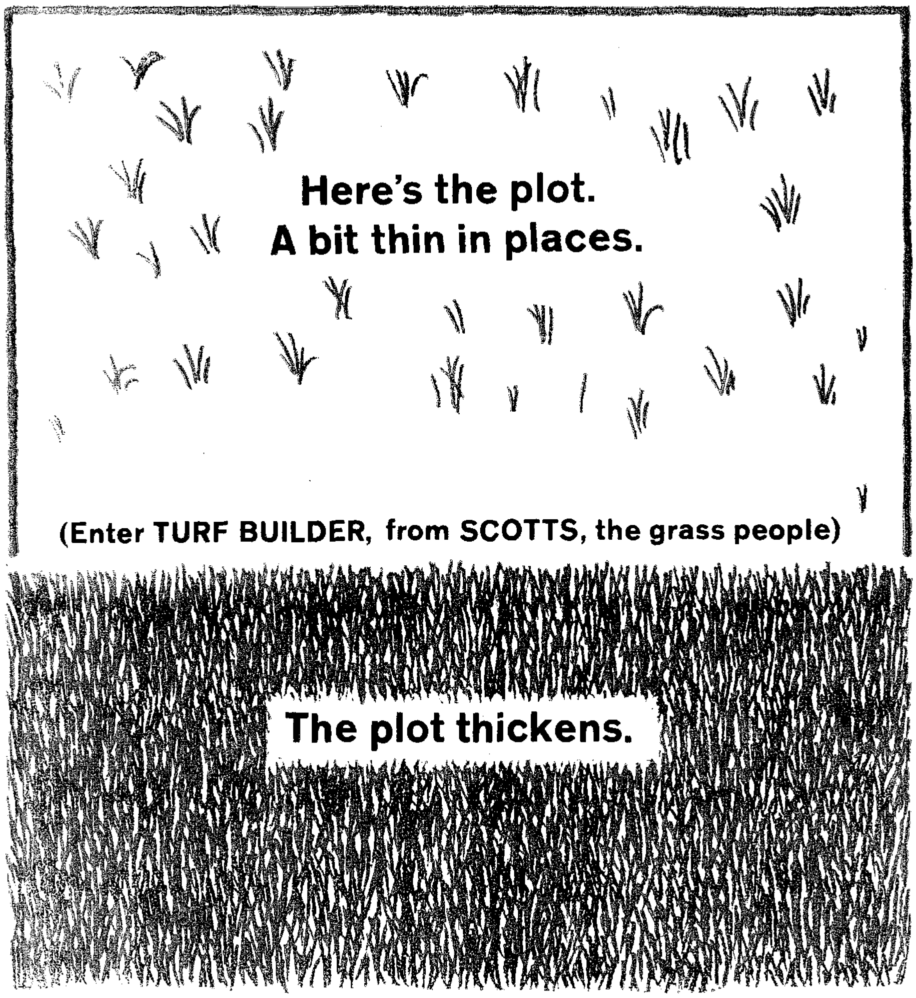
need to say that through this opening—in a matter of perhaps thirty or, at most, ninety seconds—will begin to pour hundreds of thousands of sticky molecules of melted ice cream. You know in this case that you must instantly get the paper napkin in your left hand under and around the bottom of the cone to stem the forthcoming flow, or else be doomed to eat the cone far too rapidly. It is a grim moment. No one wants to eat a cone under that kind of pressure, but neither does anyone want to end up with the bottom of the cone stuck to a messy napkin. There's one other alternative—one that takes both skill and courage: Forgoing any cradling action, grasp the cone more firmly between thumb and forefinger and extend the other fingers so that they are out of the way of the dripping from the bottom, then increase the waist-bend angle from twenty-five degrees to thirty-five degrees, and then eat the cone, *allowing* it to drip out of the bottom onto the ground in front of you! Experienced and thoughtful cone-eaters enjoy facing up to this kind of sudden challenge.

SO far, we have been concentrating on cone problems, but of course there is the ice cream to worry about, too. In this area, immediate action is sometimes needed on three fronts at once. Frequently the ice cream will be mounted on the cone in a way that is perilously lopsided. This requires immediate corrective action to move it back into balance—a slight pressure downward with the teeth and lips to seat the ice cream more firmly in and on the cone, but not so hard, of course, as to break the cone. On other occasions, gobs of ice cream will be hanging loosely from the main body, about to fall to the ground (bad) or onto one's hand (far, far worse). This requires instant action, too; one must snap at the gobs like a frog in a swarm of flies. Sometimes, trickles of ice cream will already (already!) be running down the cone toward one's fingers, and one must quickly raise the cone, tilting one's face skyward, and lick with an upward motion that pushes the trickles away from the fingers and (as much as possible) into one's mouth. Every ice-cream cone is like every other ice-cream cone in that it potentially can present all of these problems, but each ice-cream cone is paradoxically unique in that it will present the problems in a different order of emergency and degree of severity. It is, thank God, a rare ice-cream cone that will present all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A bit thin in places.
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three kinds of problems in exactly the same degree of emergency. With each cone, it is necessary to make an instantaneous judgment as to where the greatest danger is, and to *act!* A moment's delay, and the whole thing will be a mess before you've even tasted it (*Fig. 1*). If it isn't possible to decide between any two of the three basic emergency problems (i.e., lopsided mount, dangling gobs, running trickles), allow yourself to make an arbitrary adjudication; assign a "heads" value to one and a "tails" value to the other, then flip a coin to decide which is to be tended to first. Don't, for heaven's sake, *actually* flip a coin—you'd have to dig in your pockets for it, or else have it ready in your hand before you were handed the cone. There isn't remotely enough time for anything like that. Just decide *in your mind* which came up, heads or tails, and then try to remember as fast as you can which of the problems you had assigned to the winning side of the coin. Probably, though, there isn't time for any of this. Just do something, however arbitrary. Act! *Eat!*

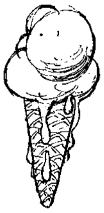

Fig. 1

In trying to make wise and correct decisions about the ice-cream cone in your hand, you should always keep the objectives in mind. The main objective, of course, is to get the cone under control. Secondarily, one will want to eat the cone calmly and with pleasure. Real pleasure lies not simply in eating the cone but in eating it *right.* Let us assume that you have darted to your open space and made your necessary emergency repairs. The cone is still dangerous—still, so to speak, "live." But you can now proceed with it in an orderly fashion. First, revolve the cone through the full three hundred and sixty degrees, snapping at the loose gobs of ice cream; turn the cone by moving the thumb away from you and the forefinger toward you, so the cone moves counterclockwise. Then, with the cone still "wound," which will require the wrist to be bent at the full right angle toward you, apply pressure with the mouth and tongue to accomplish over-all realignment, straightening and settling the whole mess. Then, unwinding the cone back through the full three hundred and sixty degrees, remove any trickles of ice cream. From here on, some supplementary repairs may be necessary, but the cone is now defused.

At this point, you can risk a glance around you. How badly the others are doing with their cones! Now you can settle down to eating yours. This is done by eating the ice cream off the top. At each bite, you must press down cautiously, so that the ice cream settles farther and farther into the cone. Be very careful not to break the cone. Of course, *you never* take so much ice cream into your mouth at once that it hurts your teeth; for the same reason, you never let unmelted ice cream into the back of your mouth. If all these procedures are followed correctly, you should shortly arrive at the ideal—the way an ice-cream cone is always pictured but never actually is when it is handed to you (*Fig. 2*). The ice cream should now form a small dome whose circumference exactly coincides with the large circumference of the cone itself—a small skullcap that fits exactly on top of a larger, inverted dunce cap. You have made order out of chaos; you are an artist. You have taken an unnatural, abhorrent, irregular, chaotic form, and from it you have sculpted an ordered, ideal shape that might be envied by Praxiteles or even Euclid.

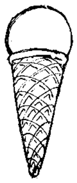

Fig. 2

Now at last you can begin to take little nibbles of the cone itself, being very careful not to crack it. Revolve the cone so that its rim remains smooth and level as you eat both ice cream and cone in the same ratio. Because of the geometrical nature of things, a constantly reduced inverted cone still remains a perfect inverted cone no matter how small it grows, just as a constantly reduced dome held within a cone retains *its* shape. Because you are constantly reshaping the dome of ice cream with your tongue and nibbling at the cone, it follows in logic—and in actual practice, if you are skillful and careful—that the cone will continue to look exactly the same, except for its size, as you eat it down, so that at the very end you will hold between your thumb and forefinger a tiny, idealized replica of an ice-cream cone, a thing perhaps one inch high. Then, while the others are licking their sticky fingers, preparatory to wiping them on their clothes, or going back to the ice-cream stand for more paper napkins to try to clean themselves up—*then* you can hold the miniature cone up for everyone to see, and pop it gently into your mouth.

—L. RUST HILLS

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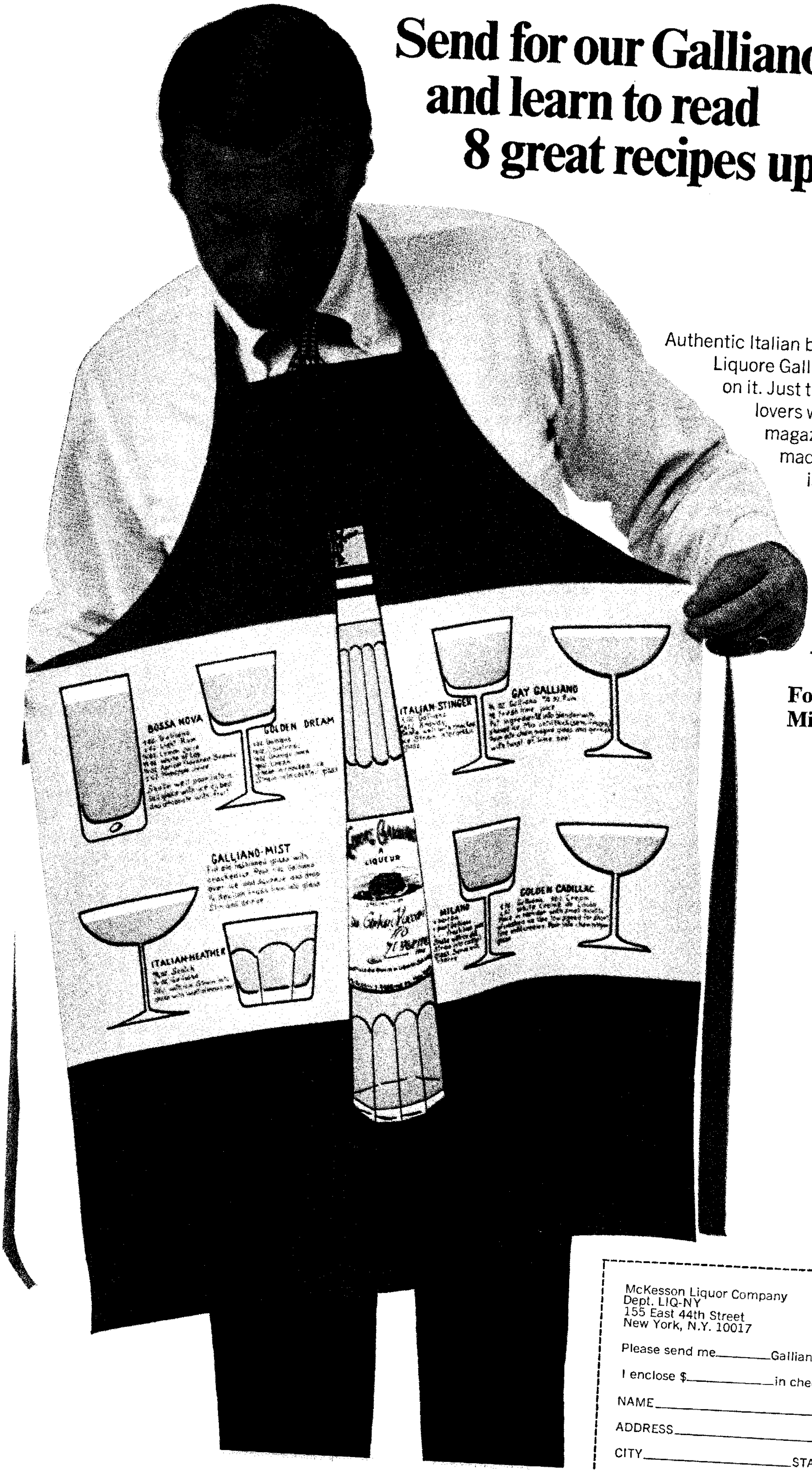
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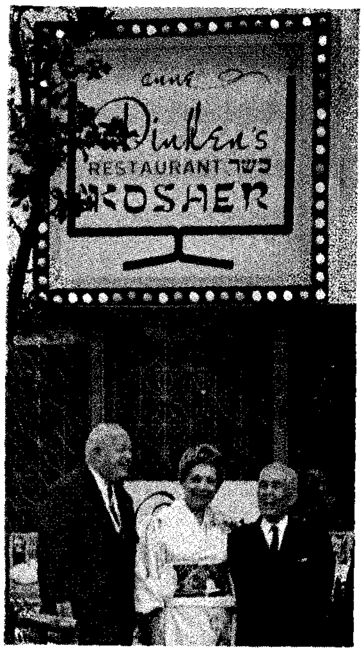
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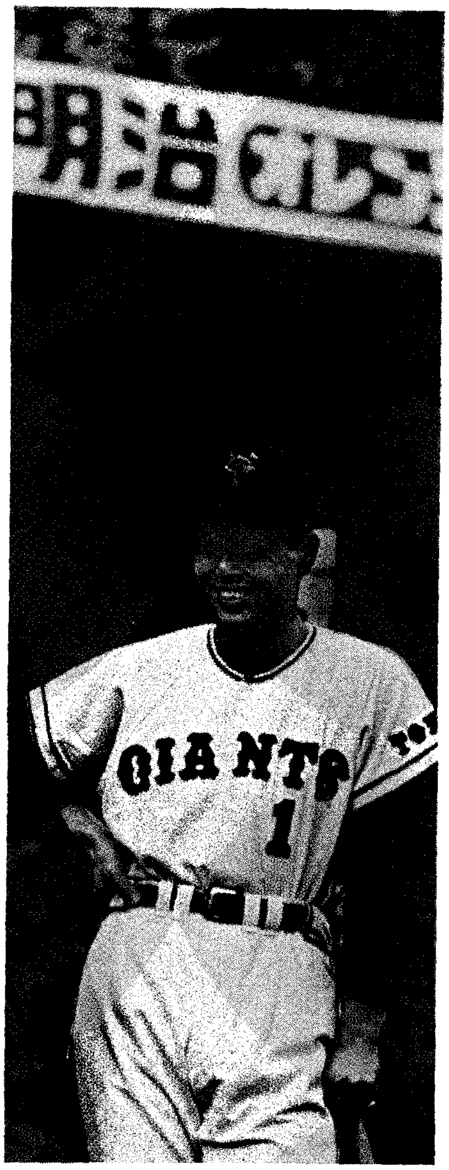

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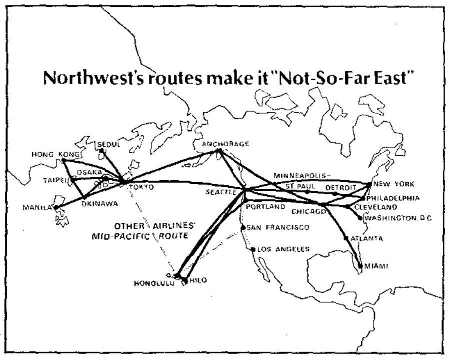
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THERE seems to be no immediate danger that Saratoga's Travers Stakes, which is the oldest event for three-year-olds in the country, will grow dull or run out of surprises. Remember how Damascus rolled home in it by twenty lengths or so last August, and how six years ago Jaipur and Ridan ran the mile and a quarter stride for stride? What a race that was! And, of course, there was the memorable Travers of 1930, in which a little horse named Jim Dandy, a hundred to one in the betting, beat Gallant Fox and Whichone, who were the best out that year. Subway Sam Rosoff, the millionaire transit contractor, had a hundred dollars each way on Jim that day, and they say that his exhortations to the colt and his rider as they came down the stretch could be heard for miles.

The ninety-ninth running of the Travers, last Saturday, was up to traditions if not expectations, for the track was muddy, and you know that anything can happen on a muddy track. (Old-timers said it was just like the track Jim Dandy ran on.) Well, Chompion, who had finished first only once in eleven tries this season, and who had a twelve-pound advantage in the weights, won it by nearly two lengths from Forward Pass, the odds-on favorite. Funny Fellow was third, half a length farther behind. Eleven ran, and from a quick start that speedball Captain's Gig was out of the gate like a greyhound and led by open daylight around the clubhouse turn. Forward Pass, who is also the front-running type, was always closest of the others. Chompion, who had been outpaced to the halfway mark, began his run there. Moving up steadily, he reached a perfect challenging position as the leaders swung into the stretch, and, putting forth an extra effort, he collared Forward Pass a furlong out, going on to win comfortably. Chompion, who was bred and is owned by C. V. Whitney, is a sturdy bay son of Tompion, who won the Travers in 1960. Chompion ran second to Balustrade in the recent Monmouth Invitational Handicap, and his performance was so encouraging that his stable decided to run him in the Travers. Now he will be pointed for the mile-and-five-furlong Lawrence Realization Stakes at Belmont Park in October. I doubt whether Forward Pass will go in the Realization, which is the last of the classics for three-year-olds. I've always had the notion that he's not a stayer. That also goes for Captain's Gig.

EARLIER in the week, Reviewer won the Saratoga Special, one of this department's favorite races for two-year-olds. In fact, there was about his victory the air of superiority that so often is the mark of an exceptional race horse. Only six ran in the Special, and at the break Buck Run jumped off in front and held the lead while Baeza, on Reviewer, seemed content to keep his mount in third place. A furlong from home, however, Baeza let the big colt slip into top gear, and in a dozen strides he was in front. It was the third time in four years that the colors of Ogden Phipps, who owns Reviewer, were first past the post in the Special. It was also three straight for Reviewer, a brother of Queen of the Stage, who set a few marks herself last season. Needless to say, he will be a hot favorite for the Hopeful Stakes, which will wind up the season at the Spa this weekend. Then it's back to the Big A.

FARTHER afield last Saturday, the Niblick Stable's Rego, trained by Jim Conway, brought off a 20–1 chance at Atlantic City in the Philadelphia Handicap, at a mile over the turf course, winning by a neck from Pass the Brandy. War Censor was third. Thirteen ran. At Chicago's Arlington Park, the Happy Hill Farm's Ludham was in her best form in the Matron Handicap, also on the grass, and won by six lengths from Pattee Canyon. Harem Lady was third and Pink Pigeon, the favorite, fourth. So it goes.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

While Mr. Zanuck was reminiscing behind his dark glasses (he says he never removes them), Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America and Spyros P. Skouras, for-Johnson, was shaking hands with Spyros P. Skouras, former chairman of 20th Century-Fox, was explaining just what it is he's doing these days.

—*The Times.*

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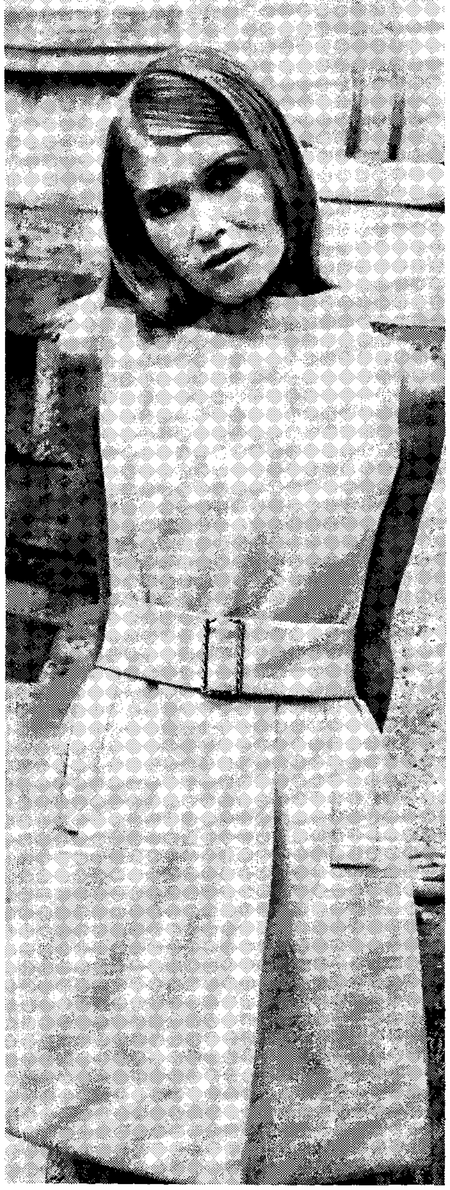

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BOOKS

Sad Encounters

CESARE PAVESE is still not very well known in this country, but he is the most important postwar Italian novelist. "Pavese's nine short novels make up the most dense, dramatic, and homogeneous narrative cycle of modern Italy," his younger friend Italo Calvino has written. In Italy, he is thought to be the most American of writers, because he translated American books, from "Moby Dick" to "The Hamlet" (he was so fond of Hemingway and Fitzgerald, he said, that he did not dare translate them), because his novels continually suggest American prototypes, and because he carried on a lifelong love affair with the United States (which he never saw). In fact, through a Piedmontese friend living in Chicago, Pavese once addressed a Henry Luce mash note to all of us:

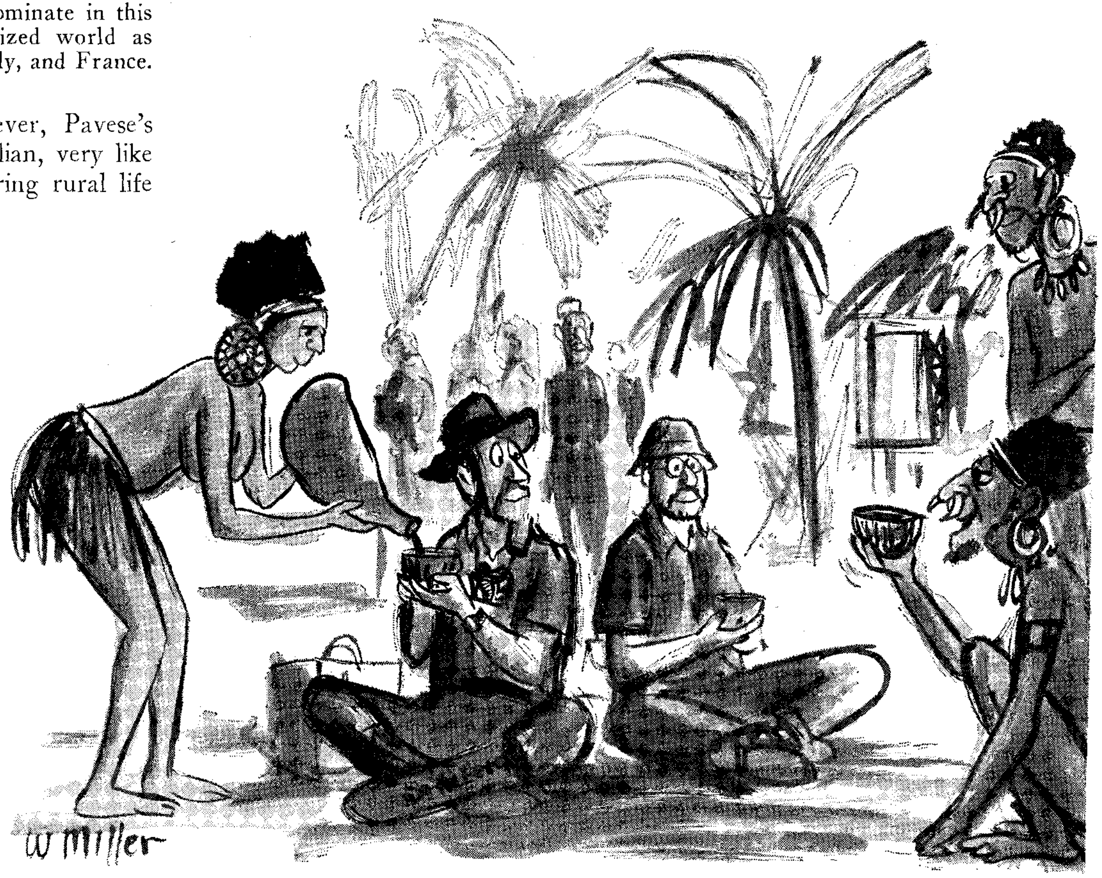
> You are the peach of the world! Not only in wealth and material life but really in liveliness and strength of art which means thought and politics and everything. You've got to predominate in this century all over the civilized world as before did Greece, and Italy, and France. I'm sure of it.

To an American, however, Pavese's work seems typically Italian, very like the postwar films, exploring rural life in the hills around Turin, hymning the hot sun that ripens grape and grain.

Now, using his own new translations, R. W. Flint has edited a good selection of Pavese as "The Selected Works of Cesare Pavese" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The book includes an early realistic novella, "The Beach" ("La Spiaggia," 1942), and three amazing "symbolic reality" novels that were published in 1949—"The House on the Hill" ("La Casa in Collina"), "Among Women Only" ("Tra Donne Sole"), and "The Devil in the Hills" ("Il Diavolo sulle Colline"). Mr. Flint's translations are lively and slangy (the clause he translates "she made him out as some kind of boring hayseed" was rendered in a 1961 translation by W. J. Strachan as "she treated him as an outsider"). Flint occasionally falls into the language of boys' books (" 'Nuts! We're all numskulls,' the other sneered") or no language at all ("Loris's bow tie, who was holding forth"), but for the most part his translation is readable, stylish, and sometimes quite lyric.

All four works are first-person. "The Beach" tells of the narrator's experiences at the seashore with his old friend Doro and Doro's new wife, Clelia. The narrator becomes rather attached to Clelia, and so does a somewhat loutish student named Berti. At the end, Clelia discovers that she is pregnant, and she and Doro return to Genoa. The narrator is bereft, as is, in his loutish fashion, Berti. The novella is interesting primarily for the character of the unnamed narrator, the first in Pavese's long line of Ishmael protagonists. "I was finding my usual perverse pleasure in keeping apart," he says, and he plays cards "with aggressive indifference." It is obvious that the attachment to Clelia masks an unconscious attachment to Doro ("The truth is that I had wanted Doro to take me with them") that goes back to the narrator's adolescence, where it disguised itself as jealousy ("I had always been jealous of Doro"). Berti is a fun-house mirror in which the narrator can see his absurd passion caricatured. After Doro and Clelia have left for Genoa and Berti has become "inconsolable," the narrator, too, decides to go, since "no spot is less habitable than a place where one has been happy," and that night he and Berti return to Turin. "The Beach" is wryly moving, the comic ghost of a tragic love story.

Flint regards "The House on the Hill" as Pavese's "masterpiece," and it may well be. To escape the Allied bombing of Turin during the war, the narrator, the schoolteacher Corrado, rents a room in the Piedmontese countryside. At an inn on a nearby hill (the "house" of the title), he discovers a girl, Cate, with whom he has had an



"*I think you'll like it. Those who have tasted it, whether as a mid-afternoon oasis-in-a-cup pickup for sagging, tropics-weary spirits or as a more sophisticated before-dinner apéritif, have marvelled at its rare, nutty, yet dryly elusive subtlety. They have marvelled, and they have said, 'This is it! This is the drink for me.'*"

affair and who now has an illegitimate son. The boy, Dino, is named Corrado, too, and Corrado worries about being the father, but he accepts Cate's transparent lie that he is not, as innocently as he does not notice that she is still in love with him. Corrado enjoys romping in the woods with Dino, and the companionship of Cate and her Turin friends at the inn. The adults get involved in the underground resistance to the Germans, but Corrado, though he is full of militant slogans, remains uncommitted. One day, all of Corrado's companions are arrested by the Germans, and Corrado realizes that "now Dino had no one except me." Eventually, in a panic, Corrado deserts Dino and flees to his parents' house, and at the end he is left thinking, "I don't know if Cate, Fonso, Dino, and all the others will return. Sometimes I hope so, and it scares me."

"The House on the Hill" is one of the saddest novels ever written. As it begins, Corrado has no companion but a big dog named Belbo; as it ends, he has lost even the dog. Corrado is a more extreme *isolato* than the narrator of "The Beach;" he says, defensively, "But for my part I was happy to have in my life neither any real affection nor embarrassment, to be alone, tied to no one." He is a boy, incapable of accepting mature responsibility. He describes his first, early break with Cate as "an occasion well lost, that later became a habit with me." He has taught Cate that "life is worthwhile only when you live for something or someone," but he himself cannot; he fails the opportunity to become a husband, a father, a patriot. "You're not able to love," Cate tells him, and we last observe him overwhelmed by self-contempt, his life "a long isolation, a useless holiday."

The narrator of "Among Women Only" is in her early thirties, and she, too, is named Clelia. She is a Roman couturière who is opening a branch shop in Turin. The novel deals with her acquaintances, mainly women, among the Turinese upper class. It is neatly framed by one of these young women, Rosetta, who tries to poison herself in Clelia's hotel the day Clelia arrives, and who finally succeeds in a second attempt. ("Among Women Only" was made into a film, "Le Amiche," by Antonioni.) Rosetta's suicide is never adequately explained, but then the way her friends live, as Pavese anatomizes it, would drive any sensitive person to take his life. They are constantly planning and discussing amateur theatricals in a desperately af-

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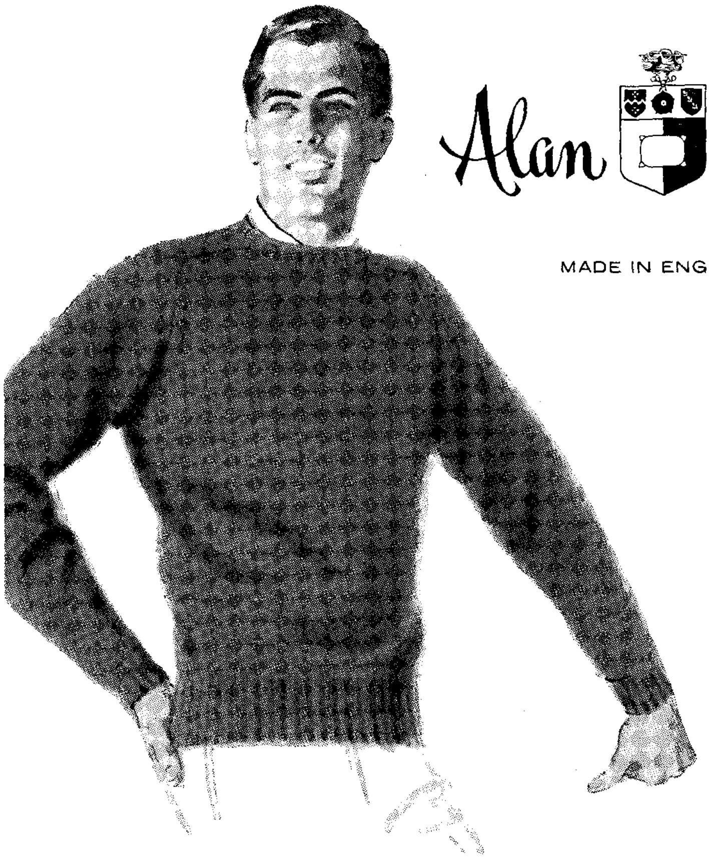

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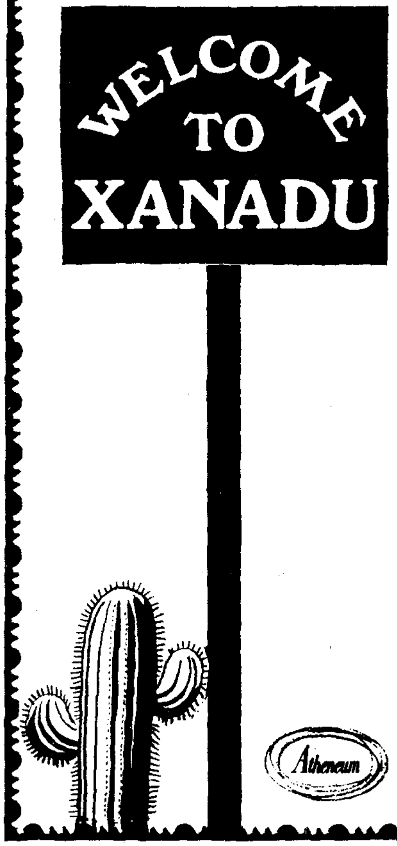

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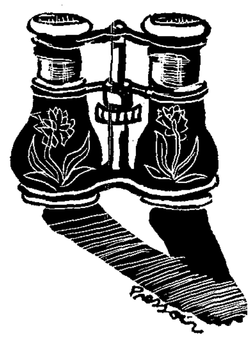
fected fashion ("Any ambiance at all is a *mise-en-scène*"); they pretend to bargain with bartenders for cocaine; the women all seem bisexual, and some are quite homosexual (a young sculptress who stares at Clelia "as if I were a handsome young man"). Some are married, but none seems to have children; "to have a child," one of them says delicately, you have "to become a sow." They live "like cats, always ready to scratch and snatch," Clelia thinks. They slum in working-class restaurants; they feel "a disgust with living, with everything and everyone;" they are Philistine ("There's no painting that's worth a beautiful woman undressing") and cynical ("The only thing that saves people is money"). "Love in any form is a dirty thing," Rosetta says, and the others appear to agree.

Clelia, too, grew up in Turin, but in the slums. Her ambition was "to become somebody," and she was coached by her mother "not to believe in anyone or anything." She is better than the idle ladies of Turin, for at least she works, yet without joy or fulfillment. "I liked a good time but paid my own way." We see her in two loveless sexual encounters—in one uninterested but offering no resistance, in the other seducing a young carpenter who has been working at the shop. She has enough spirit to blacken the eye of a forward escort but not to break up the evening with him. Like all Pavese protagonists, she is a solitary, speaking of "my real vice . . . my pleasure in being alone." Working has given her an integrity ("It's hard to fake on a job"), but she does not seem capable of domestic responsibilities; in Rome, she lives with an older man, and their life together is "tranquil resignation." If Rosetta's suicide is to represent a symbolic transformation for Clelia, that happens after the ending, which is simply a beautiful tableau of the suicide: Rosetta poisoning herself in the rented studio of a painter, sitting in an armchair looking out toward Pavese's beloved Piedmontese hills.



The narrator of "The Devil in the Hills" is an unnamed twenty-year-old student who is inseparable from two other students, Pieretto and Oreste. During a summer vacation they go to Oreste's village, and end up staying at the villa of a wealthy, torpid young man, Poli. Oreste falls in somewhat Gatsbyish love with Poli's wife, Gabriella, who is equally drawn to him but remains loyal to Poli. That is all that happens, but it is made wonderfully resonant. Life in the village seems idyllic: "One breathed a special gentleness;" as one drinks strawberry wine, it is hard to know "if so much sweetness was passing from the wine into the air, or vice versa;" the nearby farm of Oreste's two grown cousins is the very model of the rural good life, a place of happiness and peace. Yet Gabriella may be refusing Oreste for his own good, so that he can marry the girl from his village and tend his vineyards, for Gabriella is identified with death, not life; the countryside in August "stinks of coitus and death," Pieretto says, and Gabriella answers, "I like this indecent odor." "I'm tired of living," she says later, like one of those Turinese ladies. "I'd like some man to strangle me."

Earlier, the book presents a marvellous image of suspended life: "Little solitary women came and sat on the benches" by the Turin railway station, "waiting for something prodigious, the fall of the city, the apocalypse." Pavese opposes to this an image of resurrection as the trio of young men stir Poli out of his cocaine-filled life. At their first encounter with him, they bellow in unison, a "lacerating" and "bestial" sound. "That noise you made two nights ago woke me up," Poli tells them. "It was like a cry that wakes a sleepwalker. It was a sign, the violent crisis that resolves an illness. . . . Now I know that I'm a man, a man full of vices, a weak man but a man. That cry has shown me myself. No more illusions." The new Poli lectures them on inner freedom and joy, and gives up hunting because he no longer wants to take life. Pieretto says, "If he doesn't die, he'll become a Buddhist." But Poli neither dies nor becomes a Buddhist. He develops tuberculosis and decides to go, with Gabriella, to Milan for treatment. Subtly transformed but still unregenerate, he lets the boys off at the village, and the novel ends with a perfect Hemingway sentence; says the narrator, "Then they left and we went to the mill to drink."

The earth is female—that is the predominant note in "The Devil in the Hills." "The earth is like a woman," Oreste's father says, and this articulates for the narrator what he continually feels, seeing a rainstorm as "the most private cracks in the earth penetrated and violated," admiring "the earth's thick blood" (an image of peasant hardihood for Pavese, whose peasant narrator in "The Moon and the Bonfires" talks of "my thick blood"). "A person in crisis always works his land," Pieretto says. "It's our common mother, who never deceives her children." Poli's idleness and his untilled fields are thus demonic, the "devil" in the hills, a sin against fertility, the opposite of the idylls of Oreste's hardworking family. Pieretto tells Oreste, "You should marry that girl and work your lands in peace." The narrator puts it all together when he thinks:

> That abandonment, that solitude of the Greppo, were symbols of the mistaken life she [Gabriella] and Poli were leading. They were doing nothing for their hill; the hill was doing nothing for them. Their waste of so much land and so much life could bear no other fruit than restlessness and futility. I thought of the Mombello vineyards, of the sharp face of Oreste's father. To love a piece of land, you had to work it and sweat over it.

Three other books by Pavese have been translated. "The Moon and the Bonfires" ("La Luna e i Falò," 1950), his last novel, was brought out here in 1953 in a translation by Marianne Ceconi (Farrar, Straus & Young). It is an intense novel about an emigrant peasant who returns to the Piedmont hills after twenty years in America; its two terrible human bonfires are perhaps the most compelling symbols in all of Pavese's work. "The Burning Brand: Diaries 1935-1950" ("Il Mestiere di Vivere," 1952) was translated by A. E. Murch (with Jeanne Molli) and appeared in 1961 (Walker). These diaries are Pavese's thoughts on literature and philosophy, politics and religion, shot through with fifteen years of pain, suffering, and obsession with suicide. "My basic principle is suicide," he wrote as early as 1936. The last of his works to be published in this country is "Dialogues with Leucò" ("Dialoghi con Leucò," 1947), translated by William Arrowsmith and D. S. Carne-Ross and published in 1965 (University of Michigan). It consists of dialogues on Greek mythology, characteristically preoccupied with blood ("From the time of chaos, there has been nothing but blood. Men's blood, blood of monsters, of gods. We begin and we die in blood") but also characteristically preoccupied with human toil and sweat (Dionysus praises mankind for "their crops and their gardens. Wherever they lavish their sweat and their speech,

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a rhythm, a sense, a repose is born").

Pavese has obviously been influenced not only by his American models but by Alain-Fournier's "The Wanderer" ("Le Grand Meaulnes"), and this is particularly apparent in "The Beach" and "The Devil in the Hills" (how seminal "The Wanderer" now seems, influencing everyone from Graham Greene to Günter Grass). Yet despite all these influences, Pavese is a true original, a chronicler of sad encounters in an old land. "My stories are always about love or loneliness," he wrote in his diary in 1938. His credo about the human personality is probably best expressed by Pieretto in "The Devil in the Hills": "There are only saints, because each person in his intentions is a saint, and if only he were let alone he'd bear fruit." In 1945, Pavese became a Communist, but, as his diaries make clear, he was never a very satisfactory one, and the Party chafed him as he chafed it. In the next five years, he wrote his major work, including seven of his nine novels, while suffering terribly from asthma, a neurotic sexual difficulty that convinced him that he could never marry, political ambivalence, loneliness, self-disgust, and chronic depression. In 1950, he was awarded the Strega Prize for fiction, Italy's most distinguished literary award. A few months later he killed himself, having been working up to it for most of his life. Pavese was then forty-two, and nothing of his was yet available in his beloved English language. At Expo '67, he was the only Italian writer to have a whole showcase—full of translations of his work—to himself.

—STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ONCE AN EAGLE, by Anton Myrer (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This novel asks for difficulties, finds them, and if it does not wholly overcome them it at least survives them. It is the fictional biography of an imaginary American general who rises from the ranks in the First World War, stays in the Army during peace, and becomes a topnotch combat commander in the Second World War, until his career is wrecked by the novel's villain. Readers of military biographies—George C. Marshall's, for one—will appreciate the author's problem. A first-rate American general is as hard as a saint to make credible. Mr. Myrer's villain strains credibility the other way;

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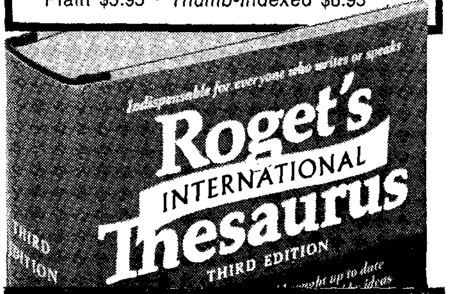

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he resembles someone from the Kaiser's General Staff rather than our own, and though the author suggests that this wretch represents the wave of our military future, this seems unlikely, for a variety of sociological and historical reasons. The novel, though no great achievement, offers—like the Army—Information and Education, and some excitement. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

VOYAGE IN THE DARK, by Jean Rhys (Norton). Let us all give thanks to the imaginative house of Norton, which has provided us with this American edition of a captivating short novel that was first published in England thirty-four years ago. The scene is London before the First World War, and Anna Morgan, an eager-hearted, penniless eighteen-year-old, is letting her career on the music-hall stage slip away while she falls desperately in love with a rich young man who abandons her just as soon as he is sure of her. The story is as old as the hills, but Miss Rhys is a unique writer. Anna Morgan, like Colette's Mitsou, is one of those direct young heroines who need be glimpsed only once, because they are unforgettable. This book is a classic of the small—which is only to say extra-precious—kind.

GENERAL

NO EASY VICTORIES, by John W. Gardner, edited by Helen Rowan (Harper & Row). The observations of a reflective man of action—the former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare who is now chairman of the Urban Coalition. Miss Rowan has drawn them from Mr. Gardner's writings, speeches, and memoranda on the many subjects—in addition to health, education, and welfare—that have recently engaged his professional attention. They are all the work of an intelligence that has been polished by experience and is capable of expressing itself with bull's-eye clarity ("Political extremism involves two prime ingredients: an excessively simple diagnosis of the world's ills and a conviction that there are identifiable villains back of it all"), and some of them have the sharpness of aphorism: "Some people may have greatness thrust upon them. Very few have excellence thrust upon them. They achieve it."

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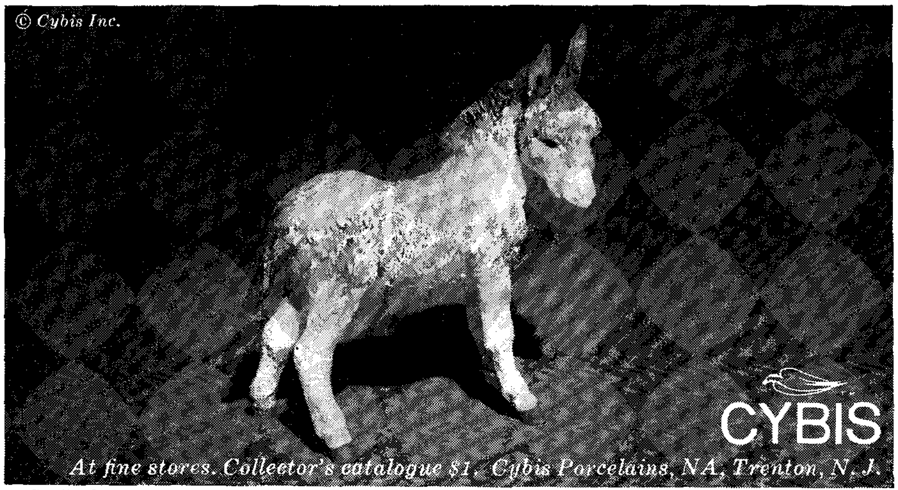

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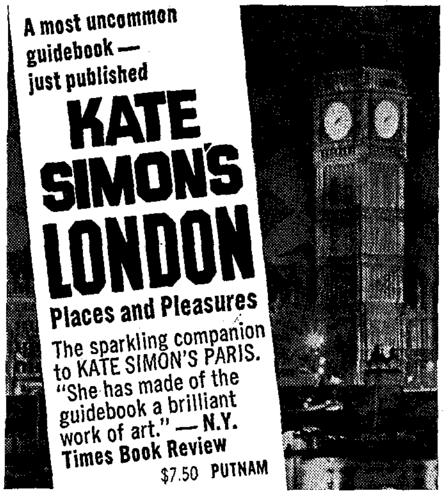
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Stuart H. Loory (Random House). Though the authors believe that the world might have had a Vietnamese settlement by now—or, anyhow, that the United States and North Vietnam might have begun talking sooner—if the Administration had tried for talks more sensibly and sensitively, they by no means absolve the North Vietnamese. Some negotiations to negotiate were kept so secret within our own government that nobody felt free to tell the Air Force to skip one day's bombing or omit a particular target. (We bombed Hanoi while Kosygin, whom we have tried to use as an intermediary, was visiting there.) The North Vietnamese, for their part, have manipulated Russian-Chinese rivalry to avoid pressures on them to settle. Mr. Kraslow and Mr. Loory use too many adjectives ("a bemused smile on his placid face") considering that they are sorting out more hearsay and gossip than eyewitness reports or unimpeachable historical source material. But one point, at least, is plain: the secrecy on which both the United States and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam have insisted during all the peace feelers was a mistake, since it inhibited communication and, frequently, any understanding of what was being communicated.

ALARMS AND HOPES: A PERSONAL JOURNEY, A PERSONAL VIEW, by Fred R. Harris (Harper & Row). The author, a Democratic senator from Oklahoma, writes about poverty and racism partly from first-hand experiences (his father was a sharecropper and his wife is an American Indian) and partly from observation (he served on the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders). He feels that the United States' domestic difficulties add up to "a crisis of major proportions," and, in plain, pithy language, explains why. ("Prejudice . . . is the number one mental-health problem in America.") His book is persuasive and illuminating. Unlike many other politicians' literary efforts, it reads as if the author had written it himself.

THE FRENCH, by François Nourissier, translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke (Knopf). It would be a pity if this book were overlooked because it was written before the recent turmoil in France, for it includes witty, lively reports on long-term characteristics of France and of various kinds of Frenchmen, who are divided by age, geography, money, and social traditions. Then, too, in some ways it foreshadows (and partly explains) the rebelliousness. In its early chapters, the author's complacency about France under de Gaulle seems unrealistic; no place since Eden has been that satisfactory to its inhabitants. The later chapters, which are more critical, mention some national-planning decisions—for instance, France decided to increase the production of cars rather than build new schools—that Nourissier regards as mistakes.

SCOTLAND, edited, and with an introduction, by Eric Linklater (Viking). Scotland is a country uncommonly well suited to a photograph-and-text depiction such as this: it is small, it has a homogeneous population, it has character, it is pictorially interesting, and its history is eventful but relatively uncomplicated. Mr. Linklater and his associates—Edwin Smith, who took the photographs, and Olive Cook, who wrote the captions—have made the most of their unusual opportunities. Mr. Linklater's introduction is truly an introduction to Scotland, but he makes no effort to be comprehensive. He moves about the country through the centuries, commenting on the architectural excellence of Edinburgh, noting that the Old Course at St. Andrews has outlasted the coalfields at Fife, observing that the Highlands are "agreeable to the eye and distinguished by the fact that grouse and red deer and salmon still outnumber their human neighbors." The photographs by Mr. Smith—a hundred and twenty-four in black-and-white and ten in color—are always satisfactory and sometimes (a stark, medieval glimpse of Eilean Donan Castle) superb. There are four maps scattered through the text, but a single endpaper map would have been more useful. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

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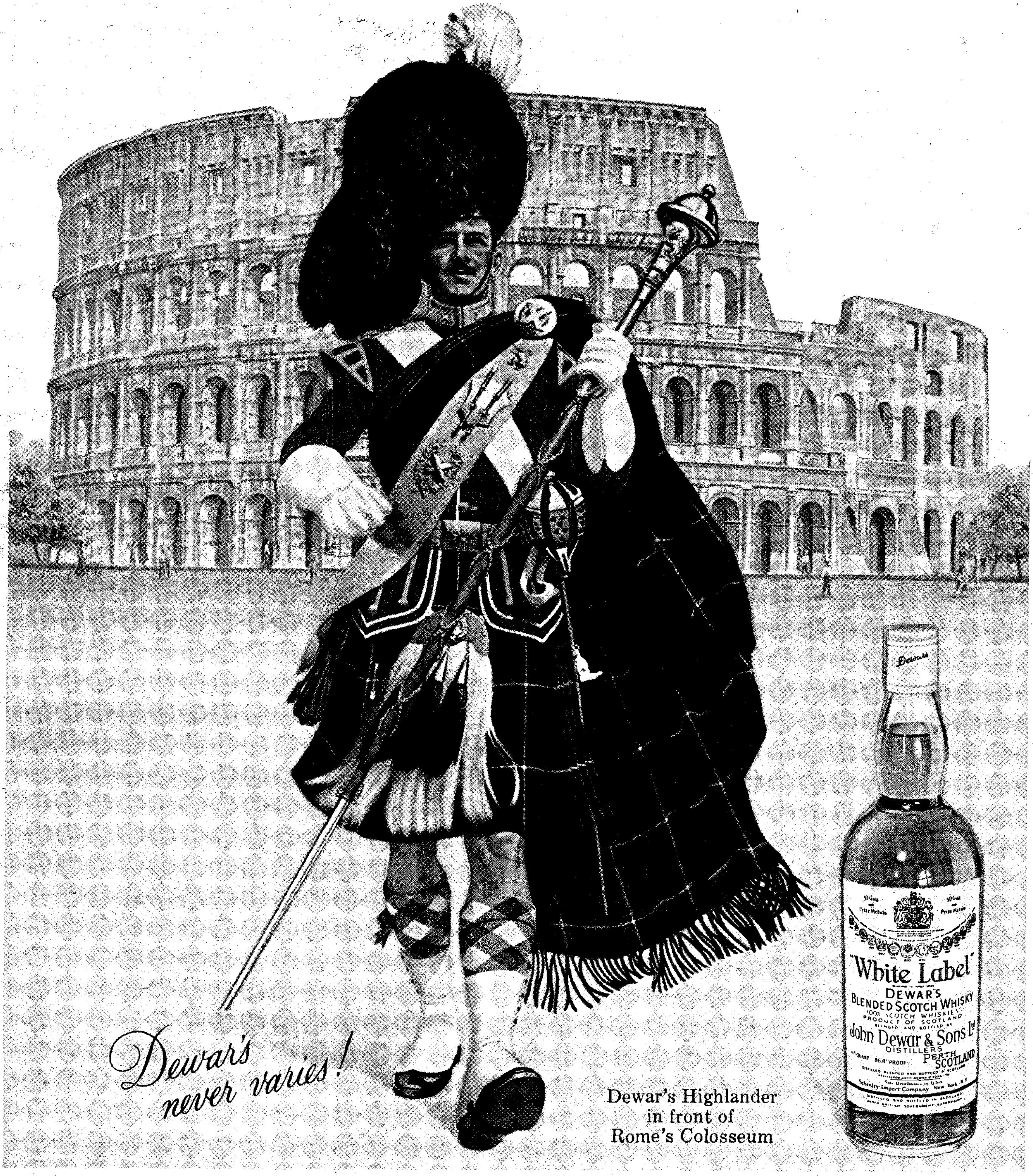
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